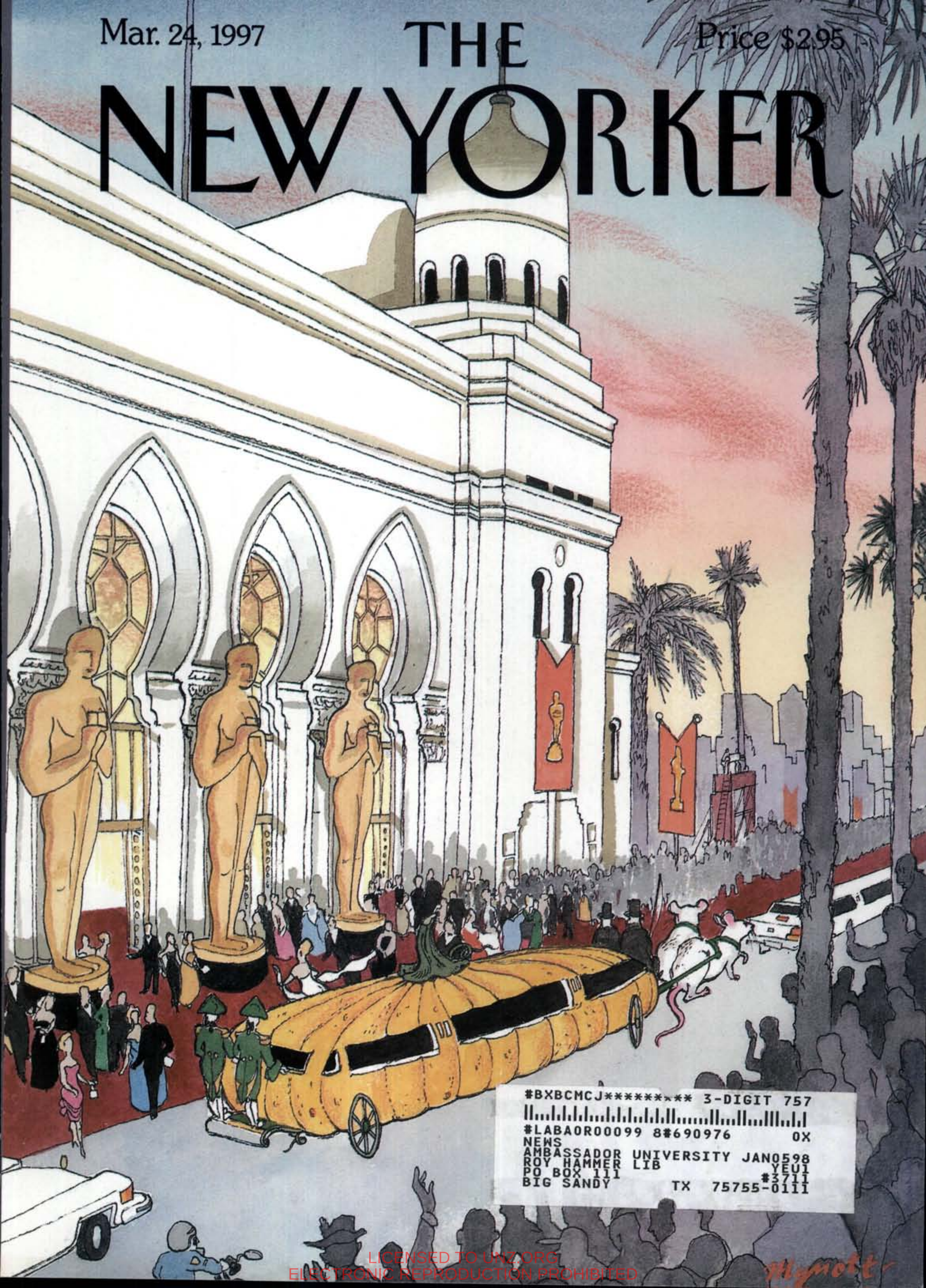
Mar. 24, 1997

THE NEW YORKER

Price $2.95



#BXBCMCJ********* 3-DIGIT 757
#LABAOR00099 8#690976 OX
NEWS
AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY JAN0598
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 #3711
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

The Prototype

At BMW, we recognize the powerful temptation that we put in people's way. That's why our keys have been designed so that they transmit a unique security code that changes every time the key is turned. With more than 79 billion

For more information call 1-800-334-4BMW, visit your local BMW retailer or http://www.bmwusa.com

AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
MAR 21 1997
PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755

The Finished Article

trillion possibilities to choose from, a thief has more chance of winning the world's biggest lottery four times in a row than he has of ever figuring out the key to our code.

The BMW name and logo are registered trademarks ©1997 BMW AG.

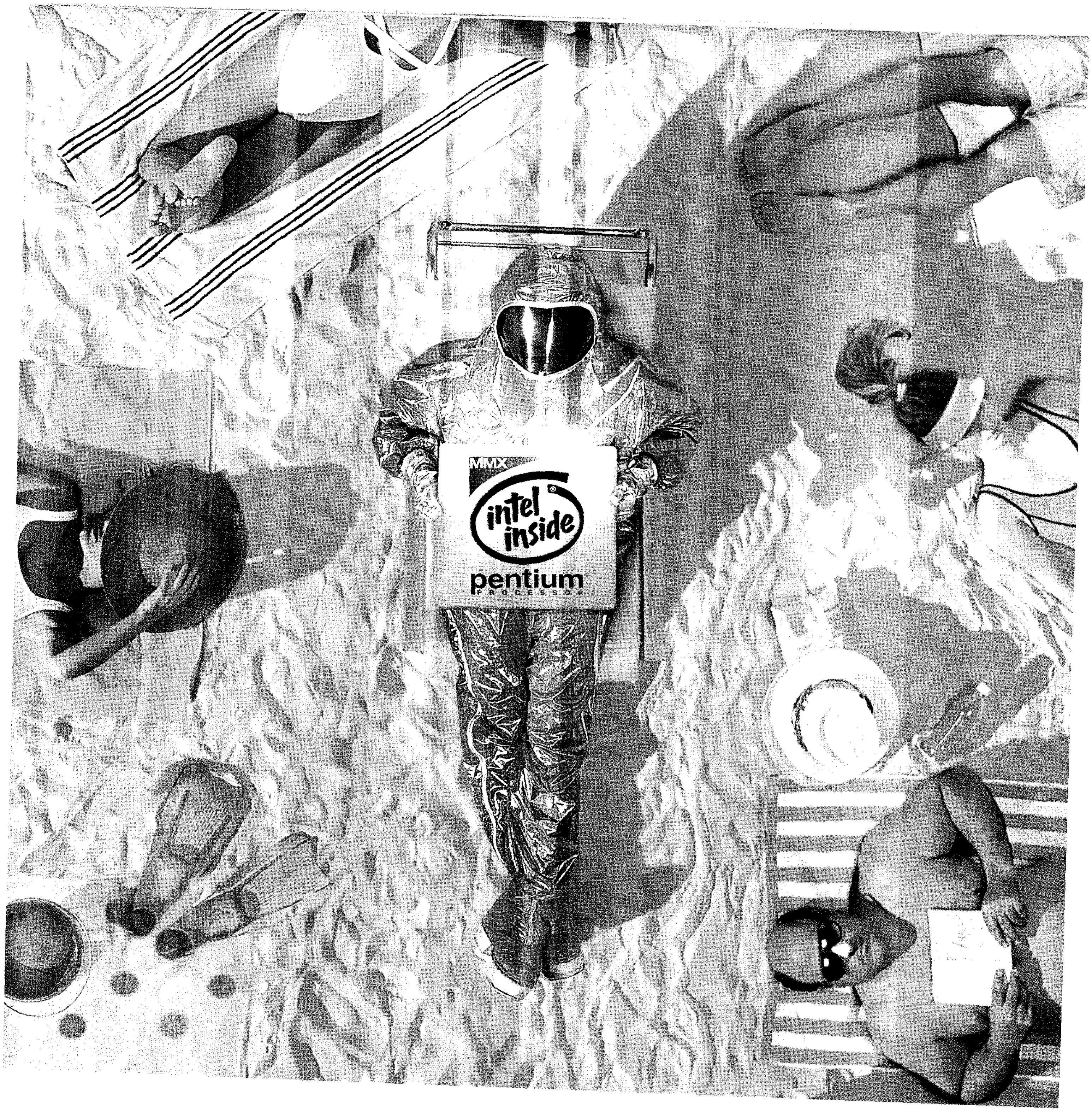
The Ultimate Driving Machine®

©1997 Intel Corporation. *As compared to a Pentium® processor without MMX™ technology at same speed measured on Intel's Media Benchmark.

Catch a few rays of rich, brilliant color. And while you're at it, go for fuller sound, smoother video and faster graphics.* You can get it all from a PC that has a Pentium® processor with MMX™ technology. Combine it with software designed for MMX technology and you'll get the most from your multimedia experience. Intel's MMX media enhancement technology. It's the technical term for fun. ▶ www.intel.com

intel®

The Computer Inside.™

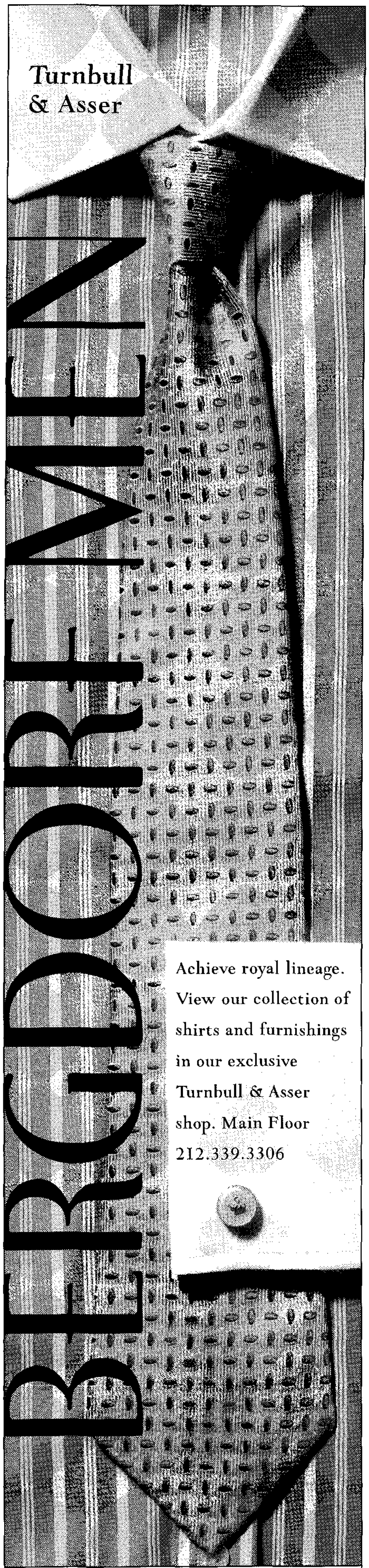

MMX
intel inside
pentium
PROCESSOR

Need a little more color?

AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

MAR [illegible]

PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755



Achieve royal lineage. View our collection of shirts and furnishings in our exclusive Turnbull & Asser shop. Main Floor 212.339.3306

BERGDORF GOODMAN MEN'S STORE
FIFTH AVE. AT 58TH ST., NYC 1·800·218·4918

THE NEW YORKER

MARCH 24, 1997

COMMENT It Takes a Villa . . . . *Adam Hochschild* 6
From the Riviera, Mobutu Sese Seko follows tradition.

THE MAIL 10

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 12

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33
David Helfgott lessons; rabbinical reasoning and Al Gore; etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Dept. of First Principles The Iron Law of Stardom . . . . *Louis Menand* 36
Why we need the Academy Awards this year and every year.

Annals of Law Victim Power . . . . *Jeffrey Toobin* 40
How the survivors of the Oklahoma City bombing are challenging the legal system.

Annals of Moviemaking Godfatherhood . . . . *Michael Sragow* 44
Directing a film that changes Hollywood, as "The Godfather" did twenty-five years ago, is an extraordinary experience, isn't it?

A REPORTER AT LARGE Unarmed Warriors . . . . *Michael Ignatieff* 54
The Red Cross was founded on the idea that even in war there are rules. But what if no one obeys them?

FICTION "Two Stories" . . . . *Ida Fink* 72
Before and after the old and the sick were taken away.

THE CRITICS

Books The Bruno Bettelheim debate . . . . *Daphne Merkin* 76
Patrick Chamoiseau's "Texaco" . . . . *John Updike* 82
Briefly Noted 83
The Current Cinema "City of Industry," "The Daytrippers" . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 84
The Theatre "A Question of Mercy," "One Flea Spare" . . . . *John Lahr* 86

POEMS
"At Moorditch" . . . . *Richard Wilbur* 46
"227 Waverly Place" . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 62

SHOUTS & MURMURS Inside the Hollywood Hellhole . . . . *Bruce McCall* 88

COVER *The Big Night, by Lawrence Mynott (Oscar © A.M.P.A.S.®)*

DRAWINGS *Donald Reilly, William Hamilton, Dean Vietor, George Booth, Stuart Leeds, Frank Cotham, Gahan Wilson, Roz Chast, Michael Maslin, Danny Shanahan, J. B. Handelsman, Barbara Smaller, J. P. Rini, Edward Sorel, Frank Modell, Liza Donnelly, Charles Barsotti, Edward Koren*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: the last week of February and the first week of March, the last week of April and the first week of May, the last two weeks of June, the last week of August and the first week of September, the last two weeks of October, and the last two weeks of December) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXIII, No. 5, March 24, 1997. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $39.95; two years, $72.00. In Canada, one year, $83.00 (includes G.S.T.). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $91.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80328-6447. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

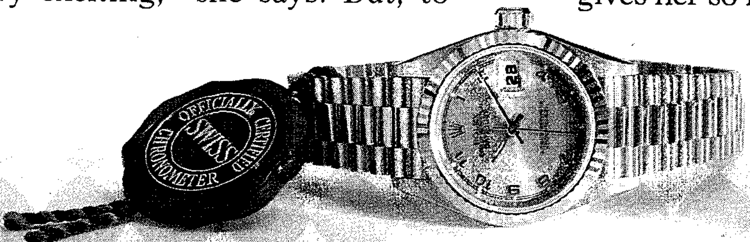
Cecilia Bartoli prizes two instruments above all others. Her voice and her Rolex.

When Cecilia Bartoli began taking singing lessons, she was astonished by her own voice. "I'd never been interested in singing," she says. "Flamenco was my passion. When I discovered that I had this voice, I was thrilled." It's a voice that has taken Cecilia to the heights of the opera world.

Opening the season at Carnegie Hall was a superb achievement for one so young. "It was very exciting," she says. But, to Cecilia, every performance is exciting. "I get a little nervous at first, but I listen to the music and I start to become a part of it. It's a wonderful feeling," she says.

Cecilia Bartoli derives pleasure from perfection. Because she knows that when every detail is flawless the performance will be absolutely perfect. Which is why her Rolex Oyster Perpetual gives her so much pleasure.

ROLEX



Rolex Oyster Perpetual Lady Datejust Chronometer in 18kt gold with matching Lady President bracelet.

For the name and location of an Official Rolex Jeweler near you, please call 1-800-36ROLEX.

Rolex, ♛, Oyster Perpetual, Lady Datejust and President are trademarks.

WINNER OF THE *LOS ANGELES TIMES* BOOK AWARD

NATIONAL BOOK CRITICS CIRCLE NOMINEE

***NEW YORK TIMES* EDITOR'S CHOICE**

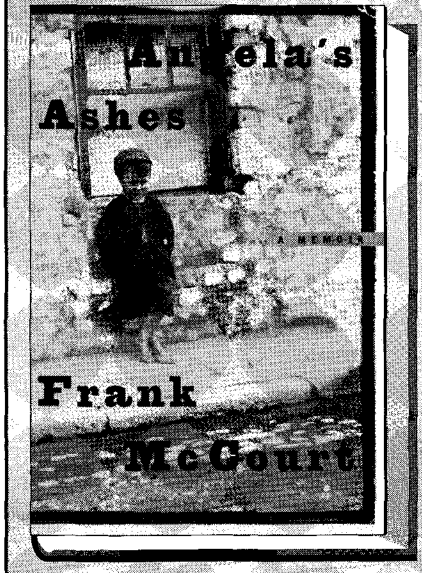
"STUNNING....Writing in prose that's pictorial and tactile, lyrical but streetwise, Mr. McCourt does for the town of Limerick what the young Joyce did for Dublin."
–MICHIKO KAKUTANI, *The New York Times*

"A SPELLBINDING MEMOIR."
–PETER FINN, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*

"AN INSTANT CLASSIC OF THE GENRE."
–NINA KING, *The Washington Post*

"A JOY TO READ."
–ALIX MADRIGAL, *San Francisco Chronicle*

"A TRIUMPHANT BOOK."
–PETE HAMILL, *Irish America*



#1 NATIONAL BESTSELLER – 26 WEEKS ON THE *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLER LIST!

SCRIBNER
A Division of Simon & Schuster
ALSO AVAILABLE FROM SIMON & SCHUSTER AUDIO
http://www.SimonSays.com

COMMENT

IT TAKES A VILLA

Mobutu cannot, alas, be accused of originality.

ALONG the French Riviera, between the village of Roquebrune-Cap-Martin and the scenic peninsula of Cap Ferrat, may be found a dozen miles of some of the most beautiful and expensive real estate in the world. Roquebrune-Cap-Martin is the site of the Villa del Mare, a pink-and-white marble colonnaded château with indoor and outdoor swimming pools, gold-fitted bathrooms, and heliport. This is the home of Mobutu Sese Seko—longtime dictator of Zaire, kleptocrat extraordinaire, the epitome of the African "big man," who rules by theft and fear. Mobutu, convalescing from prostate-cancer surgery, has been spending most of his time lately at the Villa del Mare, far from his rapidly collapsing homeland. Four times in recent weeks he has announced that his return to Zaire is imminent. But the state of things in that unhappy country—its central government is melting away, rebels control a growing swath of its territory, and several of its key provinces have de facto seceded—gives him little reason to move back.

On Cap Ferrat, a mere twenty minutes' drive from the Villa del Mare, lies another palatial home—the Villa des Cèdres, which, a hundred years ago, was occupied by a man who was an equally rapacious ruler of exactly the same territory in Africa. Leopold II, King of the Belgians, was a constitutional monarch at home in Brussels. But in what is now Zaire he was absolute master from 1885 until 1908 of the world's only privately owned colony, which he named, grotesquely, l'État Indépendant du Congo. The parallels between Leopold and Mobutu go well beyond their shared taste for the Riviera's sunshine and luxury. As rulers of a vast African land—bigger than France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Britain combined—both men were ruthless and cruel in their disregard of human rights. Both demanded a personal stake in virtually every major business operating in the territory. (Leopold usually took fifty per cent; Mobutu has been more flexible.) Each renamed a large African lake in honor of himself. Both used their dictatorships as licenses to print money (paper currency in Mobutu's case; bonds in Leopold's). Both drained huge private fortunes from the territory: Mobutu's is estimated at between four and five billion dollars; Leopold's, better hidden, probably amounted to the equivalent of about half a billion in today's dollars. The King's Congo cash financed, in

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/deputy editor; Diane M. Silberstein, vice-president/managing director; Carmen Lopez, vice-president/managing director; Peter S. Krieger, vice-president/managing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing and information technology director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public-relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Jonathan Marder, vice-president/special marketing; Devereux Chatillon, vice-president/general counsel; Cindy Schreibman, sales development director; Marie Wolpert, marketing director. For advertising inquiries, please call Gretel Schneider, advertising manager, at (212) 536-5400. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. © 1997 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

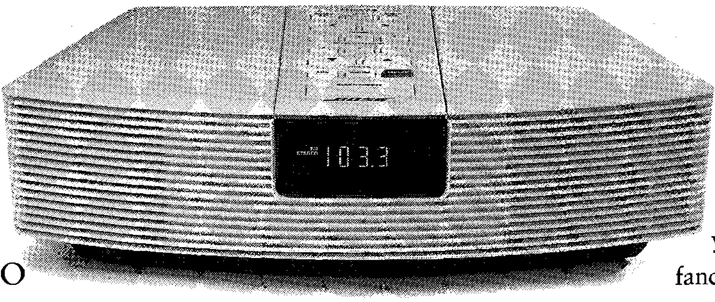
SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription, to change an address, or to purchase a back issue, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80328-6447, or telephone (800) 825-2510. Outside of North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

HEAR THE RADIO THAT WOKE UP AN ENTIRE INDUSTRY.

HEAR WHY THE BOSE® WAVE® RADIO WAS NAMED A "BEST NEW PRODUCT OF 1994" BY *BUSINESS WEEK*.

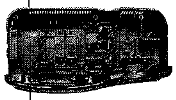
Tabletop radios are popular for their convenience and small size. But their sound quality leaves much to be desired. No one really expects high-fidelity sound from a radio. Until now.

Bose presents the Wave radio. It's the one radio acclaimed by leading audio critics. Because it's the one radio that delivers big, rich, lifelike stereo sound *plus* a small, convenient size.

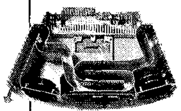


THE BEST-SOUNDING RADIO YOU CAN BUY.

We think the Wave radio is the best-sounding radio you can buy. And audio critics agree. *Radio World* called the sound "simply amazing... a genuine breakthrough in improved sound quality." *Business Week* named the Wave radio a "Best New Product of 1994." *Popular Science* called it "a sonic marvel" and gave it a prestigious "Best of What's New" award. The key is our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. Just as a flute strengthens a breath of air to fill an entire concert hall, the waveguide produces room-filling sound from a small enclosure. This technology and performance is available in no other radio.



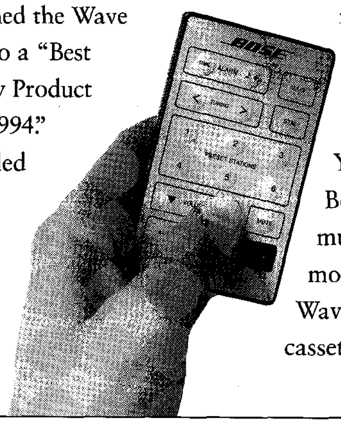
The speakers in conventional radios cannot produce lifelike bass, which is essential for great sound.



Only the Wave radio with acoustic waveguide speaker technology produces high-quality sound with full, rich bass.

You'll touch a button and hear your favorite music come alive in rich stereo sound. You'll hear every note the way it's *meant* to be heard. The Wave radio measures just 4.5″H × 14″W × 8″D and fits almost anywhere. So you can listen in your bedroom, living room, kitchen, or any room.

REMOTE-CONTROLLED CONVENIENCE.

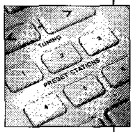


Operate the radio from across the room with the credit card-sized remote control. Set six AM and six FM stations, and switch between them at the touch of a button. You can even bring great Bose sound to recorded music, TV programs, or movies by connecting the Wave radio to your CD or cassette player, TV, or VCR.

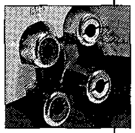
Wired magazine said it has a "clean, sweet sound that will have your friends wondering where you've hidden your fancy speakers." But you have to hear the Wave radio for yourself to believe it. Call today.

CALL NOW AND MAKE SIX INTEREST-FREE PAYMENTS.

The Wave radio is available for $349 directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. Call 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. R4286, or return the coupon for free information or to learn more about our in-home trial and satisfaction guarantee. When you call, ask about our six-month installment payment plan.



Set six AM and six FM stations.



Easily connect your CD player, cassette player, TV, or VCR.

CALL 1-800-845-BOSE, EXT. R4286.

When you call, ask about our six-month installment payment plan. (Available on telephone orders only.) Also ask about FedEx® delivery.

Mr./Mrs./Ms.
Name (Please Print)

Address

City State Zip

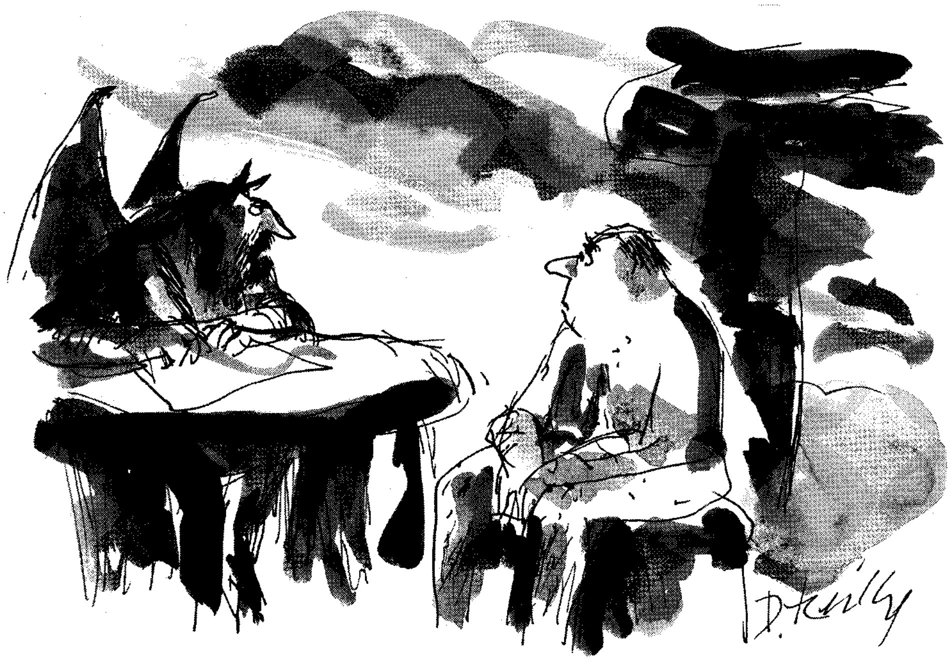
( )
Daytime Telephone

( )
Evening Telephone

Mail to: Bose Corporation, Dept. CDD-R4286,
The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168,
or fax to 1-508-485-4577.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

©1997 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending. Installment payment plan option is not to be used in combination with any other offers. Price and/or payment plan are subject to change without notice. *Wired*, June 1994.



"We don't care what Clinton's people promised you."

• •

addition to his big landholdings on the Côte d'Azur, millions of dollars' worth of dresses, servants, and châteaux for his teen-age mistress, and many of the museums, monuments, and renovated palaces that today make Belgium a pleasant place to visit.

Some of the sources of the current bloodshed in Zaire and neighboring Rwanda, such as the ethnic rivalry between Hutus and Tutsis, existed long before European colonialism. But not all the roots of the region's multiple crises lie in Africa alone. Europe's legacy to Africa was not the example of democracy as we know it in countries like England, France, and Belgium today. It was the example of plunder. And nowhere was the plunder as vast or as brazen as in the territory that is now Zaire. In running his country as a moneymaking machine for himself and his entourage, Mobutu has merely been following the pattern set by his Riviera neighbor of a century ago.

King Leopold II ran the Congo as a business, and in his time it returned the biggest profits of any colony in Africa. Its main product was wild rubber, which fed the worldwide rubber boom set off by John Dunlop's patenting of the inflatable bicycle tire, in 1888. Millions of Congolese died in the next few decades from being worked to death as gatherers of rubber, from starving as refugees after fleeing Leopold's draconian forced-labor regime, or from succumbing to diseases spread by these huge population movements. Mobutu's profit sources, though more diversified, are still mainly the territory's natural resources, most notably in the mineral riches exploited since Leopold's time: cobalt, copper, gold, diamonds, and more.

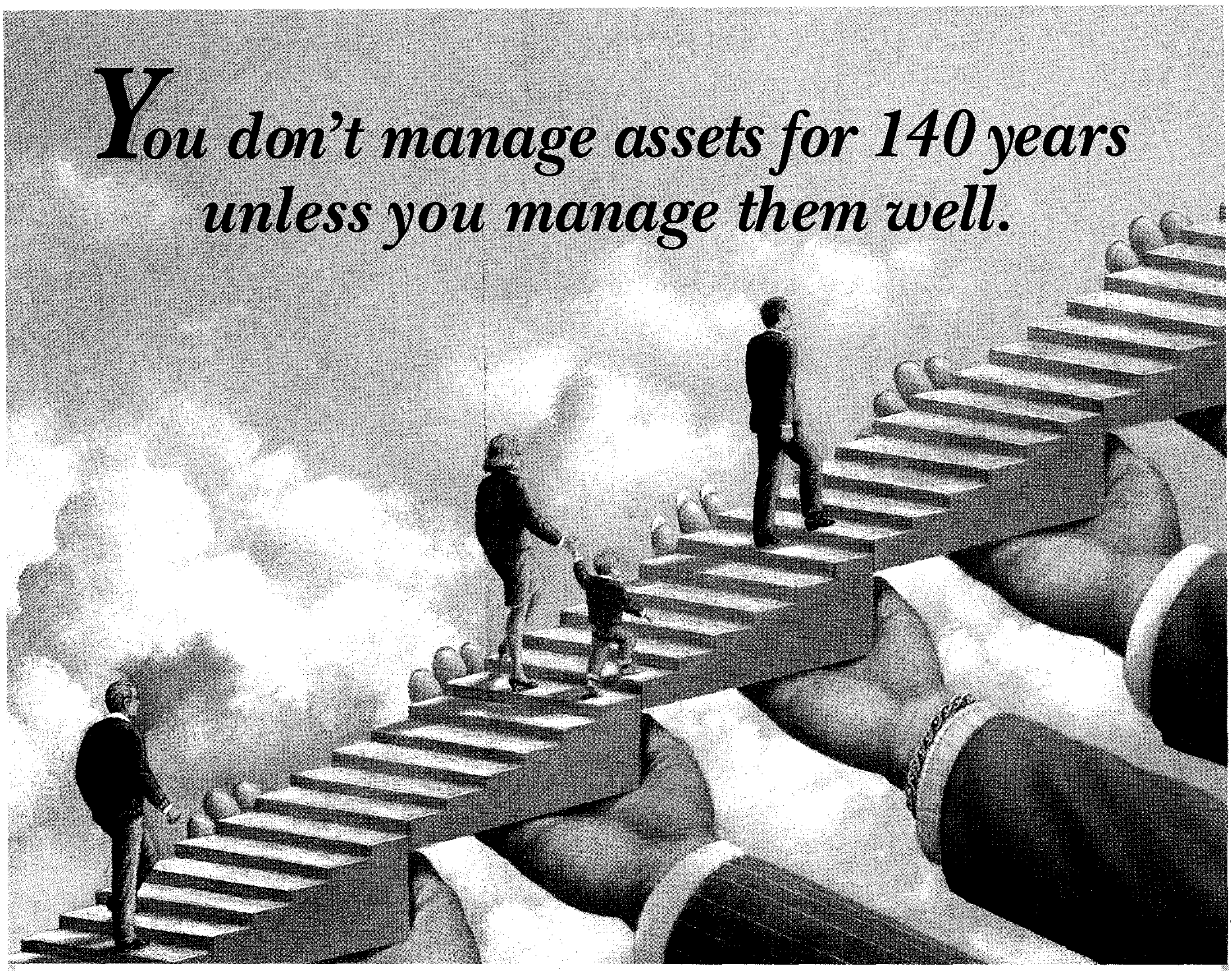
A further similarity between these two avaricious dictators, and an embarrassing one for the United States, is that the American government helped confirm both of them in their control of the territory. In 1883 and 1884, Leopold orchestrated one of the most sophisticated and effective Washington lobbying campaigns ever mounted by a foreign ruler. It paid off handsomely when the United States gave his personal control of the Congo formal political recognition—the first country to do so. It was a crucial precedent, and Leopold quickly made shrewd use of it in getting other countries to follow suit. "The recognition of the United States was the birth unto new life" of Leopold's Congo, wrote the explorer Henry Morton Stanley, who was then on the King's payroll.

The United States has been the major backer of Mobutu for more than thirty years, to the tune of well over a billion dollars in aid. President Kennedy welcomed him to the White House, in 1963, and gave him a United States Air Force plane for his personal use and a crew to fly it for him. President Reagan received him several times and praised him as "a voice of good sense and good will." President Bush greeted him on an official visit to this country as "one of our most valued friends."

In return for America's largesse, Mobutu protected Western investments and was reliably anti-Communist, and at the time little else mattered to Washington. Since the end of the Cold War, the United States has been halfheartedly trying to get Mobutu to make democratic reforms. But after helping maneuver him into power, building him up for three decades, and assisting him in eliminating his political rivals, Washington has found it hard to change course. The United States and its European allies have never taken the one step that could really make trouble for Mobutu, which would be to freeze his assets abroad, villas and all.

Today, Zaire's riches have been siphoned off to the Villa del Mare and Mobutu's other luxury homes in Paris, Spain, Belgium, Portugal, Switzerland, and elsewhere, and into the pockets of his foreign business partners. Zaire's schools, universities, and hospitals are bankrupt. Among the police and in the civil service, bribery is not just routine: it is often the only source of income. There has not been anything remotely resembling a democratic national election for more than thirty years. As a stricken and fragmented Zaire now implodes, no one knows what new and more terrible varieties of famine, mass flight, and civil war may lie ahead; we are perhaps seeing only a beginning. And all this is happening, tragically, in a country whose size and potential wealth could make it a powerful positive influence in its region, in the manner of the newly democratic South Africa.

If Mobutu, as seems likely, ends his days in Europe, he will again be imitating his royal predecessor. King Leopold II, in fact, did Mobutu one better: although making money from the Congo was the great obsession of his life, he never once set foot in the territory. After all, if you're fiddling while Rome burns, why live in Rome? —ADAM HOCHSCHILD


You don't manage assets for 140 years unless you manage them well.

In 1853 a small group of enterprising individuals formed a company with a single-minded mission: to preserve and grow the assets of affluent individuals. The cornerstone of this firm was a commitment to performance, integrity and quality.

By steadfastly maintaining that commitment, U.S. Trust has built an enviable investment record and, today, ranks among the preeminent investment advisors to individuals and families in America.

We've provided generations of clients with a level of quality service that has set the standard in our field. And, we offer a breadth of financial services not offered by many other firms. They include private banking, fiduciary services, and tax, estate and financial planning.

To learn how our 140-year commitment to performance, integrity and quality can enhance your assets, please contact Richard E. Foley, Managing Director, at 1-800-U.S. TRUST or visit our web site at www.ustrust.com.

A TRADITION OF GROWING ASSETS

U.S. TRUST

NEW YORK BOCA RATON COSTA MESA DALLAS GARDEN CITY GREENWICH HOUSTON LOS ANGELES
NAPLES PALM BEACH PORTLAND PRINCETON STAMFORD WASHINGTON D.C. WEST HARTFORD GRAND CAYMAN

The crime is murder.
The decor is divine.

Manor House

A NOVEL

Paige Rense

Paige Rense, editor-in-chief of *Architectural Digest* takes you behind the scenes at "Manor House," the world's glossiest design magazine, in a sharply plotted, gloriously written mystery—introducing the suavest sleuthing pair since Nick and Nora.

"Talk about a book having all the right ingredients!...*Manor House* has them all, and then some."
—Dominick Dunne

"This extremely amusing novel is driven by experience and a terrific gift for storytelling."
—Mark Hampton

Available wherever books are sold
Visit our web site at www.bdd.com

DOUBLEDAY CELEBRATES 100 YEARS OF EXCELLENCE

THE MAIL

ACCOUNTABLE TO WHOM?

To echo Thomas Mann, how can Lawrence Weschler expect the Serbs to show him their good side if he takes their flawed character for granted ("Aristotle in Belgrade," February 10th)? He offers them a chance to accept collective responsibility, but, to his astonishment, unlike Americans, who are always ready to confess their wrongs, these "brain-damaged" anthropological curiosities refuse to greet his version of reality with tears of joy and admiration. Weschler writes that he "hesitates to make vast general statements about the mentality of an entire people," yet that is precisely what he does, repeatedly, as when he tells us that Vesna Pesic has "the least to be ashamed of" among the opposition leaders. In other words, she has no reason to be proud, and we shouldn't admire her for being not only "one of the most vilified individuals in the country" but also the most outspoken opponent of Milosevic's genocidal wars. Such arrogance might be in need of the very same catharsis that Weschler generously recommends to others.

Charles Simic
Strafford, N.H.

Mr. Weschler's interviews of Serbians indicate that acknowledging a collective responsibility for the atrocities that have taken place would bring shame down upon them. Even Aristotle's Athenians did not collectively embrace the humiliating implications of their actions during the Peloponnesian Wars. Certainly, on an individual level redemption of the moral self is impossible without self-recognition. But has any civilization endured without creating its own self-justifying myths?

Robert C. Fleet
Montclair, Calif.

Lawrence Weschler seems disappointed that the Serbs haven't renounced the tendencies that got them into trouble. I live in a state where the Sons of Confederate Veterans still meet—and still haven't renounced the tendencies that led their ancestors into tragedy. But these men aren't a danger to the rest of us now, because they put their energies into making a living rather than into fighting wars of secession. The real issue in Serbia is whether the groups coming to power there will focus on expanding the geographic scope of their nation or on building a better Serbia. Worrying about whether Serbians understand and accept the enormity of what they did is an interesting psychological problem but not a political one.

Don Stewart
Hartwell, Ga.

UNNECESSARY ROUGHNESS

Lionel Tiger concludes that the "macho adventures" of hazing are "not always useless" (Comment, February 17th). But, while they may harden military recruits to the possibility of being sent to their deaths, there seems little justification for these acts of sadism in civilian life. Torture usually breeds torturers, and such rituals propel a society into sanctifying cruelty and pain. These rites of passage are a part of life; perhaps they are even elements of the sacred. But a culture that conceives and worships a metaphysics of violence is in deep trouble.

Norman Leer
Chicago, Ill.

As an Army Airborne trainee, I dreaded the "blood wings" that some of our instructors promised us. But going Airborne was not about logic or loyalty—it was about guts. We missed out on the blood wings because of scheduling delays, but I was proud to have survived some of the Army's most challenging combat training. It never occurred to me that hazing might be a way of proving loyalty. There are countless ways for both men and women to show institutional loyalty, and I hope that it will someday be possible for all soldiers to serve successfully without the crutch of needlessly abusive rituals.

Sharan L. Daniel
Major, U.S. Army, Ret.
Alexandria, Va.

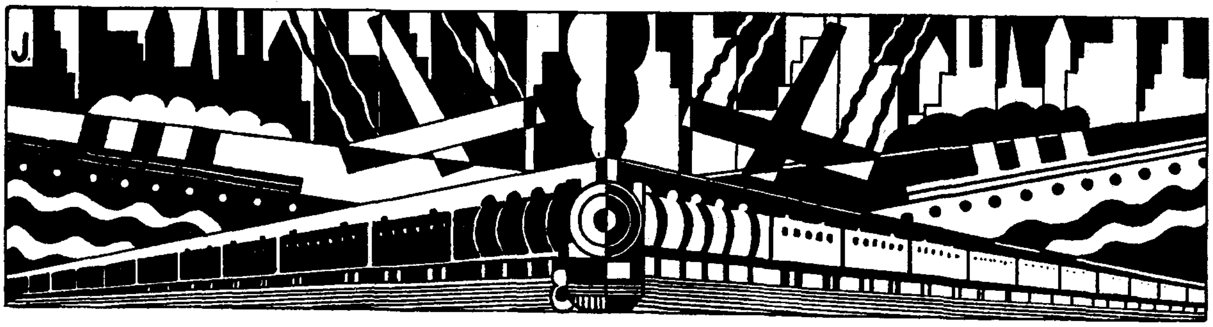
Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "The Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

Because we'll recycle over 200 million plastic bottles this year, landfills can be filled with other things. Like land, for instance.

We can't make more land. But we can do more to protect what we have. In fact, this year Phillips Petroleum's plastics recycling plant will process over 200 million containers. This effort will help reduce landfill waste and conserve natural resources. And that will leave another little corner of the world all alone. At Phillips, that's what it means to be The Performance Company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY

For an annual report on Phillips' health, environmental and safety performance, write to: HES Report, 16 A1 PB, Bartlesville, OK 74004, or visit us at www.phillips66.com.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25				

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

An American Daughter—Wendy Wasserstein's new play stars Kate Nelligan as a professor whose Senate confirmation hearing for the post of Surgeon General focusses uncomfortable media attention on her friends and family—including her father (Hal Holbrook), who is a senator himself. Previews begin March 20. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Annie—Twenty years later, and she still doesn't look a day over eleven. With Nell Carter as Miss Hannigan, Conrad John Shuck as Daddy Warbucks, and Brittny Kissinger in the title role. Directed by Martin Charnin, who also wrote the lyrics; book by Thomas Meehan, music by Charles Strouse. In previews. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Barrymore—Christopher Plummer depicts the legendary actor in a new play written by William Luce and directed by Gene Saks. In previews through March 24. Opens March 25 at 6:30. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Bunny Bunny—A comedy by Alan Zweibel, one of the original "Saturday Night Live" writers, about his fourteen-year friendship with Gilda Radner, starring Bruno Kirby and Paula Cale. In previews through March 22. Opens March 23 at 6:45. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Dealer's Choice—Manhattan Theater Club presents Patrick Marber's comedy, set during a poker game in a London restaurant. Directed by John Tillinger. In previews. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Doctor! Doctor!—A comic revue about the medical profession, by Peter Ekstrom and David DeBoy. In previews. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 239-6200.)

Dream—Lesley Ann Warren, John Pizzarelli, and Margaret Whiting lead the cast in a celebration of the songs of Johnny Mercer. Directed and choreographed by Wayne Cilento. In previews. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Easter—A Naked Angels production of Will Scheffer's play about an outlaw couple trying to deal with their past. Opens March 20 at 8 and runs through March 31. (Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. 397-7841.)

God's Heart—Joe Mantello is the director of a new play by Craig Lucas, in which a group of eight Americans connects in spite of (rather than through) their faxes, phones, and computers. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

The Green Heart—Charles Busch (book) and Rusty Magee (music and lyrics) have joined forces on this comic thriller, a musical adaptation of Jack Ritchie's short story about a broke playboy with dark designs on a rich botanist. In previews. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

The Guardsman—The Hungarian-born playwright Ferenc Molnár's 1924 drama, about the romantic machinations of a Viennese actor and his actress wife. Presented by the Pearl Theatre Company. In previews through March 22. Opens March 23 at 2. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802.)

The Hairy Ape—A Wooster Group production of O'Neill's drama, starring Willem Dafoe, Kate Valk, and Peyton Smith. Previews begin March 21. (Selwyn, 229 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Jekyll & Hyde—Robin Phillips is the director of this musical based on Robert Louis Stevenson's tale of the two-faced physician. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse; music by Frank Wildhorn. Previews begin March 21. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

On House—The WPA Theatre presents Kevin Heelan's black comedy about corrupt hospital workers. In previews. (519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Play On!—A female songwriter leaves the South for Harlem, in a musical the playwright Cheryl L. West has based on "Twelfth Night." Directed by Sheldon Epps, with choreography by Mercedes Ellington; the songs are by Duke Ellington. Two previews on March 19. Opens March 20 at 6:45. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Promises, Promises—Martin Short and Christine Baranski lead the cast in a concert staging of Burt Bacharach, Hal David, and Neil Simon's adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Five performances only: March 20-21 at 8, March 22 at 2 and 8, and March 23 at 6:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Sympathetic Magic—From Lanford Wilson, a new drama about a couple caught on the horns of a dilemma. Directed by Marshall W. Mason. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

Terra Incognita—A musical that takes place in Palos, Spain, the town from which Columbus set sail, about the interconnected experiences of three young American travellers, by Maria Irene Fornes (book) and Roberto Sierra (music). A co-production of INTAR and Women's Project and Productions, directed by Ms. Fornes. In previews. (420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134.)

The Young Man from Atlanta—Rip Torn and Shirley Knight star in Horton Foote's 1995 drama, set in Houston in the nineteen-fifties, about a couple living in the aftermath of their only child's death. Robert Falls is the director. In previews. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

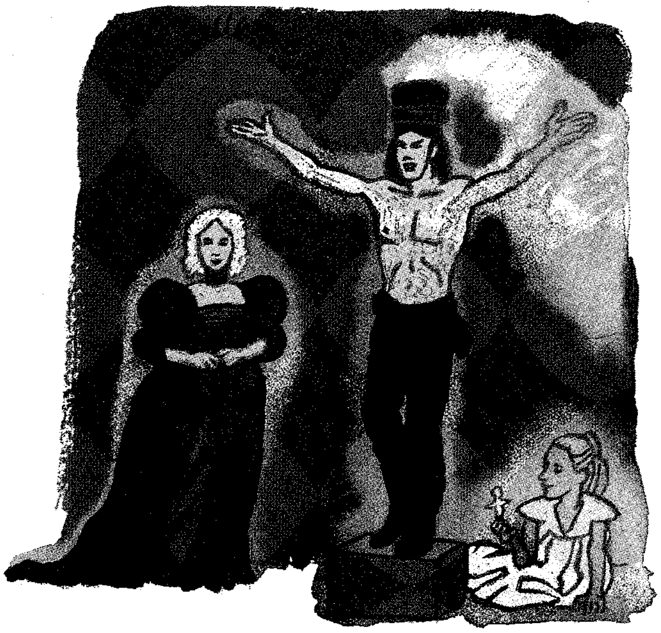
OPENED RECENTLY

Another Part of the House—García Lorca's 1936 drama, "The House of Bernarda Alba," inspired this new work by Migdalia Cruz. Directed by David Esbjornson. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes April 6.)

Antony and Cleopatra—Vanessa Redgrave is the director of this New York Shakespeare Festival staging, in which she co-stars with David Harewood. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200.)

Chicago—Walter Bobbie's bookless, setless revival of the 1975 Kander-Ebb-Fosse extravaganza of cynicism (choreographed this time around by Ann Reinking, who co-stars with Bebe Neuwirth) is about a woman who gets away with murder. This razzle-dazzle concert posing as a full-dress musical may do the same. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/25/96.) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Crosscurrents—Guadeloupean playwright Gerty Dambury's drama examines the clash of cultures on an Indian Ocean island. (Ubu Repertory Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 679-7562. Closes March 23.)



Dianne Wiest, Paul Kandel, and Mischa Barton, in Naomi Wallace's "One Flea Spare."

JAMES MC MULLAN

Don Juan Comes Back from the War—The Willow Cabin Theatre Company presents Ödön von Horváth's 1936 play, directed by Edward Berkeley. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 886-1889. Closes March 23.)

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini cuts a satirical swath through the Great White Way in the latest edition of his musical parody. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

Full Gallop—The legendary, vividly eccentric fashion editor Diana Vreeland is the subject of Mary Louise Wilson and Mark Hampton's one-woman play, in which Wilson stars. Set in 1971, shortly after Vreeland was fired from *Vogue*, it's rich and resonant—very funny and very moving. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

ALL HAIL WHOOPI!

Photo: Joan Marcus

"**Uproarious! She's irresistible!**
As welcome as springtime!"

—Dennis Cunningham, WCBS-TV

"**★★★★! All in all, it's brilliant! Whoopi's big, lovable, raucous self is joyful and deliciously irreverent.**"

—David Patrick Stearns, USA Today

"**The audience roared! Whoopi is that totally indefinable thing–a star!** The audience was eating out of her hand."

—Clive Barnes, New York Post

"**A brilliant comic–and a true Broadway star!**"

—Pat Collins, WWOR-TV

"**Hail Whoopi! Those who are about to die from laughing too hard salute thee!** Somewhere, Zero Mostel and Phil Silvers are applauding. **FORUM is one of the must-see joints in town.**"

—Michael Sommers, The Star-Ledger

SEE WHOOPI THROUGH JUNE 29 ONLY!

WHOOPI GOLDBERG
in
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM
Book by BURT SHEVELOVE and LARRY GELBART
Music and Lyrics by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
Choreographed by ROB MARSHALL
Directed by JERRY ZAKS

Tele-charge® (212) 239-6200 • Outside Metro NY: (800) 432-7250
Groups: (212) 302-7000/ (800) 677-1164 • Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. & Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3

Cast recording available on Broadway Angel Records

ST. JAMES THEATRE, 246 West 44th Street

Golem—The Czechoslovak American Marionette Theatre's version of the Jewish folk tale incorporates choreography (by Yoshiko Chuma) and music (by Frank London, of the Klezmatics). March 20-22 at 7:30 and March 23 at 3. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Good as New—Laura Esterman portrays a post-facelift wife and Jennifer Dundas and John Spencer her daughter and husband, in a drama by Peter Hedges. (MCC, 120 W. 28th St. 727-7765. Closes April 6.)

Mark Landsman, in the Czechoslovak American Marionette Theatre's production of "Golem," at La Mama.

GRETA PRATT

Hedwig & the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell wrote and has the title role in this piece about a German Cold War bride turned rock singer. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Closes March 31.)

How I Learned to Drive—A young woman (Mary-Louise Parker) growing up in the sixties and seventies gets behind-the-wheel lessons in life from her uncle (David Morse), in Paula Vogel's new play. Mark Brokaw is the director. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

A Huey P. Newton Story—Roger Guenveur Smith gives an outstanding performance in a one-man show that he assembled from interviews with and writings by the co-founder of the Black Panther Party. Jiggling his legs, chain-smoking, and talking ninety miles a minute, Smith's Newton courses from subject to subject: the ten points of the Black Panther platform; violence and guns; the man for whom he was named, Huey P. Long; Shakespeare. At times he improvises with the audience and with the play's talented sound designer, Marc Anthony Thompson. A mesmerizing (and demystifying) hour and forty-five minutes. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200. Closes March 23.)

In-Betweens—A darkly comic love story by Bryan Goluboff, set in the Bronx. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Joseph Gabriel: Magic on Broadway—Mr. Gabriel has performed at the Las Vegas Flamingo Hilton for the past ten years, and his feats are certainly impressive, but it's all too clear from the trappings of his act—dancers in polka-dotted boxer shorts, a sequinned Elvis—that he hasn't left Nevada behind. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—In his new play, a romantic comedy of manners set in Atlanta (where he grew up) in 1939, Alfred Uhry stays true to a Southern sense of propriety: he takes on an unsavory topic (anti-Semitism among the Jewish upper crust) without dwelling on it long enough to offend anyone, and, like a practiced host, he shows you a good time without taxing you. The show has plenty of laughs, the actors (particularly Celia Weston and Dana Ivey as the central family's sweet-and-sour matriarchs) are well cast, and even though Uhry wraps up the ending too neatly, he does it movingly. Ron Lagomarsino directed. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan offers a commandingly funny performance as the lone nun in charge of an adult catechism class. (St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

Minor Demons—A big-time lawyer who returns to his small home town clashes with childhood friends when he is hired to defend a sixteen-year-old murder suspect. (Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

Names—Mark Kemble's drama, set in 1952, about Group Theatre members under attack by the House Un-American Activities Committee. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes March 31.)

Not Waving . . .—Kyra Sedgwick stars as a woman recovering from mental illness, in a drama by Gen LeRoy. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052. Closes March 23.)

Once Upon a Mattress—That modern madcap Sarah Jessica Parker shines as the princess in Gerald Gutierrez's revival of Mary Rodgers's silly, marshmallowy 1959 musical, based on Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale "The Princess and the Pea," but she deserves a vehicle that, to paraphrase Jerome Kern, is not merely lovely to look at but delightful to know. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

One Flea Spare—Dianne Wiest is the cast of Naomi Wallace's play, set during London's great plague, in 1665. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200. Closes March 29.)

Present Laughter—As the monumentally egotistical West End star Garry Essendine, Frank Langella keeps the core of Noël Coward's 1939 comedy of bad manners alive with a full-tilt assault on the character's outrageousness. Unfortunately, the director, Scott Elliott, seems to think that he's liberating Coward by turning the play into a bisexual romp. (11/25/96) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Psychopathia Sexualis—John Patrick Shanley's new comedy, about a man who can't make love to his fiancée unless a pair of his father's argyle socks is within reach, is blessed with two wonderfully funny performances: Daniel Gerroll's, as a friend of the feckless fetishist, and Edward Herrmann's, as a hilariously inappropriate psychiatrist (he bangs a gavel on his desk to end sessions). Herrmann, the straw that has stirred many a theatrical drink, has been absent from the New York stage for several years, and his warm, outsized presence and perennial professionalism make you grateful for his return. The cast also includes Andrew McCarthy (he's the one with the sock problem), Margaret Colin, and Park Overall, as a scarily sassy Texan. Daniel Sullivan directed. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

A Question of Mercy—A 1991 essay on doctor-assisted suicide published in the *Times Magazine* inspired this work by David Rabe. Douglas Hughes directed; Veanne Cox and Stephen Spinella are in the cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 460-5475.)

Scapin—Bill Irwin's production of Molière's comedy is a perfect blend of sweetness and anarchy. Some of the casting is questionable, but Christopher Evan Welch is sensational: game, rubbery, and hilarious, and every bit Irwin's clownish equal. (1/27/97) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes March 23.)

Signature Theatre Company—The company continues its Sam Shepard season with three one-acts: the brilliant "Pecos Bill," which suggests the distance between the Western myth and the reality; "Killer's Head," a monologue that has the power to make you contemplate the meaning of murder; and "Action," an overwhelmingly claustrophobic tale that becomes hard to take. All three were thoughtfully directed by Darrell Larson. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200. Closes March 23.)

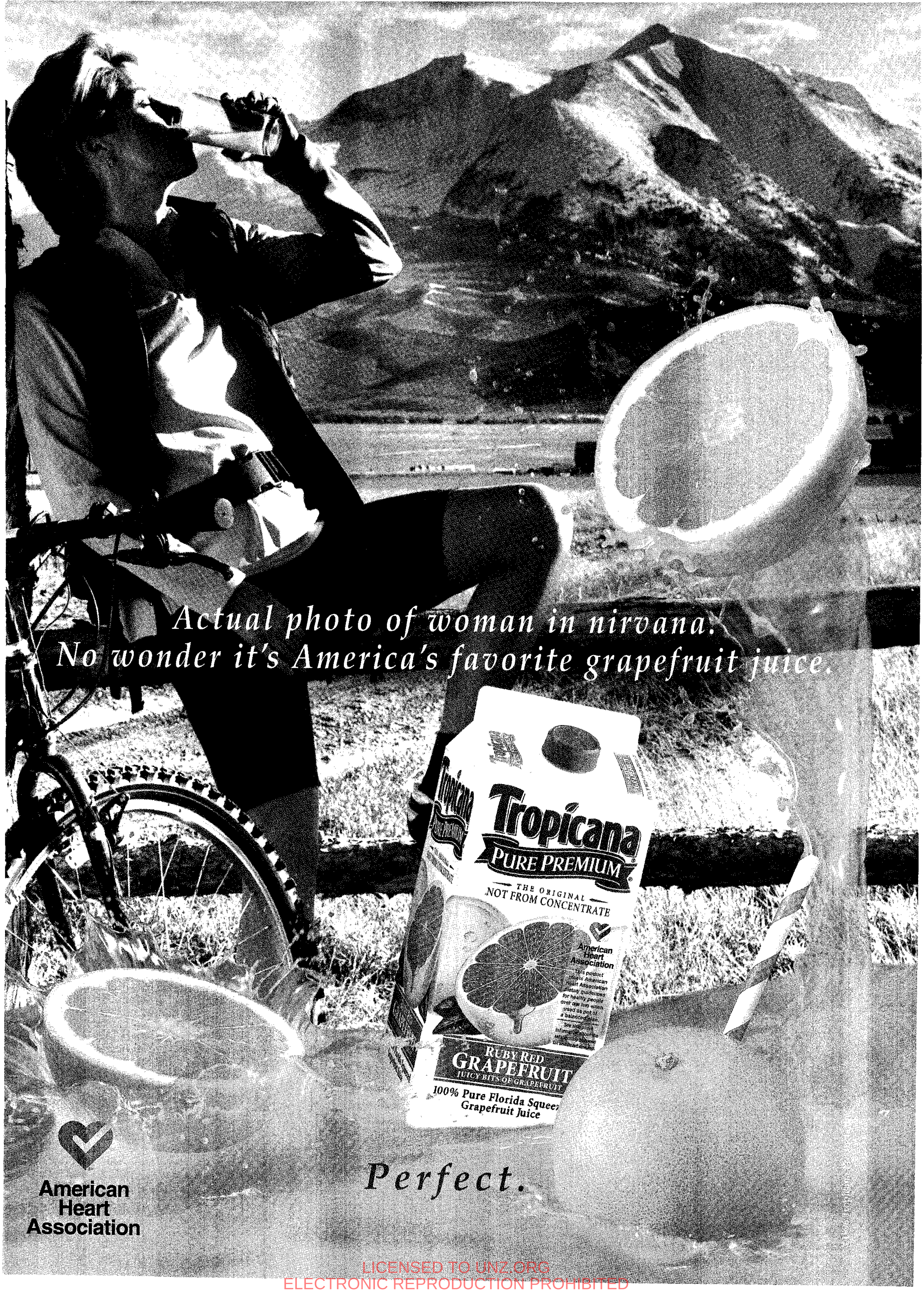
Stanley—Circle in the Square springs back to life with this triumphant mounting of the Royal National Theatre production of Pam Gems's play about the British artist Stanley Spencer (1891-1959). Antony Sher's portrayal of Spencer, whose narcissism knew no bounds, is prodigiously energetic and emotional—and, against all odds, sympathetic, even as he abandons his wife, Hilda (Deborah Findlay), to marry a superficial lesbian (Anna Chancellor) whose beauty he cannot resist. The play itself has its limitations (too much talk about the meaning of life and art), but Sher's performance doesn't. John Caird, the director, and his set designer, Tim Hatley, have used the available space well, surrounding the audience with reproductions of Spencer's paintings and turning the theatre into a cathedral of art. (3/10/97) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Stonewall Jackson's House—Jonathan Reynolds's comedy, about a woman who pushes the racial envelope, hits all its targets—from multiculturalism to the misuses of history—with deadly aim, and the versatile cast is hilarious. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

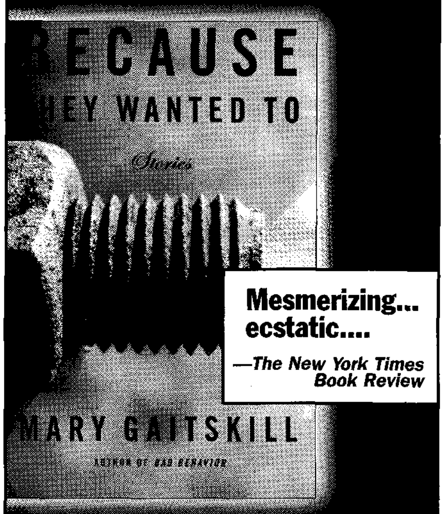
Tap Dogs—Australia's work-booted tap troupe brings its North American tour to New York. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

Three Sisters—Scott Elliott has assembled a dozen big and biggish names for this production of Chekhov's play, and it's as if he got lost in the stars: for the audience, the experience is one of watching actors act instead of seeing how people live. Amy Irving's portrayal of Olga, the oldest sister, grows in strength through the evening; Jeanne Tripplehorn, as Masha, acts like a spoiled yuppie; and Lili Taylor, as Irina, the youngest and dreamiest of the trio, stares into the middle distance a lot. Billy Crudup and Calista Flockhart are good, but the richest performance is by David Strathairn, who, as the army officer Vershinin, combines notes of sad gravity and hopefulness in a resonant chord of humanity. (3/10/97) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes April 6.)

Tokyo Shock Boys—A troupe of Japanese vaudevillians who specialize in a brand of humor that involves ingesting, inhaling, and gener-


Actual photo of woman in nirvana.
No wonder it's America's favorite grapefruit juice.
Tropicana
PURE PREMIUM
THE ORIGINAL
NOT FROM CONCENTRATE
American Heart Association
RUBY RED
GRAPEFRUIT
JUICY BITS OF GRAPEFRUIT
100% Pure Florida Squeez
Grapefruit Juice
Perfect.
American Heart Association

A stunning new collection from the author of *Two Girls Fat and Thin* and *Bad Behavior*

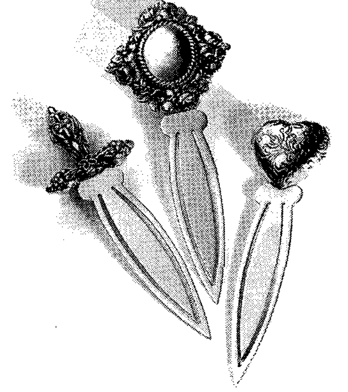


Mesmerizing... ecstatic....
—*The New York Times Book Review*

"Too rich to read at a sitting—too many good lines, too much precision about too many complex emotions—yet it's too compelling *not* to."
—*Newsweek*

SIMON & SCHUSTER
A VIACOM COMPANY
http://www.SimonSays.com

sterling silver marks the place



Classic sterling silver bookmarks made in Portugal. $29.95* each.
Shown left to right.
Cross. 3"L. (MX7346)
Victorian Medallion. 4"L. (MX7341)
Heart. 3¼"L. (MX7342)
The set of 3. (MX73SET) $89.85*
You'll receive a $25 gift certificate when you purchase the set.
Call 1-800-556-7376 or www.ross-simons.com to order and mention code (NYR37X)
Offer ends May 31.

ROSS-SIMONS
1.800.556.7376
*Plus shipping.
9 ROSS-SIMONS DRIVE CRANSTON RI 02920

ally messing around with unlikely substances, objects, and animals. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 307-4100.)

Violet—A musical based on Doris Betts's story "The Ugliest Pilgrim," about a scarred woman's journey to seek the help of a TV faith healer. Music by Jeanine Tesori; book and lyrics by Brian Crawley. Directed by Susan H. Schulman. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHEN PIGS FLY:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE KING AND I:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. . . . **MASTER CLASS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **SUNSET BOULEVARD:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007. (Closes March 23.) . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **VICTOR/VICTORIA:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.

DANCE

Ballet Tech—The Eliot Feld company rejuvenates itself with a new name and with eight premières to go with its six repertory works and three revivals. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. March 19-21 and March 25 at 8, March 22 at 2 and 8, and March 23 at noon and 4. Through April 13.)

"Mandala X / Creation"—Janaki Patrik, one of the founders of Ka-tap, a company that blends Western and Hindu styles of percussive dance, joins forces with Ramli Ibrahim, a practitioner of the sinuously seductive dance form known as Orissi, for an evening-length work based on the Sanskrit "Hymn to Creation." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. March 20-23 at 8:30.)

"Carnival"—Concluding performances of Dance Theatre Workshop's midwinter performance festival. March 20 and March 22 at 8: Maura Nguyen Donohue joins her four-member troupe and the performance-art group Slant in "Lotus Blossom Itch," and Andrea E. Woods presents "The Apple Doesn't Fall Too Far from the Tree." . . . ¶ March 21 at 8 and March 23 at 3: Wally Cardona and his company dance "Monster Suite," set to a Walter Quintus score of scream-movie soundtracks. With "Blood Variations." (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

"Motherwith"—The former Bill T. Jones dancer Andrea Smith appears solo in a work about African-American varieties of intuition, instinct, and the will to survive. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. March 20-23 at 8:30.)

Nai-Ni Chen Dance Company—Using the techniques of modern dance, Chen presents ancient Chinese dances in a program geared to a young audience. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. March 23 at 2.)

Pilar Rioja—The marquesa of Spanish dance brings selections in a variety of Iberian styles, from *tablao* and *taranto* to rumba. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. March 19 and March 25 at 7, March 20 and March 24 at 11 A.M., and March 22 at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

The Allman Brothers Band—Those grizzled midnight riders soldier on. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. March 19 and March 21-23, all at 7.)

Ani DiFranco—Less than a decade ago, this twenty-six-year-old Buffalo native formed her own record label, Righteous Babe—a fitting title from a whip-smart acoustic warrior who strums with the ferocity of Soundgarden and the grace of Joni Mitchell. She's put out nine records since she was eighteen, accruing a massive grassroots following along the way. The songs on "Living in Clip," her new live album, are packed with an edgy, world-weary beauty. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. March 19 at 8.)

Terry Riley—His 1964 masterwork "In C" is generally considered the starting point for modern minimalism; he has continued on his own spare but lyrical way since then. A solo-piano recital from this avatar of musical reduction should combine the ecstatic and the hypnotic. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. March 19 at 8.)

The Band—Levon Helm, Rick Danko, and Garth Hudson, still carrying the weight. With Dave ("We Just Disagree") Mason. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 20 at 8.)

Herbie Nichols Project / Ted Nash—The underappreciated pianist and composer, who died in 1963, was a musician's musician who recorded only a handful of times and passed most of his career in obscurity. The work, though, is all golden, with an outsider tinge and a formal perfection that rivals Thelonious Monk's. Nichols recorded his tunes only in piano-trio settings, so it'll be a pleasure to hear them fleshed out by a horn-driven band; on its new "Love Is Proximity," the Project proves that it's got his idiosyncrasies down cold. As a bonus, the music of the band's esteemed tenor saxophonist, Ted Nash, will also be featured. (Jazz Performance Space, New School, 55 W. 13th St. 995-1552. March 20 at 8.)

Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra—A showcase for Akiyoshi's distinctively modernist compositions, arrangements, and fluid bop piano, this ensemble also has a whirlwind of a soloist in her husband, tenorist and flutist Lew Tabackin. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015. March 20-21 at 8.)

Travis Tritt—With hits like the single "Here's a Quarter (Call Someone Who Cares)" and the album "Ten Feet Tall and Bulletproof," this unrepentant good ole boy displays an orneriness that's something of an anomaly in the sensitive New Age Nashville of the nineties. Now if he would only do something about those leather outfits. . . . (Westbury Music Fair. 516-334-0800. March 21 at 8.)

Andrew Hill—Time has a way of ironing out the creases of even the most willfully eccentric musicians. In a series of records he did for Blue Note in the early sixties, the pianist and composer made some of the thorniest, most fiendishly uncategorizable jazz of an era defined by provocation and risk. If his tunes are less angular and his rhythms straighter now, there's still plenty of grit left. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. 864-4500, ext. 237. March 21 at 8.)

"Bahia and Tropicália: A Samba Celebration"—Featuring the Brazilian performers Bebel Gilberto (daughter of João and Astrud), Juliana Aquino, Vinícius Cantuária, Zé Luis de Oliveira, and the Axé Brasil Dance Company. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 21 at 8.)

"Cole Porter in Paris"—An evening with singers Liliane Montevecchi and Steve Ross (who also presides at the piano). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. March 22 at 7:30 and 10.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. On March 21, "Bluebird Style," part of the Writers in the Round series, features **STEVE WYNN** and **KEVIN SALEM.**

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—March 22: The dark, atmospheric noise of **FIREWATER.** With **CONGO NORVELL.** March 23: **PANSY DIVISION,** sort of a cross between Green Day and Paul Lynde. Sometime Peter Gabriel and Joe Jackson veteran **JOY ASKEW** performs her own exotic pop on March 25.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Dedicated to the music of the Windy City. **GUITAR SHORTY** brings his flashy acrobatics to town on March 21-22.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—A lavender and stainless-steel dungeon deep in the heart of the meat district. March 19: Irony and goofiness with adroit popsters **PSYCHO THE CLOWN.** March 21: The hard-rocking **UNWOUND** begins a two-night stand. Also on March 22: Free-jazz and downtown-rock drummer **WILLIAM HOOKER,** who over the past two decades has collaborated with Elliott Sharp, Thurston Moore, and Lee Ranaldo.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—March 21: The **WILLIAM HOOKER DOUBLE TRIO** (see the Cooler) and **ICONOCLAST.** March 22: **ELLIS PAUL** and **BARBARA KESSLER.** March 24: The **SOFTIES.** March 25: **LARRY LOFTIN.** The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—The **BREEDERS** (March 19) are a guitar-heavy foursome that features former Pixies bassist Kim Deal and her twin sister, Kelley, on guitar and vocals, Josephine Wiggs on bass, and Jim McPherson on drums. In the wake of the Pixies, the Breeders have not only propagated their own brash alternarock but also inspired a host of such similarly inclined groups as Veruca Salt and Star 69. With Lutefisk. March 20: If you've ever wondered what the hell "jungle" (or drum-and-bass) music is all about, here's your chance to hear it at its best. **SPRING HEEL JACK,** a pair of d.j.s from East London, first came to prominence last year, when they remixed Everything but the Girl's excellent "Walking Wounded," but their accelerated, atomizing drumbeats are what make them remarkable. Their music is so fast and rhythmically dexterous, in a distinctly nonhuman fashion, that it's hard to dance to, at least in a traditional do-the-hustle sort of way. Many of their English fans use the music as an occasion to do ecstasy; whether you're on drugs or not, S.H.J. is a pretty ecstatic experience. March 21: **SPACE,** one of England's best new rock bands, plays vaguely derivative Brit pop. Its single "Female of the Species" bounces and bubbles with élan. With **STAR 69.** Arguably the inspiration for Spinal Tap, **STATUS QUO** (March 22) has been making its own brand of drunken pub rock for more than thirty years. It's as English as Marmite, and just as satisfying.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Through March 20: **BÉLA FLECK AND THE FLECKTONES.** The first performer to parlay banjo virtuosity and matinée-idol looks into a successful recording career, Fleck is the Roy Clark of the nineties. His Flecktones have a tendency to tiptoe perilously close to jazz-fusion territory, but for the most part they offer mildly challenging, good-natured instrumental music perfect for workout tapes and films with car chases. **JOHN CALE,** the other guy from the Velvet Underground, begins a three-night set March 25. He is regularly dismissed as a straight man for Lou Reed's Warholian excess, but his long solo career (particularly his recent work with Brian Eno) proves that he's a challenging and influential avant-garde figure.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Upper East Side blues. March 20: The **KINSEY REPORT.** One of the better modern-blues combos, this funky family (their father is Big Daddy Kinsey, one of the original Mississippi Delta bluesmen) easily shuffles rock, R. & B., and reggae into its music.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—March 19: The postmodern folk of **JOSEPH ARTHUR,** a recent addition to Peter Gabriel's Real World label.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—March 19: **DUNCAN SHEIK** and **JILL SOBULE.** Until recently, Sobule, a feisty postpunk feminist whose work brings to mind a cross between Liz Phair and Gertrude Stein, was the more popular of these two talented songwriters; her minor hit, "I Kissed a Girl," was one of last year's best singles. "Happy Town" is her new record. If anyone's happy in town, it should be Sheik: his own single "Barely Breathing" is burning up the charts. March 21-22: German chanteuse **UTE LEMPER.**

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—**TRAVIS TRITT** rides in on March 20 (see Concerts). March 22: **BOB MOULD.** "This one is for me," the postpunk hero writes in the liner notes of "Bob Mould," his first album since his explosive trio, Sugar, dissolved in 1995. If you think this brutal, beautiful record represents his all, wait until you see him in person. With **JOSEPH ARTHUR** (see the Mercury Lounge).

Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—March 24-25: If fate were not so cruel and capricious, then the **MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES** would be as popular as No Doubt, the ska-punk outfit with which they're often compared. The Bosstones are better—and you can still see them in a relatively small club. With the **SUICIDE MACHINES** and the **PIETASTERS.**

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—March 20: Better-than-average rap with **THE JUNGLE BROTHERS** and **HYENAS IN THE DESERT,** the latter Chuck D. protegés who feature hockey masks and weird wordplay. March 21: Long-suffering local ska-heads the **SCOFFLAWS.** March 23: The **QUEERS.**

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is currently at work in the Oak Room. Dining.

Birdland, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—The legendary club has a new address and bigger digs. March 19-22: Three bruising soloists—trumpeter **JON FADDIS,** trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON,** and tenorist **FRANK FOSTER**—keep the energy level pumped up for three evenings of testosterone-injected bop, blues, and ballads. March 23: The **JOHN FEDCHOCK** big band. March 24: The **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI JAZZ ORCHESTRA** (see Concerts). March 25: The **MICHAEL BORSTLAP** trio. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. Through March 23: The virtuosic small bands of pianist **EDDIE PALMIERI** and percussionist **PONCHO SANCHEZ** both use the rhythmic swelter of Latin music as a base for fervent jazz improvisations. You'll be able to hear the rumble of pummelled keyboards and pounding congas clear down Sixth Avenue. From March 25: The **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** quintet and the **DAVE VALENTIN** quintet. Dining.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A sleek piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through March 23: The **MARK WHITFIELD** quartet. A young guitarist with chops to spare, Whitfield has the funky fluidity of a pre-pop George Benson, bolstered by a deep vein of gospel and blues. Starting March 25: The **JOE SAMPLE** trio. Mondays belong to national treasure **LES PAUL.**

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—March 21-23: The **BRANFORD MARSALIS** trio, with drummer **JEFF (TAIN) WATTS** and bassist **REGINALD VEAL.** When Marsalis took the ill-fated second-banana gig on Jay Leno's show, he was king of the jazz hill. Imagine his surprise when he reëntered the jazz world and found it swarming with hot young saxophonists (Joshua Redman, James Carter, Craig Handy, David Sanchez, Tim Warfield, Don Braden). But there's nothing like competition to get the blood flowing again. He's still an all-out improviser who thrives on heated group interaction and lots of room to roam. March 24: **TIM BERNE'S BLOODCOUNT.** A mainstay of the city's new jazz scene, saxophonist Berne makes music out of a skewed language all his own—fractured yet lyrical, scrupulously formal yet edgy with vitality.

MONACO

© 1997 Monaco Government Tourist Office
PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO

700 years of pure magic.

Spellbinding in its natural beauty. Charmed as a way of life. For 700 years Monaco has captivated visitors, ignited passions and stirred souls. Grander than any illusion, come see how it's done.

800-753-9696

http://www.monaco.mc/usa/

Enhance your trip by joining
Le Club Diamant Rouge de Monaco℠

Maxim's, 680 Madison Ave. (751-5111)—A mock-nineteenth-century bistro with stained glass, bevelled mirrors, and inlaid ceilings. March 19-22: Vocalist **BETTY BUCKLEY**. Dining.

Sardi's, 234 W. 44th St. (221-8444)—March 20-22: **MARY CLEERE HARAN** in "An Affair to Remember," a story-and-song evening of movie music from the fifties. Continues through March 29.

Smalls, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—This aptly named club features up-and-coming players jamming late into the night. March 19: The **SAM YAHEL ORGAN QUARTET**, featuring **RYAN KISOR**. Yahel mans the instrument that refuses to say die, the electric organ. Together with the brisk trumpeter Kisor, he makes sure that the great jazz-blues-funk mélange of the sixties lives with us still. March 20: The **DAVID WEISS** octet. March 21-22: The Across 7th Street septet. Stocked to the gills with exciting new players, the **JASON LINDNER BIG BAND** now holds court every Monday.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. Through March 23: The **ANDREW CYRILLE** quintet. Cyrille can play drums inside, outside, and upside down; there's no jazz rhythm or formal ploy that this man hasn't mastered. He's taken his lifetime of knowledge picked up from playing with everybody from Coleman Hawkins to Cecil Taylor and Muhal Richard Abrams and fashioned it into a style that honors only inclusiveness. From March 25: **MICHELE ROSEWOMAN AND QUINTESSENCE**. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks and feels like a classic jazz club (although there's no smoking now)—subterranean and thick with the spirits of past masters. Through March 23: Yet another young guitarist with flying fingers and a heart filled with bebop, **RON AFFIF** has a special affinity with his regular bassist **ESSIET ESSIET** and will surely establish one with drummer **AL FOSTER**, a pro's pro. March 25-30: The **BUSTER WILLIAMS** quartet. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. Through March 22: Pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and bassist **JOHN LOCKWOOD**, with vocalists **MILES GRIFFITH** and **ROGER HOLLAND** joining in on Friday and Saturday. Starting March 24: **HILTON RUIZ** (piano) and **ANDY MCCLOUD** (bass). Dining.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"The Glory of Byzantium" is the museum's most spectacular exhibition in years, a colossal exploration of the art, history, and thought of what is known as the Second Golden Age of Byzantium, an era of unsurpassed imperial opulence which lasted from the mid-ninth century to the thirteenth. You could ransom the emperor of the Incas with the gold here: crowns, jewelry, books, a reliquary with splinters of the true cross, all stunningly wrought and dripping with gems. And that's just the beginning. There are also rich silks, ivory reliquaries, mosaics large and small, architectural fragments, sardonyx cups, and illuminated manuscripts in bejewelled bindings. The array of lenders attests to an amazing feat of museology. The Orthodox monasteries of Iveron, on Mount Athos, and St. Catherine's, in the Sinai, which have never before lent objects abroad, contributed rare manuscripts and icons. In one particularly poignant juxtaposition, two frescoes of saints and angels from Damascus hang next to a similar piece from Jerusalem: the Met, at least, has succeeded in bringing Syria and Israel together. Through July 6. . . . ¶ "Giambattista Tiepolo." This ravishing assembly—more than sixty works, mostly paintings—strongly suggests that the eighteenth-century Venetian master, a pivot between the baroque and the rococo, is due for a fin-de-siècle reevaluation. Through April 27. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's much heralded "Christian Dior" blockbuster displays more than eighty opulent items from the decade beginning in 1947, when the designer first presented his influential New Look. Through March 23. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—"Young and Restless," a very good group of recent videos by seventeen women. Most of the works are animated (implicitly if not overtly) by a lively feminist consciousness; on the whole, they avoid slick production values, but they're certainly not artless. Three highlights: Cheryl Donegan's "Head" (1993), in which the artist goes down on a milk container; Johnna MacArthur's "Chalk Confession" (1996), with the artist's hand repeatedly scribbling on a small slate, like a Cy Twombly blackboard painting in motion; and Alex Bag's "Untitled Fall '96," a sardonic tour de force on the evolution and miseries of a young woman in art school, which, mining punk rock's archive of attitudes and emotions, amply demonstrates that hatred and disgust remain vivid, energizing possibilities for contemporary art. Through March 30. . . . ¶ "Willem de Kooning: The Late Paintings, the 1980s." Forty examples from the Abstract Expressionist's final working decade. Through April 29. (For more de Kooning, see Galleries—Uptown.) . . . ¶ "Manuel Alvarez Bravo." The great Mexican photographer's career spans eight decades; this retrospective visits all of them and includes rare platinum prints he made in the sixties from earlier negatives. The earliest works alternate between elegant abstractions and intensely emotional reportage; a photograph from 1934 shows a beautiful young striker moments after his assassination, the blood still pouring from his head. In 1938, Bravo met André Breton and began dabbling in Surrealism; in one of his most famous works, "The Good Reputation Sleeping," a nude woman with bandaged thighs slumbers amid tiny cacti. (The photograph was not printed in the Surrealist magazine it was intended for, because it was then illegal to show pubic hair.) The handful of color prints from the sixties, coming as they do after galleries of masterly black-and-white, seem jarringly tarted up. Through May 18. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)— "A Century of Sculpture: The Nasher Collection" features work by Brancusi, Giacometti, Matisse, Smith, and other twentieth-century artists. Through June 1. . . . ¶ "Rrose Is a Rrose Is a Rrose: Gender Performance in Photography." Through April 27. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500)—"Art/Fashion," an exhibition that first appeared at the Biennale di Firenze, presents garments designed by visual artists and other piecework. Through June 8. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

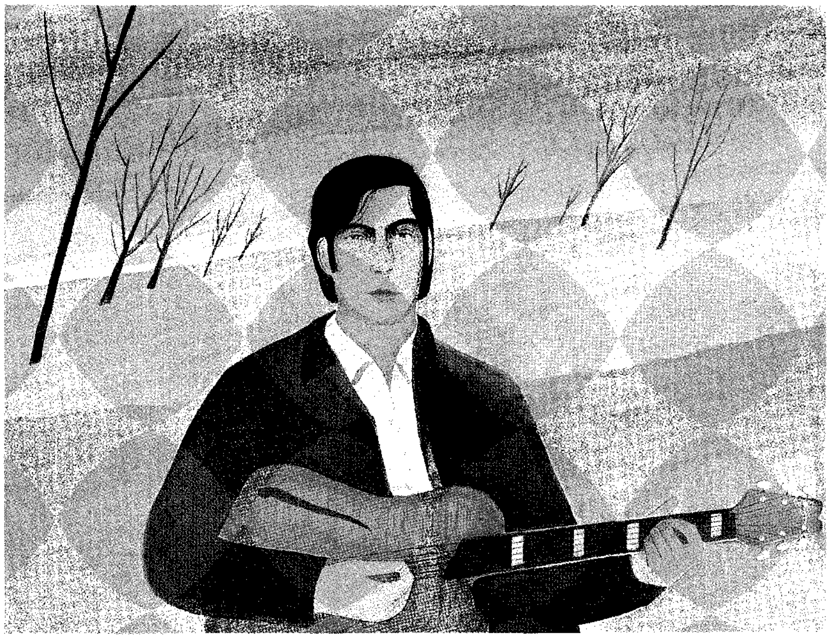
Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—The Biennial opens March 20, with seventy artists this time out, old hands (Louise Bourgeois, Bruce Nauman, Ed Ruscha) and new (Michael Ashkin, Zoë Beloff, Martin Kersels, Katy Schimert). (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—"Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk," an exhibition devoted to vanishing and extinct species, includes a diorama of an Everglades gator hole, a VW bug covered with zebra mussels, animal *objets* (cobra boots, baleen corsets, a rhino-foot ashtray), and a few representatives—a Madagascar radiated tortoise, baby alligators, cichlids—from the Bronx Zoo's Species Survival Plan. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"Rediscovering James Brooks: W.P.A. Murals and Other Figural Works." Through May 11. . . . ¶ "Mistress of the House, Mistress of Heaven: Women in Ancient Egypt" presents amulets, jewelry, statues, painted mummy cases, and other objects, everyday and sacred. Through May 18. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

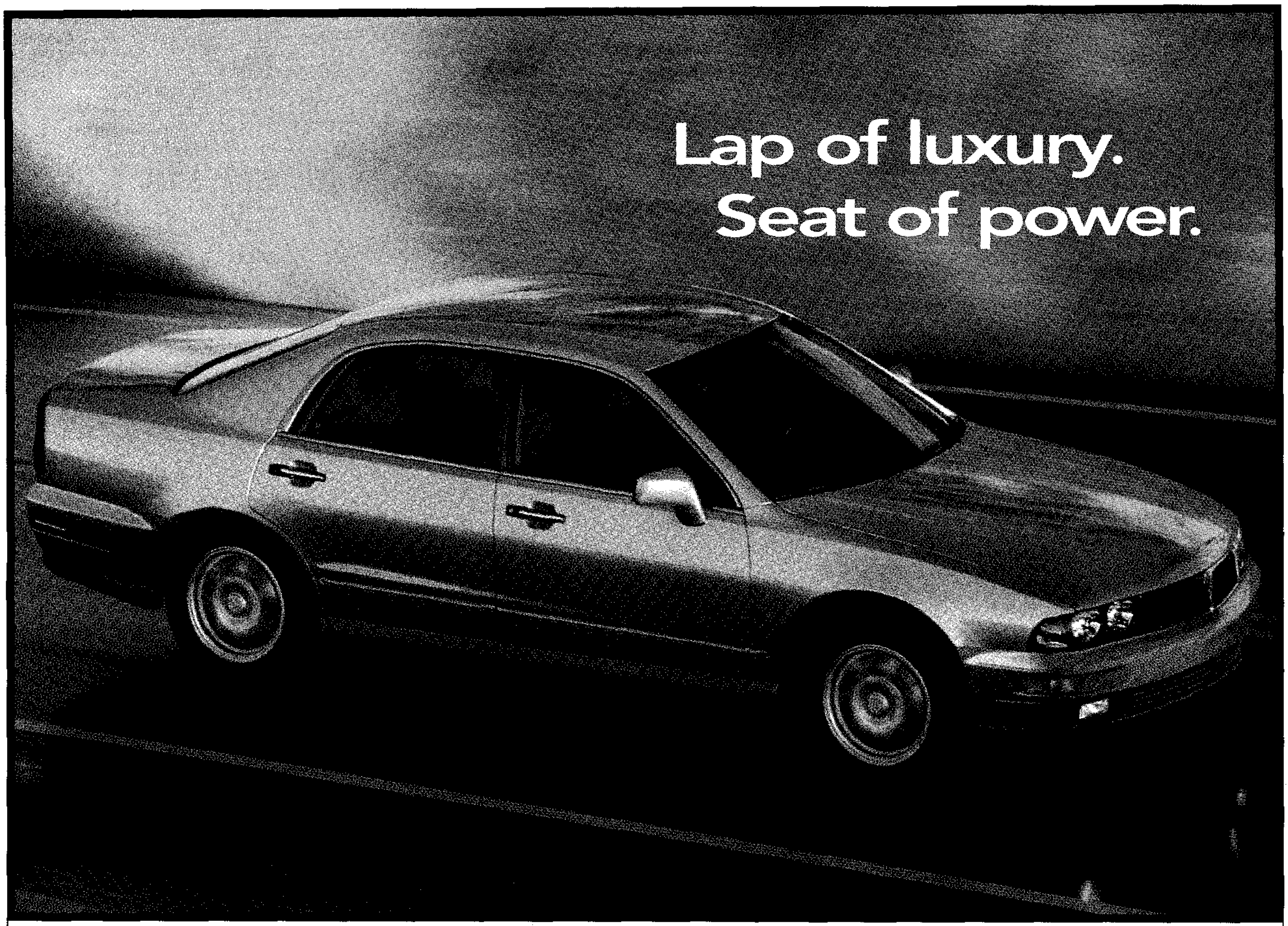
Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200)—"Bordering on Fiction: Chantal Akerman's 'D'Est,' " a film-and-video installation chronicling the artist's trip through reunified Germany and Eastern Europe after the fall of the Berlin Wall. Through May 27. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. (831-7272)—"The Conceptual Trend" presents works by six artists from Mexico City which question the strong national and cultural identity presented in earlier Mexican art. Through April 30. . . . ¶ "Santos: Sculptures Between Heaven and Earth," a modest but excellent



Duncan Sheik, at the Supper Club.

GEOFFREY PARKER



Introducing the all-new Mitsubishi Diamante, a diplomatic balance of elegance and strength. With the largest V6 in its class* and a transmission that learns your driving style, acceleration is outstanding. Advanced sound insulation and one of the most aerodynamic designs in its class provide stunning silence. The luxuries are equally impressive, with premium leather trim, a CD sound system, a 4-way power driver's seat and an anti-theft security system. All starting at just $29,990†. The new Mitsubishi Diamante, superb seating for a command performance.

The All-New 1997 Mitsubishi Diamante.

Built For Living.™

The interior is always comfortable, thanks to a fully-automatic climate control system.**

The all-new 3.5-liter 210-horsepower V6 is strong, smooth and remarkably efficient.

MITSUBISHI DIAMANTE
Built For Living.™

For the dealer nearest you or a free brochure, call **1-800-55MITSU**. Or visit our web site at **http://www.mitsucars.com**

*Class includes import near-luxury sedans priced under $40,000. †MSRP excludes taxes, title, license, registration fee, freight, dealer options and charges. Prices may vary. Actual prices set by dealers. **Inset photo shows vehicle with optional Luxury Convenience Group.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exhibition of Caribbean devotional figures, which will be on permanent display. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway, at Houston St. (966-1313)—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia" and "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art," related exhibitions that include parchment healing scrolls, talismanic paintings by clerics of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, masks, amulets, and divination tools from Zaire, Tanzania, Burkina Faso, and other sub-Saharan countries. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

National Museum of the American Indian, 1 Bowling Green (668-6624)—"Agayuliyararput (Our Way of Making Prayer): The Living Tradition of Yup'ik Masks," an exhibition of elaborate masks from southwestern Alaska. The majority were collected in the late nineteenth century; the current show, which opened in Toksook Bay and Bethel, Alaska, was created in consultation with those Yup'ik communities. (Open daily, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (219-1222)—Conceptual art that gives you something to look at. (What a concept!) Since 1983, the Chilean artist Eugenio Dittborn has been using the international mails to distribute his paintings; in the beginning it was a way of circumventing the restrictive Pinochet regime, but it has become an integral part of his politically charged (though not preachy) art. He paints, prints, and sews his images onto flimsy canvas squares, which the recipient then reassembles; after they have been exhibited, they are mailed to the next place. "The Thirteenth History of the Human Face" comprises a series of randomly jumbled-together faces culled from a variety of sources: field photographs of Indians, pictures from police files, children's drawings, scribbles by schizophrenics. The envelopes that carried the works are exhibited next to them, giving the show a truly global scale. Through April 13. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6; Saturday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

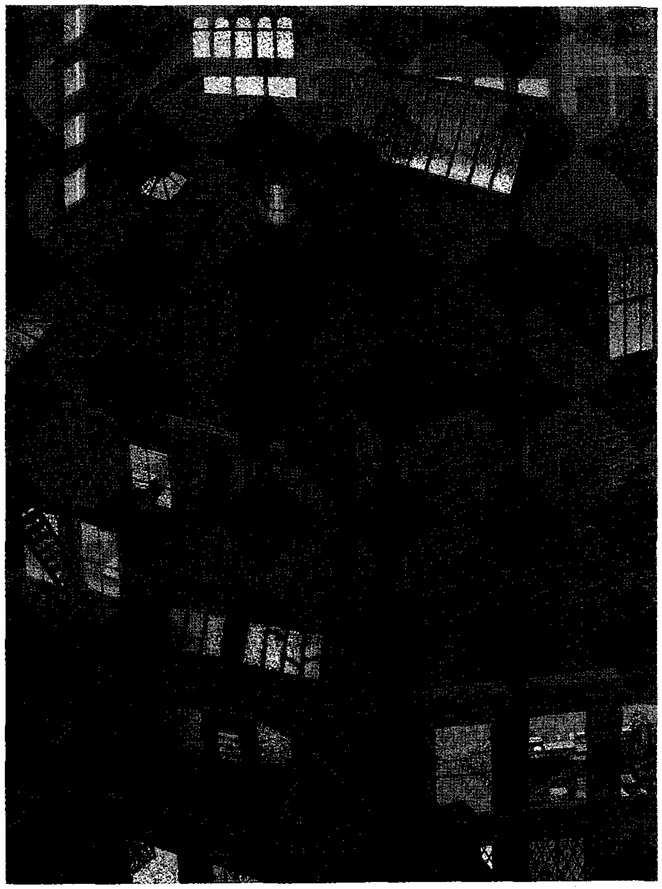
(Unless otherwise noted, uptown and downtown galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; Chelsea galleries are generally closed Tuesdays and open Sundays.)

Adele Alsop—This Utah landscape artist loads on paint in creamy, colorful rivers that brim with light. There's a cheerful, cartoonlike sensibility behind the images, though not much more is going on than meets the eye. Through March 29. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. 888-1122.)

Yvonne Jacquette—Dizzying aerial views of countryside and cities, mostly nocturnes, painted in a sharply observed, un-ironic style with a limited but sparkling palette. Sometimes the effect is prying, as in a New York rooftop scene in which the painter peers into skylights, but more often it's uplifting, in a curiously old-fashioned way—the big canvases of midtown Manhattan skyscrapers have all the powerful optimism of such obvious antecedents as Joseph Stella and Georgia O'Keeffe. There is a deep vein of lyricism, too, as in a pastel of Honolulu at night, which also works as a glittering abstract miniature. Through March 29. (DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 247-2111.)

Willy Lenski—Oil paintings that arise from a rare and unself-conscious fusion of figuration and conceptualism. A triptych showing a Buddhist monk nervously smoking a cigarette, a buxom woman in a floral bikini, and a forlorn man in a pair of shorts resonates with unanswerable questions—not so much "Who?" as "Why?" Lenski, a former video and film artist, renders his images in thin, almost translucent washes, often tinged with a sickly sepia tone that imparts a sense of timelessness. Through March 22. (O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. 355-3330. Open Mondays.)

Roberto Matta—A representative sampling of the early, great years of the Chilean-born Surrealist's career. His murky landscapes (definitely not of this world), shot through with glimmering rays of color, had a strong impact on New York's Abstract Expressionists—particularly Arshile Gorky—when Matta moved here in the thirties. The exhibit also contains several large sheets covered with grotesque pornographic pencil drawings from the mid-forties: ambisexual creatures being impaled, devoured, and otherwise put to carnal use by their ingenious partners. Through March 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. 752-0124.)



"Rooftops and Skylights Composite II" (1996), by Yvonne Jacquette (DC Moore gallery).

Short List—**GEORG BASELITZ,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. 988-1623. Open Mondays; through May 17. . . . **PIERRE BONNARD** and **MARK ROTHKO,** Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. 421-3292. Through March 22. . . . **ALAN DAVIE,** Aca, 41 E. 57th St. 644-8300. Through April 5. . . . **RICHARD DEACON,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160. Open Mondays; through March 29. . . . **WILLEM DE KOONING,** Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. 243-0200. Through March 29. . . . **NIKI DE SAINT PHALLE,** Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave., at 79th St. 924-0858. Through April 19. . . . **PHILIP EVERGOOD,** Dintenfass, 20 E. 79th St. 581-2268. Through March 22. . . . **PHILIPPE FAVIER,** Helman, 20 W. 57th St. 245-2888. Through April 5. . . . **JANET GILLESPIE,** Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. 861-7338. Through April 19. . . . **BRYAN HUNT,** Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929. Through April 21. . . . **BILL JACKLIN,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. 541-4900. Open Mondays; through April 5. . . . **JEFF JOYCE,** Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. 327-2526. Through April 12. . . . **ROBERT MOTHERWELL,** Wallach Art Gallery, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7288. Through March 29. . . . **ALICE NEEL,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454. Through April 12. . . . **MARY PETTY,** Syracuse University Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. 826-0320. Through April 28. . . . **RICHARD STANKIEWICZ,** Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 752-1223. Through May 3. . . . **JAMES VALERIO,** Adams, 41 W. 57th St. 644-5665. Through March 29.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Jean-Marc Bustamante—Photographs, sculptures, and wall-mounted reliefs by the French artist. The photographs—of dismal suburbs of Barcelona—seem to belong within the lineage of conceptual/documentary photography; the sculptures and reliefs are utterly and bizarrely opaque. Through April 19. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. 243-0200.)

Jonathan Hammer—"The Fantast" and "Portrait of a Man Holding a Heart-Shaped Book," two complex installations incorporating numerous mediums: books, drawings, video, even a carpet. In an elegantly elliptical manner, Hammer traces various narratives involving the Surrealist writer René Crevel, the Zurich Dadaist Hugo Ball, and, rather provocatively, the minimalist sculptor Carl Andre. The elaborately bound books (which are what the artist has been best known for heretofore) were made in collaboration with John Baldessari, Kay Rosen, Donald Baechler, and James Brown. Through March 29. (Marks, 523 W. 24th St. 243-0200.)

Ilya Kabakov—For "The Life of Flies," an impressive multipart installation by the Russian artist (who now makes his home in New York), the Gladstone gallery has been transformed into something like the gloomy, decrepit provincial museums of the former Soviet Union. The show, devoted to information and images concerning the interactions between fly society and human society (with excursuses on economics, politics, and the arts), is also a phantasmagoric surrealist archive. Through April 5. (515 W. 24th St. 206-9300.)

Group Show—An inaugural exhibition whose wildly theatrical centerpiece is Louise Bourgeois's enormous walk-through steel "Spider" (1996). The gallery has also assembled Jenny Holzer's early "Living Series" (1980-82), metal plaques embossed with often sardonic texts in red and black. Alice Neel's portrait of a smiling Bella Abzug, her arms extended in welcome, hangs over the desk. Through April 5. (Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727.)

Short List—**DOUG AITKEN,** 303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121. Through April 26. . . . **DON BONHAM,** Two Sculptors, Inc., 124 W. 18th St. 645-3584. Through April 19. . . . **LINDA BURNHAM,** Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. 633-6555. Through April 20. . . . **FERNANDO CANOVAS,** Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. 741-8695. Through April 2. . . . **JOANNE GREENBAUM,** D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. 352-9460. Through March 23. . . . **MAXINE HENRYSON AND HUNTER REYNOLDS,** Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. 627-3930. Through April 13. . . . **ARCHIE RAND,** Baldacci, 521 W. 21st St. 463-0919. Through April 12. . . . **JOIE ROSEN** and **MICHAEL RUBENSTEIN,** Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. 243-5937. Both shows through March 30. . . . **ROBIN TEWES,** Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. 741-3318. Through March 30.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Carl Andre—A selection of mostly large-scale works from the Guggenheim Museum's Panza

Collection and a few recent small-scale ones executed this year, by one of the century's most remarkable sculptors. With one exception—a coil of zinc ribbon—all of them are modular pieces, of wood, sand-lime blocks, steel, Styrofoam, and copper. While the word "minimalist" telegraphs visual astringency, Andre's sculptures are marvellously sensuous. A room devoted to photographs of his early works by his close friend the late Hollis Frampton makes a nice pendant. Through March 29. (Ace, 275 Hudson St. 255-5599.)

David Black—Wide-eyed tableaux of upper-class Schadenfreude ("The Benefit Dinner," "The Costume Party," "The Backers' Audition") in appropriately sunny colors. The show offers several plein-air landscapes in homage to the marzipan light of France, but Black is at his most delicious as a satirist. Through April 8. (D.F.N., 560 Broadway. 334-3400.)

Callum Innes—Who says abstraction is dead? Chances are, anyone who sees this Scottish artist's derivative show. Through April 12. (Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. 343-2405.)

Charles Long—An installation of sculptures by an artist given to bulbous biomorphic forms and such eccentric material as recycled coffee grounds. Many of the works here waver between art and utility, incorporating furniture, lamps, and, in one case, a working coffeemaker. Through March 22. (Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. 925-8035.)

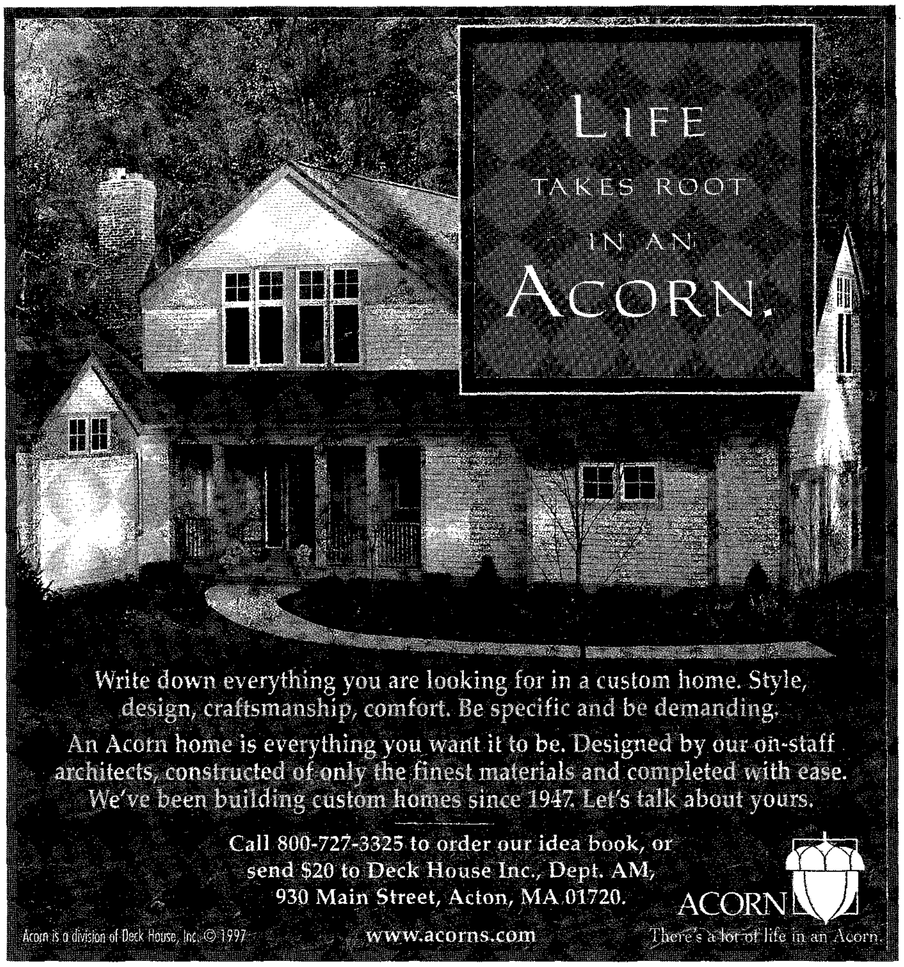
Group Show—Oshin Saginian's monotypes are the strongest work here: working simply with a brayer and printing ink, he has created a series of eerie, quasi-representational images, evocative at once of early photography and microscopy, which seem to offer glimpses of an incomprehensible, prehuman (or is it posthuman?) world. The Pakistani artist Shahzia Sikander contributes a suite of brilliantly colored drawings, delicately executed in vegetable dyes, watercolor, dry pigment, and tea stains, which mimic the forms of Persian miniatures as they examine issues of gender and national identity. Pauline Stella Sanchez has covered the floor with an array of mechanical drawings in mandala patterns and fanciful, fluorescent-yellow foam objects placed here and there; her pompous artist's statement, which manages to drag in everything from Carl Jung to the New Physics, reads like a parody. Through March 29. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. 219-2166. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**L. C. ARMSTRONG,** Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. 966-2676. Through April 10. . . . **SKIP ARNOLD,** Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. 334-3455. Through April 19. . . . **JAN BARACZ,** Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th St. 477-5271. Through April 3. . . . **RON BARON,** Kustera, 41 Wooster St. 965-1527. Through April 12. . . . **ENZO CUCCHI,** Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. 274-9300. Through April 19. . . . **PAUL GIOVANOPOULOS,** Meisel, 141 Prince St. 677-1340. Through March 22. . . . **MARK GREENWOLD,** Kind, 136 Greene St. 925-1200. Through April 15. . . . **DAN GRIGGS,** Cacciola, 125 Wooster St. 966-9177. Through April 19. . . . **KARL MANN,** Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. 780-0071. Through April 12. . . . **JOE NICASTRI,** Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway. 431-1304. Through April 10. . . . **YIGAL OZERI,** Z Gallery, 70 Greene St. 966-8836. Through April 13. . . . **ROXY PAINE,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. 226-3232. Through April 26. . . . **KERRI SCHARLIN,** Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway. 941-6210. Through March 22. . . . **FRANK STELLA,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. 228-2828. Through April 26. . . . **SIDNEY TILLIM,** Trans Hudson, 416 W. 13th St. 242-3232. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6; through April 6.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

International Asian Art Fair—Sixty dealers from all over gather to participate in New York's Oriental Art Week. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. March 22-26. Tickets at the door. For information, call 642-8572.)

Christie's—March 19: Japanese lacquer. . . . ¶ March 20: Last fall, a chunk of the renowned Jingguantang collection of Chinese art sold in Hong Kong for ten million dollars—



Write down everything you are looking for in a custom home. Style, design, craftsmanship, comfort. Be specific and be demanding.
An Acorn home is everything you want it to be. Designed by our on-staff architects, constructed of only the finest materials and completed with ease. We've been building custom homes since 1947. Let's talk about yours.

Call 800-727-3325 to order our idea book, or
send $20 to Deck House Inc., Dept. AM,
930 Main Street, Acton, MA 01720.

ACORN

Acorn is a division of Deck House, Inc. © 1997
www.acorns.com
There's a lot of life in an Acorn.

THE WAY THINGS WERE.

Time moves slowly here in the historic towns of Bristol and Abingdon, Virginia, just 95 miles north of Asheville, North Carolina.

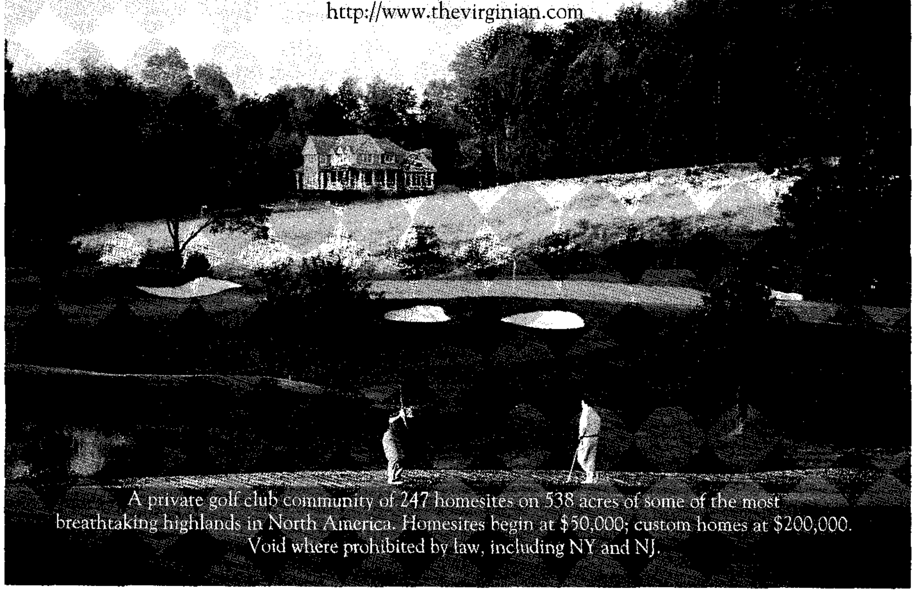
Here, ten minutes from I-81 and thirty minutes from the Tri-City Regional Airport, one gets to spend more of that precious time where one is going, and less getting there.

Which is the way things were in the mountains of North Carolina. And still are in the highlands of Southwestern Virginia.

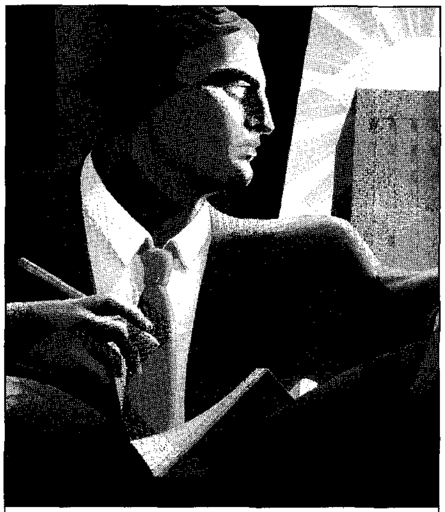
Here you'll find a "Tom Fazio masterpiece," honored as one of *Golf Digest's* Best New Private Courses in America.

If you're planning to settle in the Carolina mountains, set your sights a little higher. Come to The Virginian.

The Virginian
GOLF CLUB
22512 Clubhouse Ridge Bristol, VA 24202
Phone: (800) 452-8065 Fax: (540) 645-7055
http://www.thevirginian.com



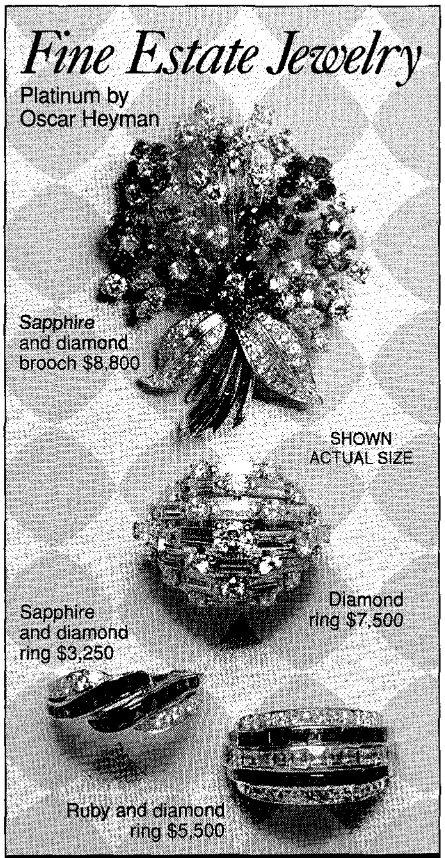
A private golf club community of 247 homesites on 538 acres of some of the most breathtaking highlands in North America. Homesites begin at $50,000; custom homes at $200,000. Void where prohibited by law, including NY and NJ.



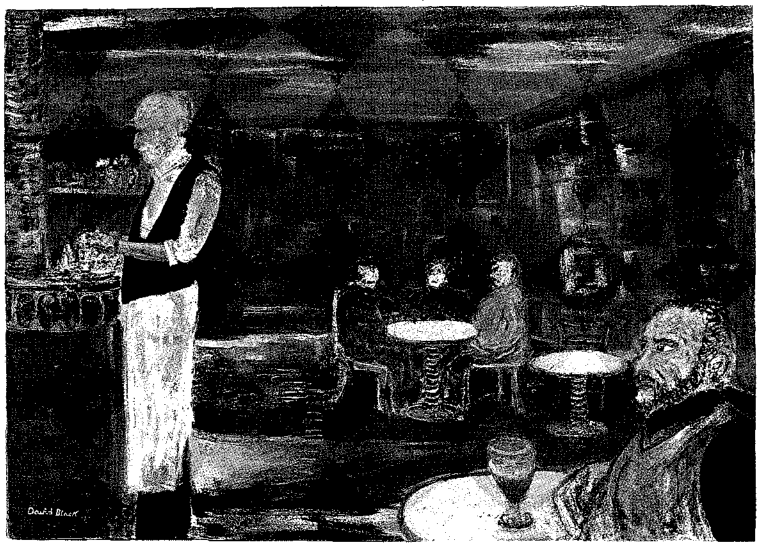
SPEND THE NIGHT
NEW YORK STYLE

World-class business and guest services. A staff that speaks only *yes*. Minutes from everything important. Sensational Restaurant Charlotte. It's very New York. It's your style. Extraordinary New York style. Enjoy the night.

MILLENNIUM
BROADWAY • NEW YORK
A MEMBER OF THE CDL HOTELS GROUP
145 West 44th Street New York New York
1.800.622.5569
http://www.Millbdwy.com



FIRESTONE AND PARSON
No.8 Newbury Street, Boston, MA 02116
(617) 266-1858



Self-portrait by David Black (D.F.N.).

well above estimate. Now a second group from the same collection—pottery, ceramics, and other works from the Neolithic period through the nineteenth century—crosses the block in New York. . . . ¶ March 20-21: Further auctions of Chinese art, particularly ceramics. . . ¶ March 21-22: An auction of a large portion of the renowned wine cellar of Tawfiq Khoury, including a rare array of Romanée Conti and Madeiras dating back to 1790. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000.) . . . At **CHRISTIE'S EAST:** In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, a young English gentleman's education could not be considered complete without a year or two spent making the grand tour of the Continent. This sale offers a fascinating array of souvenirs acquired during those travels, such as ancient mummy masks and fragments of Roman sculpture. (219 E. 67th St. 606-0400. March 19.)

SOTHEBY'S—March 19: Chinese art, including tomb pottery and a large group of early-eighteenth-century blue-and-white porcelain. . . . ¶ March 20: Devotional pieces, sculptures of the Buddha, and other art from India and Southeast Asia. . . . ¶ March 21: Japanese art. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.) . . . **NOTE:** Also this week, arcade auctions of modestly priced Asian art (March 21-22) and American paintings (March 25).

R. M. SMYTHE—More than four hundred historic documents and autograph letters, including many Civil War items, musical and literary memorabilia, and an original Associated Press full teletype report of the assassination of President Kennedy. (Algonquin Hotel, 29 W. 44th St. March 19. For information, call 943-1880.)

DOYLE—A variety of furniture, decorative art, and paintings. (175 E. 87th St. 427-2730. March 19.)

SWANN—An auction of rare books about the sciences. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710. March 20.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MANUEL ALVAREZ BRAVO—New York pulls out all the f-stops for the Mexican master photographer, who turns ninety-five this year. At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** a comprehensive retrospective that includes rare prints from the artist's personal archive continues through May 18. (See Museums.) . . . ¶ At **THROCKMORTON,** forty prints by the artist and his first wife, Lola Alvarez Bravo. (153 E. 61st St. 223-1059. Through May 3.) . . . ¶ At **WITKIN,** ninety-five prints (including some vintage color) from 1927 to 1996, along with photographs by Colette Alvarez Urbajtel, who married Alvarez Bravo in 1959. (415 West Broadway. 925-5510. Through May 3.)

RICHARD BILLINGHAM—Enlarged snapshots of Ray, the British artist's home-brew-drinking father, and Liz, his comfortable-in-housecoats mother. The energy is skittish, the mood way beyond melancholy, and a few of these portraits are devastatingly perfect. Through March 22. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. 219-9600.)

LOIS CONNER—Broad landscapes and portraits of Native Americans from the desert Southwest. The artist brings her beautiful platinum-palladium tonal range to bear on more contemplative, less exotic images than the ones in her earlier works, from the Far East. The panoramic format she uses for most of the portraits subtly marries the Navajos to their land. Through April 19. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. 226-1220.)

SAUL LEITER—Muted color views, most of New York in the nineteen-fifties, by one of our foremost black-and-white photographers. The nearly washed-out palette takes getting used to, but the images—snowy streets, a languid nude woman asleep on a porch—soon begin to glow with a painterly confidence. Through April 5. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010.)

ESKO MÄNNIKKÖ—"Mexas," an installation of photographs of South Texas desert residents by a Finnish artist who first attracted attention with richly idiosyncratic images of Finnish bachelors and their ramshackle abodes. He avoids the clichés of documentary photography, preferring the straightforwardness of color to the romanticizing halo that black-and-white inevitably confers. Through March 30. (Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. 243-3753.)

EZRA STOLLER / WEEGEE (1899-1968)—Crystal-clear, highly satisfying views of architectural landmarks designed by Wright, Saarinen, Johnson, Mies van der Rohe, Breuer, Kahn, and others./ Classic photojournalism. Both shows through April 12. (Danziger, 130 Prince St. 226-0056.)

SHORT LIST—**JEANNETTE MONTGOMERY BARRON,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. 966-6223. Through March 22. . . . **MARIA MARTINEZ-CANAS,** Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-0747. Through March 22. . . . **ANDREA MODICA,** Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. 628-5300. Through April 19. . . . **BARBARA MORGAN,** Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. 431-0292. Through April 5. . . . **ANDREA ROBBINS AND MAX BECHER,** Basilico Fine Arts, 26 Wooster St. 966-1831. Through April 5. . . . **DAVID SELTZER,** Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255. Through March 29. . . . **ANDRES SERRANO,** Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. 255-1105. Open Tuesdays, closed Sundays; through April 12. . . . **FREDERICK SOMMER** and **JIM DINE,** Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999. Both shows through April 5. . . . **NICK WAPLINGTON,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. 505-5555. Through April 12. . . . **OLIVER WASOW,** Borden, 560 Broadway. 431-0166. Through March 29. . . . **JAMES WELLING,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. 966-4480. Through March 29.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim Museum.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 875-5050; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 501-3330.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**carmen,** with Angela Gheorghiu, Waltraud Meier, Plácido Domingo, and Sergei Leiferkus; conducted by James Levine. (March 19 at 7:30, March 22 at 1:30, and March 25 at 8.) . . . **eugene onegin,** in a new production, with Galina Gorchakova, Marianna Tarassova, Vladimir Chernov, Neil Shicoff, and Vladimir Ognovenko; Antonio Pappano. (March 20 at 8.) . . . **faust,** with Renée Fleming, Richard Leech, Dmitri Hvorostovsky, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. (March 21 and March 24 at 8.) . . . **aida,** with Lisa Gasteen, Dolora Zajick, Richard Margison, and Sherrill Milnes; Adam Fischer. (March 22 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

New York City Opera—**rigoletto.** (March 19 at 8.) . . . A double bill of Weill's **the seven deadly sins** (with soprano Lauren Flanigan and actor Ellen Lauren as the two Annas) and Orff's **carmina burana,** in a new production. (March 20 at 8.) . . . **the mikado.** (March 21 at 8.) . . . **les contes d'hoffmann.** (March 22 at 1:30 and March 25 at 8.) . . . **don giovanni.** (March 22 at 8.) . . . **carmen.** (March 23 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Opéra Français de New York—This ensemble has now been enriching the city's musical life for nine years, not only with performances of worthy but generally overlooked French operas but also with standards of musical direction, casting, and staging that one hardly dares expect from a smaller company. This season's offering is Gounod's 1860 opéra comique, "La Colombe," sung here in French, with recitatives composed by Poulenc for a 1924 revival. Yves Abel conducts. (Alice Tully Hall. March 19 at 8.)

"The Play of Mary Magdalene"—A fully staged medieval music drama, derived from texts in the twelfth-century Fleury Playbook. Presented by the Ensemble for Early Music. (The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. 650-2290. March 23 at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At the age of twenty-nine, Olli Mustonen is already a compleat musician. He keeps busy as a composer, an activity he insists has proved invaluable to him as a keyboard interpreter (and he is an especially elegant one). In these concerts, he brings his insights to bear on an early masterpiece by a distinguished predecessor: Mozart's E-Flat-Major Piano Concerto (K. 271). Christian Thielemann conducts the program, which also includes Schumann's "Faust" Overture and Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. March 19-20 and March 22 at 8, March 21 at 11 a.m., and March 25 at 7:30.)

Choir and Orchestra of St. Ignatius Loyola—A concert called (pushing the season just a tad) "Baroque Music for Holy Week" includes Charpentier's cantata "Le Reniement de St. Pierre," the third of Couperin's "Leçons de Ténèbres," and Pergolesi's Stabat Mater. Kent Tritle directs. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. March 20 at 8. 288-2520.)

Manhattan School of Music Symphony—Glen Barton Cortese conducts his own "Three Sacred Songs," as well as Hanson's Symphony No. 2 and Richard Danielpour's "Manhattan Moon Dances." (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. March 21 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Charles Prince leads a mostly Sondheim program that includes an orchestral suite from "Pacific Overtures." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. March 21-22 at 8. . . . **note:** On March 20 at 7, a handful of Broadway stars participate in a benefit performance of a related all-Sondheim program at BAM.)

National Symphony Orchestra—In the first New York concert with its new music director, Leonard Slatkin, at the helm, the ensemble plays Ives's "Unanswered Question" and "Central Park in the Dark"; Bernstein's "Serenade (After Plato's 'Symposium')," with Shlomo Mintz as the violin soloist; and Corigliano's Symphony No. 1. (Carnegie Hall. March 23 at 2.)

Chorovaya Akademia—Performing nineteenth-century Russian liturgical music. (Alice Tully Hall. March 23 at 2.)

"St. Matthew Passion"—Those who don't find sufficient drama in the breathtaking musical architecture of Bach's Lenten masterpiece may find it in this theatrical version staged by Jonathan Miller. Paul Goodwin leads the soloists and an ad-hoc choir and orchestra. (Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 718-636-4100. March 23 at 3 and March 26-29 at 7:30.)

Music at Holy Trinity—The Holy Trinity Choir and Orchestra, the Greenwich Village Chamber Singers, and organist Stephen Hamilton perform Duruflé's Requiem and Vierne's Messe Solennelle. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. March 23 at 4. Tickets at the door.)

Lou Harrison Tribute—The Essential Music ensemble, the Rutgers University Chorus, and many soloists (including violinist Robert McDuffie, flutist Paula Robison, and pianist Aki Takahashi) present the composer with an eightieth-birthday tribute, two months early. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. March 25 at 8.)

RECITALS

Abbey Simon—Pianist, perfoming Beethoven's E-Flat-Major Sonata (Op. 81a), Schumann's C-Major Fantasy, and Chopin's B-Minor Sonata. (Carnegie Hall. March 19 at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—The group performs Beethoven's E-Flat-Major Septet, as well as Bernhard Romberg's E-Minor Trio for Viola, Cello, and Double-Bass (Op. 38, No. 1) and Spohr's Nonet. (Weill Recital Hall. March 19 at 8.)

The thinking person's website.

Slate™ online magazine. It's what everyone is talking about off line. The editorial creation of journalist **Michael Kinsley,** Slate is media, politics, technology, high and low culture...all with a certain insouciant smirk that thinking people find compelling. Slate is, we dare say, the only place you'll have occasion to read the week's spin on everything from Jackie Chan's box office to Bill Clinton's Oval Office. So read what everyone's talking about. Log on to:

Slate™

www.slate.com

Slate is a registered trademark of Microsoft Corporation.

Terry Riley—Performing piano works he has composed in the past three decades, as well as improvisations. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 19 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Violinist Kerry McDermott, cellist Ronald Thomas, and pianist Anne-Marie McDermott join for a concert that comprises Debussy's Violin Sonata, Strauss's Cello Sonata, and Schubert's B-Flat-Major Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061. March 20 at 7:30 and March 23 at 4.)

Cecilia Bartoli—The mezzo-soprano performs songs by Bellini, Pauline Viardot García, Bizet, Ravel, and Rossini, among others; with James Levine as pianist. (Alice Tully Hall. March 20 at 8.)

Derriere Guard Festival—The Derriere Guard arts consortium has put together a four-day showcase of visual arts, readings, and music which weds innovation to tradition; two musical entries enrich the proceedings. March 20 at 8:30: Kristjan Järvi's Absolute Ensemble performs premières of orchestral works by Stefania de Kenessey, Bernadette Speach, Robert Ian Winstin, Kenneth Lampl, and Edward Green; with pianist Anthony de Mare. . . . ¶ March 23 at 3: The Ahn Trio and soprano Faith Esham offer music by Kenji Bunch, Eric Ewazen, Matthew Harris, Philip Lasser, Dan Coleman, and Lowell Liebermann. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793.)

Isaac Stern—The violinist, with pianist Robert McDonald, in sonatas by Bach, Enescu, and Brahms, as well as bonbons by Kreisler. (Carnegie Hall. March 21 at 7:30.)

"Wall to Wall Bernstein"—A daylong celebration on March 22, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M., including performances and reminiscences. Among the large-scale highlights: the New York Choral Society's performance of the "Chichester Psalms" (shortly after the kickoff); cellist Carter Brey's interpretation of the "Three Meditations from 'Mass' " (around noon); several piano works, performed by James Tocco (at 2); shtick with Betty Comden and Adolf Green (at about 3); vocal selections with the New York Festival of Song (4-ish); a concert performance of the opera "Trouble in Tahiti" (at about 5:20), with cameo appearances by Broadway stars coming after that performance; and an evening session (beginning at 8) that includes "Kaddish," "Arias and Barcarolles," and more of Bernstein's Broadway numbers. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Call 864-1414 for a detailed schedule. No tickets necessary; listeners may come and go as they please.)

Les Percussions de Strasbourg—The six-member French percussion ensemble performs Xenakis's "Pléïades" and music by Gérard Grisey, Philippe Hurel, and Yoshira Taïra. (Alice Tully Hall. March 22 at 8.)

Marilyn Horne—The mezzo-soprano performs music by Rossini, Poulenc, and others; with pianist Martin Katz. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 718-951-4500. March 23 at 2.)

Guarneri String Quartet—The ensemble offers its annual Eastertide rendition of Haydn's "Seven Last Words of Christ." (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5689. March 23 at 3.)

Richard Goode—The pianist performs Bach's Partita No. 4, Brahms's Four Piano Pieces (Op. 119) and Six Piano Pieces (Op. 118), and Beethoven's C-Minor Sonata (Op. 111). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. March 23 at 3.)

Ewa Podleś—Though she has not often performed on American stages, this Polish singer's lush contralto (almost countertenorial) timbre and agile coloratura are well known and widely admired here thanks to a succession of opera and recital recordings on the Naxos label. In her first New York recital since the mid-eighties, she sings arias by Vivaldi and Rossini, as well as songs by Rachmaninoff and Brahms. Pianist Ania Marchwinska assists. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. March 23 at 3.)

Music Before 1800 Productions—The ten-member vocal ensemble, directed by Louise Basbas, performs medieval plainchant, two motets by Palestrina, and the première of Harvey Burgett's "The Passion of Jesus Christ According to St. John." (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 666-9266. March 23 at 4.)

Galina Gorchakova—Soprano, with pianist Larissa Gergieva, in a recital of Russian songs. (Alice Tully Hall. March 23 at 5.)

Trio Parnassus—Performing piano trios by Mozart (in B-Flat Major, K. 502), Shostakovich (his Second), and Brahms (in C Major). (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. March 23 at 5.)

Frances Lucey—In her New York début recital, the much admired Irish soprano offers songs by Schubert, Hahn, and Strauss, among others; with pianist Donald Sulzen. (Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center. March 24 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

Theresa Santiago—Soprano, in a recital of songs by Barber, Turina, John Musto, and others; with pianist Brian Zeger. (Alice Tully Hall. March 24 at 8.)

Parnassus—The modern-music group offers works by Dutilleux, Ravel, Hayes Biggs, Roland Moser, and Katherine Malyj. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 24 at 8.)

Barros Classical Consort—Playing works by Mozart, Beethoven, and Stephen Storace (the younger) on period instruments. (Lang Recital Hall, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. March 24 at 8.)

New Juilliard Ensemble—In 1968, Pierre Boulez announced the death of traditional harmony with the (very French) pronouncement "The age of Rameau is over." Among the products of the ensuing brouhaha was a series of essays, "The Apotheosis of Rameau," in which Henri Pousseur maintained that harmonic structures would continue to be essential, even within the context of serialism. Pousseur felt so strongly about his views that in 1981 he followed up with "La Seconde Apothéose de Rameau," which he described as an instrumental fable in music. Inspired by Couperin's *apothéoses* of Lully and of Corelli in Parnassus, Pousseur's involves aesthetic conversations between the archangels Anton, Arnold, Claude, and Igor—readily recognizable as the archangels of twentieth-century composition. Joel Sachs leads pieces by Karen Tanaka, Ornette Coleman, Alejandro Iglesias Rossi, and Jonathan Newman, in addition to Pousseur's work. (Alice Tully Hall. March 25 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Society Chamber Players—Performing Babbitt's "None but the Lonely Flute," Anthony Cornicello's "Drei Rilke Lieder," Eleanor Cory's "Pas de Quatre," and three works by Brian Fennelly. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 25 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"Lillian Gish Remembered"—The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts recently received Lillian Gish's personal archives—appointment books, photographs, and some ten thousand letters. To celebrate this acquisition, it is presenting a series of readings, screenings, and concerts (through June) evoking the world of the silent star. On March 20 at 6:30, actors Julie Harris and Barnard Hughes read letters to Gish from Eugene and Carlotta O'Neill and Sean and Eileen O'Casey, and then act out scenes from O'Casey's 1934 drama, "Within the Gates," in which Gish played a whore. It was banned in Boston, but the New York City run led to a long friendship between the actress and the playwright. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, Lincoln Center. For more information, call 870-1630.)

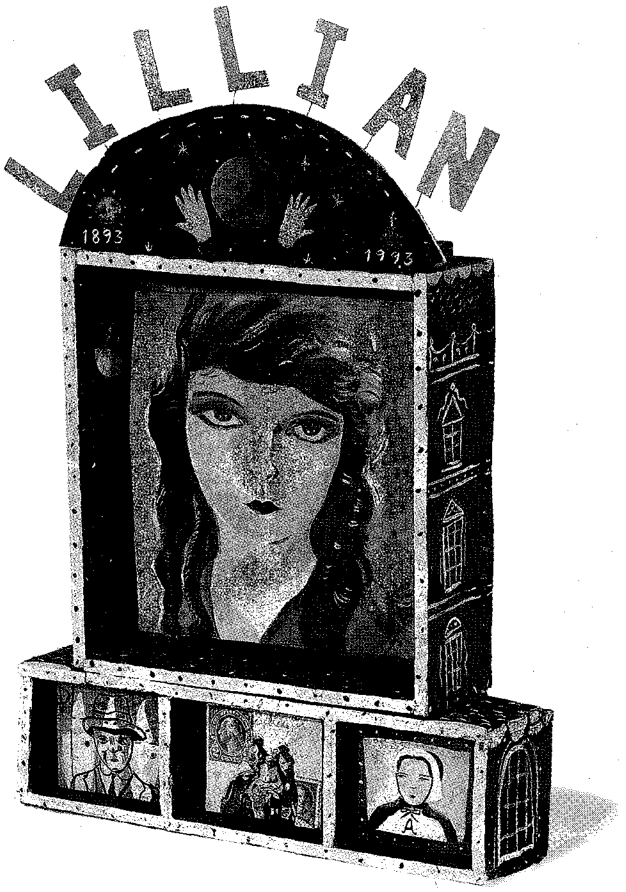
Clowning Around—The hundred-and-twenty-seventh edition of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus adds a trained hippopotamus, in-line skaters, and, for those who arrive an hour early, a chance to stroll in the rings and play with the performers. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6741. March 20-April 6.)

The Greater New York Orchid Show—More than five thousand plants compete for carbon dioxide in the World Financial Center's Winter Garden. (Battery Park City. March 20-22 from 10 to 7, and March 23 from 10 to 5. No tickets necessary.)

Readings—March 21 at 10:30: An evening with musician and poet John S. Hall, performance artist Matthew Courtney, writer Carl Watson, and other veterans of the theatrical troupe Gargoyle Mechanique. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ March 24 at 7:30: Fernanda Eberstadt reads from her latest novel, "When the Sons of Heaven Meet the Daughters of the Earth." (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ March 24 at 7:30: Jonathan Galassi and Katha Pollitt read their poetry. (K.G.B., 85 E. 4th St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—March 19 at 6:30: Nigerian journalist and political activist Goodluck Diigbo discusses environmental injustices in his West African homeland. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ March 22 at 6: Tom Wolfe provides the keynote address for the Derriere Guard Festival. (See Classical Music—Recitals.) (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. For reservations, call 255-5793.)

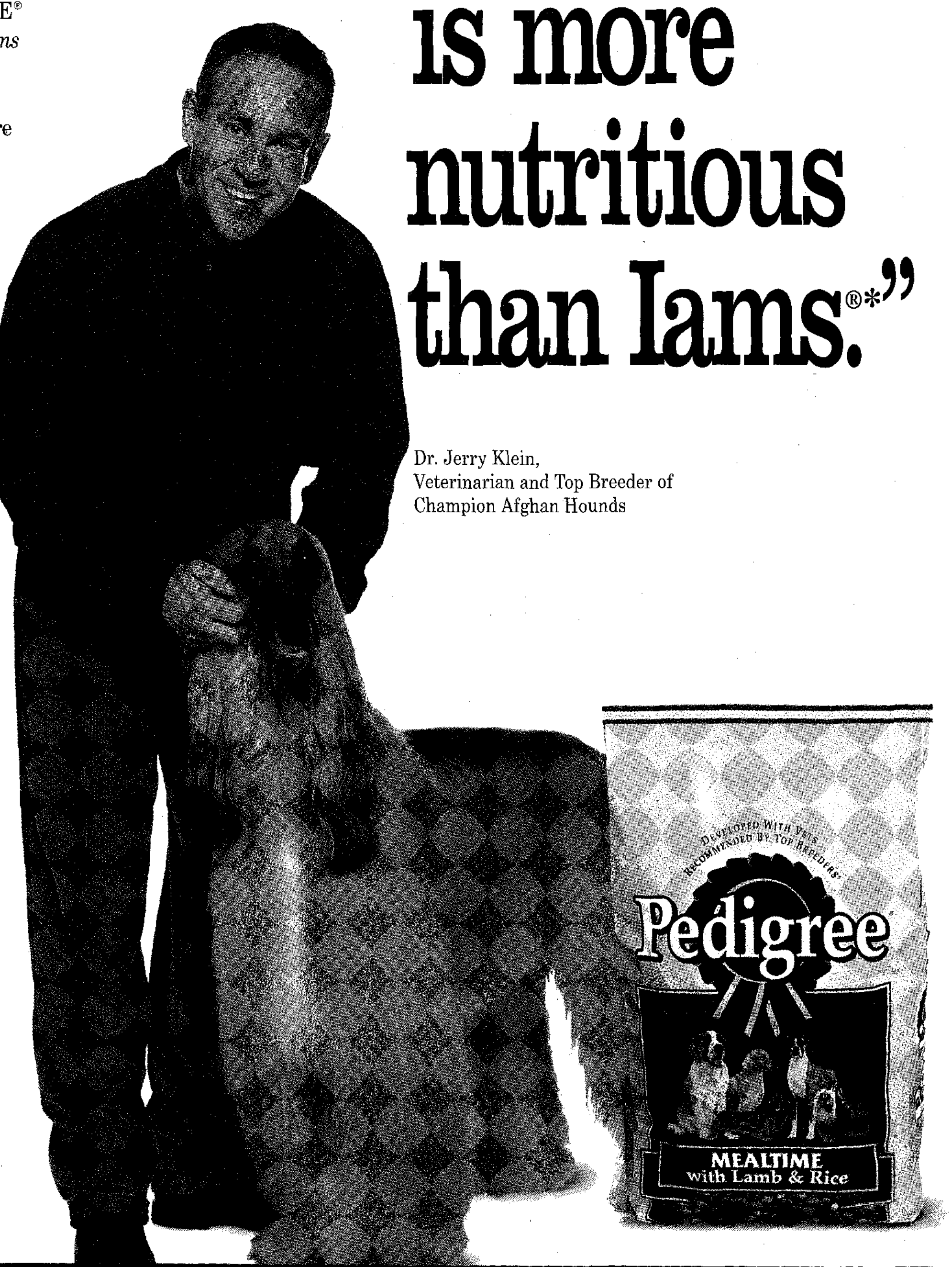
Memorandum—After the longest-running preview in recent memory, spring opens officially on March 20 at 8:55 A.M.



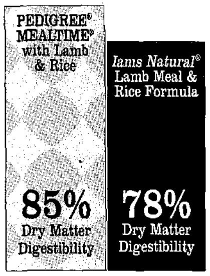
"Lillian Gish Remembered," at Lincoln Center.

SUSAN SAAS

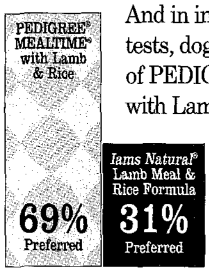
"PEDIGREE® MEALTIME® with Lamb & Rice is more nutritious than Iams.®*"


DEVELOPED WITH VETS RECOMMENDED BY TOP BREEDERS®
Pedigree
MEALTIME
with Lamb & Rice

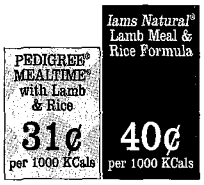
Dr. Jerry Klein,
Veterinarian and Top Breeder of
Champion Afghan Hounds



PEDIGREE® MEALTIME® with Lamb & Rice *significantly outperforms Iams Natural®* Lamb Meal & Rice Formula for Dogs in independent *digestibility tests*;* which means more of its nutrients go to work to provide superior nutrition.



And in independent taste tests, dogs *preferred the taste* of PEDIGREE MEALTIME® with Lamb & Rice over *Iams Natural®* Lamb Meal & Rice Formula by more than a two to one margin.



PEDIGREE® Food for Dogs *also costs considerably less* than *Iams Natural®* and you don't have to go out of your way to buy it. You can find the whole line of nutritional PEDIGREE® Brand products at your favorite store.

So, if you're interested in feeding your dog a food that he'll love eating; one that brings out the luster in his coat, tones his muscles and helps him reach his full potential, PEDIGREE® MEALTIME® with Lamb & Rice is still the champion.

How's that for some healthy news?

**Test data based on a digestibility and preference study comparing PEDIGREE® MEALTIME® with Lamb & Rice vs. Iams Natural® Lamb Meal & Rice Formula.*

© 1997 PEDIGREE. PEDIGREE MEALTIME IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK.
IAMS NATURAL® IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF THE IAMS CO.

Developed with Vets– Recommended by Top Breeders®

Last year, we rescued thousands of visitors to The Big Apple from staying at ordinary hotels.

Located minutes from Central Park, Fifth Avenue shopping, the theater, museums, and East Side galleries. Spacious accommodations. New Park Avenue Spa & Fitness.

For reservations and weekend rates, call your travel professional or **1-800-63-SWISS.**

Swissôtel to the rescue.

swissôtel

NEW YORK
THE DRAKE

Part of the Swissair experience

440 Park Avenue at 56th Street • New York, NY 10022

ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • NEW YORK
AMSTERDAM • BANGKOK • BASEL • BEIJING
BRUSSELS • CAIRO • DÜSSELDORF • ISTANBUL
MONTREUX • SEOUL • ZÜRICH

Slow down!

Biking and walking trips in Europe for people who enjoy freedom by day and the finest châteaux by night. Experience the B&R difference.

1-800-678-1147

Butterfield & Robinson
BIKING & WALKING SINCE 1966

"The best travel clothing in the world"

FOR MEN & WOMEN: long-lasting, smart-looking, easy-care; pickpocket-proof travel clothing. Fast-drying, comfortable travel underwear; Tilley Hats... FREE catalogue

Tilley Endurables

1-800-555-3789
300 LANGNER ROAD, WEST SENECA, NY

VISIT OUR WEB SITE
www.tilley.com

INTERESTING STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL & VANCOUVER

THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Crash—A film by David Cronenberg, based on J. G. Ballard's 1973 novel about the eros of automobile accidents. With James Spader, Holly Hunter, Elias Koteas, Deborah Kara Unger, and Rosanna Arquette. Opening March 21. (Regency, Sutton, and Village Theatre VII.)

Gray's Anatomy—Reviewed below in Current Films. Opening March 19. (Film Forum.)

Liar Liar—Jim Carrey plays a compulsive liar who is forced to tell the truth for twenty-four hours. Written by Paul Guay and Stephen Mazur. Directed by Tom Shadyac. Opening March 21. (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, National Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th Street Showplace, and Waverly.)

Mandela—A documentary on the South African leader, by Jo Menell and Angus Gibson. Opening March 21. (Angelika 57 and Cinema Village.)

The Quiet Room—Writer-director Rolf de Herr's look into the mind of a seven-year-old girl who hasn't spoken since she was three. Opening March 21. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Selena—A film written and directed by Gregory Nava, about the life and death of Selena Quintanilla Perez. Becky Lee Meza and Jennifer Lopez star as the singer at different ages. Opening March 21.

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 29.)

Absolute Power—A sombre, boring little thriller based on David Baldacci's ridiculous right-wing best-seller. Clint Eastwood directed and also stars, as a jewel thief who, while robbing the mansion of a Presidential-campaign contributor, witnesses a murder and then intrudes on the coverup conspiracy. The cast, a *Who's Who* of accomplished actors (Gene Hackman, Judy Davis, Ed Harris, Scott Glenn), makes the diatribe watchable, if not gripping, but only Laura Linney seems genuinely involved.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII.)

Big Night—The actor Stanley Tucci co-wrote (with Joseph Tropiano), co-directed (with Campbell Scott), and co-stars (with Tony Shalhoub) in this elegant, leisurely low-budget comedy about a struggling Italian restaurant run by a pair of immigrant brothers. The unusually happy, relaxed ensemble includes Ian Holm, Isabella Rossellini, Minnie Driver, Allison Janney, and Campbell Scott. The big set piece—a lavish dinner in honor of the singer-bandleader Louis Prima—is a fitting climax to the movie's patient accumulation of savory and blissfully pointless delights: a convincing illustration of how keen pleasure for pleasure's sake can be.—T.R. (9/23/96) (Cinema 3.)

Boys Life 2—Two years ago, the first "Boys Life" proved there was an audience for short, gay-themed films, and this latest bundle wrapped up by Strand Releasing is more consistent than the last. It gets off to a shaky start with Nickolas Perry's "Must Be the Music" (pretty boys and little else). But it gains momentum with "Nunzio's Second Cousin," Tom DeCerchio's segment about gay-bashing, in which Vincent D'Onofrio gives a funny, scary performance as a gay cop who teaches some punks a lesson. The third film is the best: "Alkalai, Iowa," written and directed with great confidence and care by Mark Christopher, is a jewel of a story about a young gay farmer's investigation into his father's past; it makes its points so quietly and indirectly that it comes close to poetry. The final film, director Peggy Rajski's "Trevor"—about a boy who worships Diana Ross—is the audience pleaser (it won an Oscar in 1995): funny and hip, with plenty of sparkle. It was written by James Lecesne, who originally delivered the monologue onstage. Taken together, the films are like the chat at a gay bistro: a little talky, but funny and full of knowing camaraderie.—B.D. (Quad Cinema.)

Breaking the Waves—The Danish director Lars von Trier tells the sad story of a devout young Scottish woman (Emily Watson) who becomes a whore in order to save the life of her critically ill husband (Stellan Skarsgård). Von Trier gives the highbrow audience precisely what it wanted in the art-house boom years of the fifties and early sixties—nudity plus theology. The erotic-metaphysical hokum would be somewhat easier to take if the picture displayed anything resembling a genuine religious impulse.—T.R. (11/18/96) (Angelika Film Center and Eastside Playhouse.)

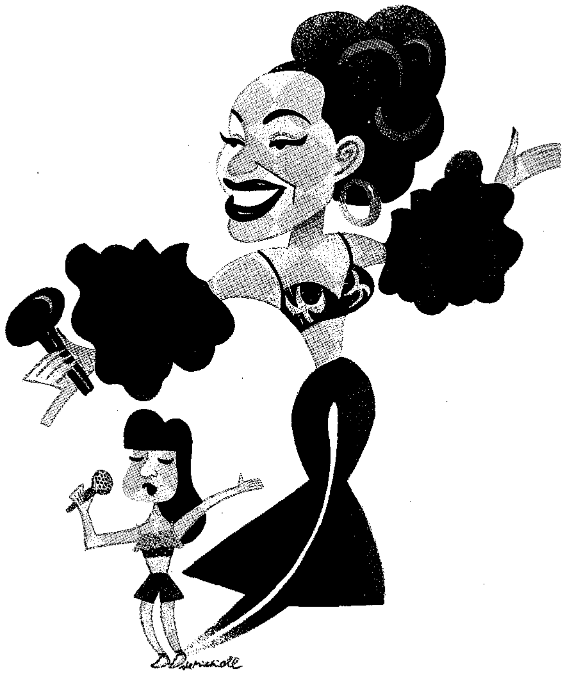
City of Industry—Harvey Keitel, Stephen Dorff, Timothy Hutton, and Famke Janssen star in a film noir written by Ken Solarz, directed by John Irvin, and set in the Los Angeles underworld. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, Manhattan Twin, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Daytrippers—Writer-director Greg Mottola's study of five Long Islanders (Hope Davis, Anne Meara, Pat McNamara, Parker Posey, and Liev Schrieber) on a drive to Manhattan. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Donnie Brasco—From Mike Newell, the man who brought you "Four Weddings and a Funeral," a movie with four killings and a dismemberment, and that's just in one scene. Even as you get pulled into the plot, you may detect a touch of fakery in the proceedings—a faintly risible determination to get down and dirty. The title character, played by Johnny Depp, is an undercover F.B.I. agent who infiltrates the Mafia by pretending to be a crooked jeweller—and also by pretending, even more successfully, to be incredibly dull. For some reason he is accepted into the Mob and befriended by Lefty (Al Pacino), a hoodlum on the wane. Pacino, as you would expect, gives a fine demonstration of sagging soulfulness, but it's hard to believe that people are still making movies that require us to feel sorry for mobsters. Paul Attanasio's script works hard to make fun of them, but Newell deadens any comedy in his quest for a violent mood piece. Other thugs are played by Bruno Kirby and, of course, Michael Madsen.—A.L. (3/17/97) (Criterion Center, East 85th Street, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, 64th and 2nd, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Eighth Day—Harry (Daniel Auteuil) is a salesman who teaches other salesmen how to smile while neglecting the welfare of his children: from this we are meant to infer that he is a hollow shell of a man. The person destined to fill him with joy and understanding is Georges (Pascal Duquenne), a victim of Down's syndrome who, having left his residential home, encounters Harry on a dark road and sets about changing his life. Jaco Van Dormael's second movie, like "Toto the Hero," his first, blends the troubling and the fantastical, but this time the mixture fails to rise. There is still immense grace in the way Van Dormael seems to happen upon startling images, but the emotional principle of the picture is obvious and embarrassing: Georges exists to cure the trouble with Harry. The movie gushes, and the later scenes borrow, without profit, from "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." Duquenne, who has Down's syndrome himself, is a reviving presence: his cadenzas of sweetness and intransigence just about rescue the movie from monotony. In French.—A.L. (3/17/97) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The English Patient—Written and directed by Anthony Minghella, from the novel by Michael Ondaatje, this long and searching movie tangles together a number of stories and characters: Almásy (Ralph Fiennes) and Katharine (Kristin Scott Thomas), who have an affair in North Africa before the Second World War; a French-Canadian nurse (Juliette Binoche) who cares for the badly burned Almásy after the war, and the Sikh soldier (Naveen Andrews) *she* has an affair with; and the mysterious Caravaggio (Willem Dafoe), a scavenging thief who appears to know the secrets of Almásy's past. The triumph of the film lies not just in the force and range of the performances but in Minghella's creation of an intimate epic: vast landscapes mingle with the minute details of desire, and the combination is transfixing.—A.L. (11/25/96) (Chelsea Cinemas, Embassy 3, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)



Becky Lee Meza and Jennifer Lopez in "Selena."

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

Everyone Says I Love You—Woody Allen's latest movie is one of his frothiest, and weirdest, to date: a throwback picture that tries to resurrect the spirit of thirties musicals without recourse to irony. There is a deliberate roughness to both the singing (which is kind of charming) and the choreography (which is unwieldy and a little graceless). The all-star cast includes Julia Roberts, Tim Roth, Drew Barrymore, and Alan Alda. You emerge bemused but undeniably cheered up, partly because of the uncomplicated magic of the climax, in which Allen dances with an airborne Goldie Hawn on the bank of the Seine.—A.L. (New York Twin, The Screening Room, State, and 34th St. East.)

Gray's Anatomy—A Spalding Gray monologue dressed up as a film. It's happened before, in "Swimming to Cambodia." This time, though, the dressing is pretty fancy: the director, Steven Soderbergh, backs the monologuist with throbbing lights, blue skies, dry ice, and what appears to be hellfire. The picture is beautifully cut, and there's a stateliness to the camera movements that few could achieve. Yet you can't help sensing a faint desperation in the attempt to lay a visual gloss on what is basically an adventure in language. This time, Gray's subject (insofar as he ever has one) is the failing of his eyes, or, to be precise, a "macular pucker" in one of them. If that sounds disgusting, it is, and it sends him off through a host of alternative therapies, including an Indian sweat lodge and knifeless "psychic surgery" from an Elvis look-alike in the Philippines. None of them work, of course, but Gray is too quizzical to be a full-time mocker, and the movie is an homage to laconic tolerance. Whether it really *is* a movie is another matter. It would make one of the best radio broadcasts you ever heard.—A.L. (Film Forum; starting March 19.)

Hamlet—Kenneth Branagh's film uses the full text of the play (the running time is nearly four hours), it's shot in 70 mm., and the approach is daringly straightforward. The director himself plays the unhappy Prince, and so lucidly that every shift in the volatile character's mood seems perfectly natural. Derek Jacobi, as Claudius, and Julie Christie, as Gertrude, are also superb. Also with Richard Briers (Polonius) and Kate Winslet (Ophelia).—T.R. (1/13/97) (Paris.)

Jerry Maguire—Tom Cruise plays the title character, who is a glib, cocky agent for professional athletes. In the fluid opening scenes, the movie, which was written and directed by Cameron Crowe, promises to be something unusual—a comedy about the spiritual crisis of a shallow man. But the star quickly reverts to his familiar feisty, can-do shtick, and Crowe loses control of the fragile comic tone. Also with Renée Zellweger, Cuba Gooding, Jr., and Bonnie Hunt.—T.R. (12/16/96) (Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, 64th and 2nd, and Waverly.)

Kama Sutra—In Mira Nair's fairy tale, set in sixteenth-century India, Indira Varma plays a poor sexpot who seduces the king, gets cast out of her home, becomes a courtesan, and finally falls in love with the court sculptor (Ramon Tikaram). The movie succeeds so beautifully as a feast for the senses that Nair, apparently, sees no need to make the characters or the dialogue interesting.—S.K. (Lincoln Square.)

Kolya—A likable enough Czech reworking of a tried-and-true formula: a sort of "Kramer vs. Kramer" set in Prague, in 1988-89, at the dawn of the Velvet Revolution. The screenwriter, Zdenek Sverak, also plays the central character, a bachelor cellist who suddenly finds himself responsible for an adorable Russian five-year-old. The cellist slowly grows out of his selfishness, and his love for this child who doesn't speak his language points to the new, boundaryless world that's about to open up. Directed by Jan Sverak. In Czech.—S.K. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Village East Cinemas. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through March 20.)

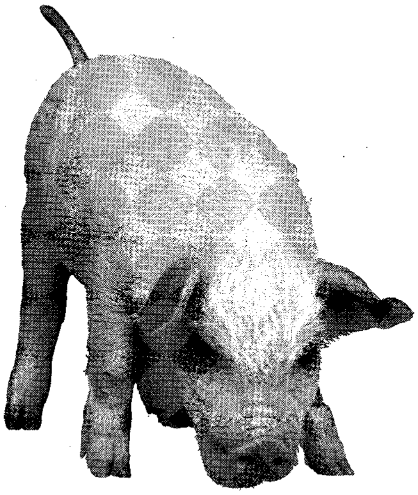
Lost Highway—David Lynch's lurid, enigmatic thriller, co-written with Barry Gifford, decorates the characteristic sexual paranoia and ambient fatalism of film noir with touches of the fantastic, which seem intended to turn the genre's worn material inside out. For all the gore and sordid sex and frenzied vengeance, the whole thing feels unnaturally cool, tidy, and hermetic, like a "Tales from the Crypt" horror comic written by Robbe-Grillet. The problem with the movie, ultimately, is that it isn't conceived in the surrealist spirit of transgression, as Lynch's "Blue Velvet" (1986) was; it's just a vigorous exercise in deconstruction. This time, Lynch has given us something to talk about rather than something to dream about. With Bill Pullman, Patricia Arquette, Balthazar Getty, Robert Loggia, and Robert

The World According to Garp...

The Cider House Rules...

A Prayer for Owen Meany...

and now this little Piggy.



TRYING TO SAVE PIGGY SNEED

Part memoir, part fiction, all delightful by

JOHN IRVING

Ballantine Books
http://www.randomhouse.com/

Blake.—T.R. (3/10/97) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Village Theatre VII.)

Love Jones—This romantic comedy about a group of young middle-class blacks tries a little too hard to be engagingly witty and upscale, but it's notable for its deep, focussed textures (soft browns, blacks, and golds that heighten the clichés of the story into an urban fairy tale) and for its actors, some of the most attractive—and sexiest—in a long time. The chemistry of the leads, Larenz Tate and Nia Long, is enough to make the movie likable, and they're surrounded by equally sassy friends and neighbors. But the situations that Theodore Witcher, the writer and director, cooks up for them are pretty nothings. (The film is set in Chicago's smoky poetry scene, with jazz placed tastefully throughout.) Still, the slow groove of the characters' frank and funny bedroom discussions gives the picture a lovely glow.—B.D. (Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Manhattan Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Marvin's Room—Jerry Zaks's strength-through-illness drama, adapted by the late Scott McPherson from his 1990 play. Bessie (Diane Keaton), who spends her time caring for her bedridden father (Hume Cronyn), discovers that she herself has leukemia; the search for a bone-marrow donor leads her to her sister, Lee (Meryl Streep), whom she hasn't seen in twenty years. Both women give it all they've got, but this cloying film doesn't deserve their generosity. Leonardo DiCaprio is highly convincing as Lee's dysfunctional son.—A.L. (1/20/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Guild, and Village East Cinemas. . . . ¶ Regency; through March 20.)

Prisoner of the Mountains—A picture set against the background of the war in Chechnya, about two Russian soldiers captured and held in the hope of an exchange of prisoners. The director, Sergei Bodrov, unfolds his hushed brotherhood-of-man tale (which was inspired by a Tolstoy story) in a showy but poetic way, filling it with moody, haunted, compellingly fresh and beautiful images. In Russian.—B.D. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Private Parts—Howard Stern's bid for the love of millions has plenty of isolated hilarious bits, and Stern, who plays himself, is surprisingly photogenic. But the film asks us to see him as both unusually lovable and bravely moral, and that's just too much. The first part rushes through his awkward youth, establishing all the reasons for his anger (loud and selfish parents, big nose). The second part shows him climbing the d.j. ladder, shedding his false eagerness to please, and finally becoming himself. The disingenuous screenplay, by Len Blum and Michael Kolesniko, plays up Stern's vulnerability and leaves out a lot of his radio show's true meanness. The only people he has any real conflict with are his stiff network bosses, and even they see the light when the money finally starts rolling in. Mary McCormack plays Stern's cute, clean-cut wife. Directed by Betty Thomas.—S.K. (Baronet, Chelsea West, Coronet, 84th Street Sixplex, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII. . . . ¶ Astor Plaza; through March 20.)

Rosewood—John Singleton's disappointingly conventional account of the 1923 massacre of an all-black village in Florida. Gregory Poirier's screenplay shamelessly rips off everything from spaghetti Westerns (with Ving Rhames playing a mysterious gunslinging hero) to "Schindler's List" (Jon Voight as a mean white shopkeeper who suddenly gets a soul), but not even the crassest Hollywood fiddling can keep the evil of what happened from coming through; this is one of those bad movies that are worth seeing anyway.—S.K. (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Secrets & Lies—Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste), the heroine of Mike Leigh's broadest and most ambitious film to date, decides after the death of her adoptive mother to seek her biological one. The quest turns up Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), who freaks out: Hortense is middle-class and black, Cynthia working-class and white. Jean-Baptiste gives a quiet, pacific performance; Blethyn deals in spasms of exaggeration which belong in another film altogether. Still, there is a fine supporting cast, and they all gather in the final scene, a cathartic barbecue that starts off as nicely choreographed light comedy and darkens to a Bergman-like chorus of wailing women and slightly overcooked dialogue.—A.L. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Quad Cinema.)

Shine—The hero of Scott Hicks's absorbing biographical film is the Australian concert pianist David Helfgott (played, at different stages of his life, by Alex Rafalowicz, Noah Taylor, and Geoffrey Rush), who suffered a severe breakdown, spent years in mental institutions, and then, improbably, resumed his career. Although the movie's swiftness and lightness are pleasing, the over-all image they create is indistinct: it just evaporates in your head when the lights come up. Also with Armin Mueller-Stahl, Lynn Redgrave, and John Gielgud.—T.R. (12/2/96) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema II, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Lincoln Square, and Murray Hill Cinemas.)

Sling Blade—Billy Bob Thornton wrote and directed this dunderheaded film, in which he plays a simpleton who, released from an asylum for the criminally insane after serving twenty-five years for the murder of his mother and her lover, returns to his poor Southern home town and ends up befriending a small boy and defending him against *his* mom's abusive boyfriend. Although the film does have two terrific actors—Dwight Yoakam, as the menacing boyfriend, and John Ritter, as a gay store manager—its critical success is mystifying; it's hard to believe that anybody could fall for its dim homilies.—B.D. (Angelika Film Center, Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 86th Street East Twin, and First & 62nd Cinemas.)

Smilla's Sense of Snow—For a while, this adaptation of Peter Hoeg's 1993 best-seller plays as a ghost story. The director, Bille August, and his superb cinematographer, Jörgen Persson, lay on a wonderfully eerie, winter-light mood: chilly, hushed, uneasy. But the movie's spell begins to dissipate about halfway through, when the plot machinery required to resolve the mystery by non-supernatural means starts clanking so loudly that it can't be ignored. The screenplay, by Ann Biderman, takes Smilla, the detective heroine (Julia Ormond), from Copenhagen to Greenland, where she finds herself and the story loses itself: the fine suggestiveness of the movie's beginning collapses, like thin ice, under the weight of dumb shoot-outs, evil scientists, and breathless escapes.—T.R. (3/10/97) (Angelika Film Center, Beekman, Lincoln Square, and 19th Street East 6.)

Waiting for Guffman—If talent were enough, Christopher Guest's mock documentary about a small Missouri town celebrating its sesquicentennial would be one of the great recent comedies. Along with Guest, it stars such masterly offbeat character actors as Eugene Levy, Catherine O'Hara, and Bob Balaban. But satire at this length needs a fresher, fairer target than pathetic small-town piety. Guest and Levy, the co-writers, seem to have had nothing in mind beyond the kind of characters they could work up; and, without any check on their instincts, the actors often fall back on meanness.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center.)

When We Were Kings—A foolproof documentary. Then again, it's hard to see how anyone could mess up the story of the 1974 fight between Muhammad Ali and George Foreman: the drama is all there, ripe for the telling, and the director, Leon Gast, grabs the opportunity with both hands. To maintain the suspense, he enlists help from a wide range of Ali fans: George Plimpton, Spike Lee, and, above all, Norman Mailer, who talks about that

THE AVERAGE PASSENGER AIRPLANE IS 15 YEARS OLD. THE AVERAGE LOT AIRPLANE, JUST 3.

We also have the only daily nonstop flights to Poland. Where you'll find lots of other things to defy your expectations.

THE AIRLINE OF POLAND

LOT

Call your travel agent or 1-800-223-0593. Or visit http://www.lot.com

night with the unabated excitement of a child.—A.L. (2/17/97) (Lincoln Square and 19th Street East 6.)

ALSO PLAYING

BOOTY CALL: Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Olympia, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **THE CRUCIBLE** (reviewed in our issue of 12/2/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **DRUNKS:** Quad Cinema. . . . **THE EVENING STAR:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FARGO** (3/25/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FIERCE CREATURES** (2/3/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **GENTLEMEN DON'T EAT POETS:** Waverly. . . . **THE GODFATHER:** Astor Plaza. . . . **JUNGLE 2 JUNGLE:** Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 2, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, 19th Street East 6, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **MY FELLOW AMERICANS:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **RIDICULE:** 59th Street East Cinema and The Screening Room. . . . **STAR WARS:** Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, National Twin, and Waverly. . . . **THE SUBSTANCE OF FIRE:** 62nd & Broadway and Quad Cinema.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th St.
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Baronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy 1, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St.
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
68th St. Playhouse, Third Ave. at 68th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

No need to pay $150 or more for a world-class pen:
Voyager Fountain Pen still only $49.95*
*** But read this ad for an even better deal!***

•The Voyager Fountain Pen comes with a dual ink supply—piston converter and ink cartridges. Two cartridges are included with the pen.

The *Voyager Fountain Pen* is another in the line of *Fujiyama* luxury writing instruments. It is equal or superior to the great fountain pens of Europe and America in function, in appearance—quite indistinguishable in heft and feel. The 2-tone nib of the *Voyager Fountain Pen* is heavily 14-kt. gold-plated and tipped by a silky-smooth iridium point. Just as those fine European and American pens, *Voyager* pens are tastefully decorated with gold-plated applications and pocket clip.

The truly astonishing thing about the *Voyager* Fountain Pen is the price. We are the exclusive representatives of these fine writing instruments in the United States and can therefore bring you this superior fountain pen for just $49.95. Compare that to the $150 to $250 that you would expect to pay for equivalent U.S. or European luxury fountain pens. But we have an even better deal. ***Buy two for $99.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** If you now write with ballpoint pens you can't know what a pleasure it is to write with liquid ink and with a truly fine fountain pen. The pen flows effortlessly across the paper—there is no need to exert pressure. Start writing with what many believe to be one the finest writing instruments. Get incredible savings and order your *Voyager Fountain Pen(s)* today!

•The 2-tone nib of the Voyager is 14-kt. gold-plated, with a silk-smooth iridium tip.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 797-7367
24 Hours a Day, 7 Days a Week.

Please give order **#1001C738** for Voyager Fountain Pen(s). We need daytime phone # for all orders. Add $4.95 standard shipping/insurance charge (plus sales tax for California delivery). You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For Customer Service and for wholesale/premium quantity orders, please call 415-543-6675.

since 1967 haverhills®
185 Berry Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

PRIVACY, GOLF & WATER IN WILLIAMSBURG.

HARBOR & MARINA
TOM FAZIO DESIGNED GOLF COURSE
ONLY 722 HOMES ON 1,444 ACRES
7 MILES WEST OF COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG
PRIVATE, TWO RIVERS COUNTRY CLUB
FOUR MILES OF RIVERFRONT
THE GOVERNOR'S LAND
At Two Rivers
(800) 633-5965
For a colorful information kit call or mail to: 2700 Two Rivers Road • Williamsburg, VA 23185

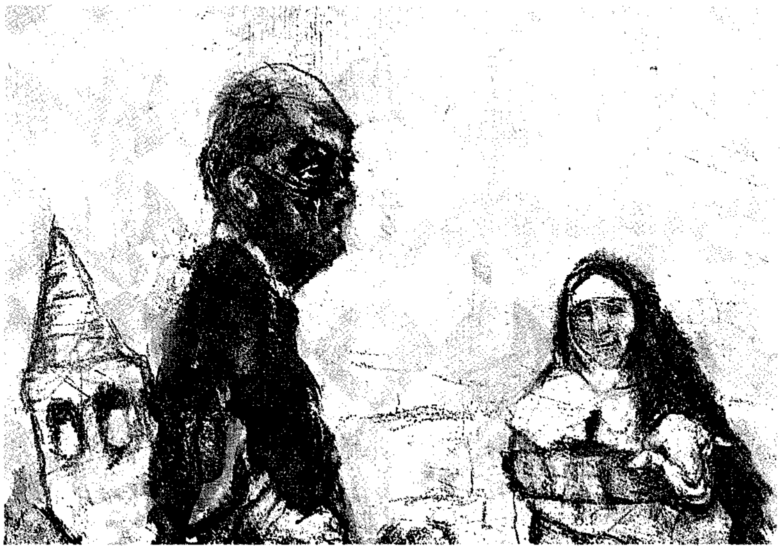
OBTAIN THE PROPERTY REPORT REQUIRED BY FEDERAL LAW AND READ IT BEFORE SIGNING ANYTHING. THIS IS NOT AN OFFER WHERE REGISTRATION IS REQUIRED PRIOR TO AN OFFER BEING MADE. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW.
Property Marketed By Governor's Land Management Company, Inc. Realtors

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

All the King's Men (1949)—Broderick Crawford's Willie Stark might just make you feel better about the President you've got. Robert Penn Warren's novel about the rise of a bullheaded demagogue (modelled on Huey Long) was turned into a rousing melodrama, full of graft, double-dealing, and strong-arm excitement. Robert Rossen adapted the novel and directed. It's by no means a great film, but it moves along. With Mercedes McCambridge, John Ireland, and Joanne Dru. (Museum of Modern Art; March 20.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversized M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number, "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford. Charles Walters directed; the score is by Irving Berlin. (Symphony Space; March 25.)



At Anthology Film Archives, a series of films directed by Luis Buñuel.

MIRIAM SHENITZER

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—By far the most imaginative part of the "Star Wars" trilogy. George Lucas kept the first movie hopping by cutting it into short, choppy scenes; Irvin Kershner, who directed this one, is a master of visual flow, and, joining his own kinks and obsessions to Lucas's, he gave "Empire" a splendiferousness that may even have transcended what Lucas had in mind. The characters in this fairy-tale cliffhanger show more depth of feeling than they had in the first film, and the music—John Williams's variations on the "Star Wars" theme—seems to saturate and enrich the intensely clear images; scenes linger in the mind. With Harrison Ford, Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Billy Dee Williams, and Alec Guinness. (Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Gotham Cinema, National Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th Street Showplace, and Village East Cinemas.)

High Hopes (1988)—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary. With Edna Doré as Davis's forgetful old mum. (Anthology Film Archives; March 25.)

Madame Satan (1930)—A hodgepodge by Cecil B. De Mille, culminating in an extravagant masked ball aboard an enormous dirigible which is interrupted by a bolt of lightning. Some of the passengers are saved by their parachutes; the parachuteless hero, Reginald Denny, jumps to safety in the Central Park Reservoir. Lillian Roth, buxom and dimpled before she boozed and repented and told all ("I'll Cry Tomorrow"), is the wildly energetic showgirl Trixie; Kay Johnson is the heroine—the wife who disguises herself as Madame Satan in order to win her husband back. You have to wait so long for the dirigible climax that you may be too exhausted to enjoy its lunacy. Written by Jeanie Macpherson. (Film Forum 2; March 23-24.)

Platoon (1986)—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure, who finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sergeant Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men. Tom Berenger's Sergeant Barnes is a kick-ass boozer—a psycho, whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but some may feel that Stone takes too many melodramatic shortcuts, and that there's too much filtered light, too much poetic license, and too damn much romanticized insanity. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. (Museum of Modern Art; March 20.)

Return of the Jedi (1983)—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. It's packed with torture scenes, and it bangs away at you. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, and Billy Dee Williams. Directed by Richard Marquand. Screenplay by Lawrence Kasdan and George Lucas. (Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Ziegfeld.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

New Directors/New Films—The first programs in a sixteen-day festival of international films. March 21 at 6 and March 22 at 3:30: "When the Cat's Away" (Cédric Klapisch; France).... March 21 at 9 and March 22 at 12:30: "Love Serenade" (Shirley Barrett; Australia).... March 22 at 6:30 and March 23 at 4:30: "Chronicle of a Disappearance" (Elia Suleiman; Palestine).... March 22 at 9 and March 23 at 1:30: "The Apartment" (Gilles Mimouni; France).... March 23 at 6 and March 25 at 9:15: "The Eighteenth" (Anders Ronnow-Klarlund; Denmark).... March 23 at 8:30 and March 25 at 6: "Little Angel" (Helke Misselwitz; Germany). (Museum of Modern Art; Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information, call 708-9500.)

Film Forum 2 and 3, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—**THEATRE 2:** A program of films made in the twenties and thirties, before the Hays Code was strictly enforced. March 19: "Artists and Models Abroad" (1938, Mitchell Leisen) and "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round" (1934, Ben Stoloff).... March 20: "Things to Come" (1936, William Cameron Menzies) and "Reaching for the Moon" (1930, Edmund Goulding).... March 21-22: "Skyscraper Souls" (1932, Edgar Selwyn) and "Under 18" (1932, Archie Mayo).... March 23-24: "Metropolis" (1926, Fritz Lang; silent) and "Madame Satan" (†).... From March 25: "The Easiest Way" (1931, Jack Conway) and "Beauty for Sale" (1933, Richard Boleslawski).... **THEATRE 3:** "Le Samouraï" (1967, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—March 20 at 2:30: "Platoon" (†).... March 20 at 6: "All the King's Men" (†).... March 20 at 6: "Nora Helmer" (1973, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).... March 20 at 8:15: "Women in New York" (1977, Fassbinder; in German, with no English subtitles).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—A program of new French films; all in French, with English subtitles. March 20 at 4, March 22 at 6:15, and March 25 at 4:15: "Just for Laughs" (Lucas Belvaux).... March 20 at 6:15: "L'Age des Possibles" (Pascale Ferran).... March 20 at 8:30: "Ponette" (Jacques Doillon).... March 21 at 2 and 6:30 and March 23 at 4: "Perfect Love!" (Catherine Breillat).... March 21 at 4:30 and 9 and March 22 at 4: "Fallait Pas!" (Gérard Jugnot).... March 22 at 8:30: "Pedale Douce" (Gabriel Aghion).... March 23 at 6:45: "Bernie" (Albert Dupontel).... March 23 at 9: "Shadow Play" (Martine Dugowson).... March 25 at 2: "Marianne" (Benoît Jacquot).... ¶ March 22-23 at 2: "Miracle in Valby" (1989, Ake Sandgren).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St.—March 20 at 7:30: "Like a Bride" (1993, Guito Schufter; a Mexican film, in Spanish). For information about free tickets, call 687-9141.... ¶ March 25 at 12:30 and 6:30: "Microcosmos" (1996, Claude Nuridsany and Marie Pérennou).... March 25 at 3:30 and 9: "Safe Journey" (1993, Tony Gatlif). For information, call 355-6160.

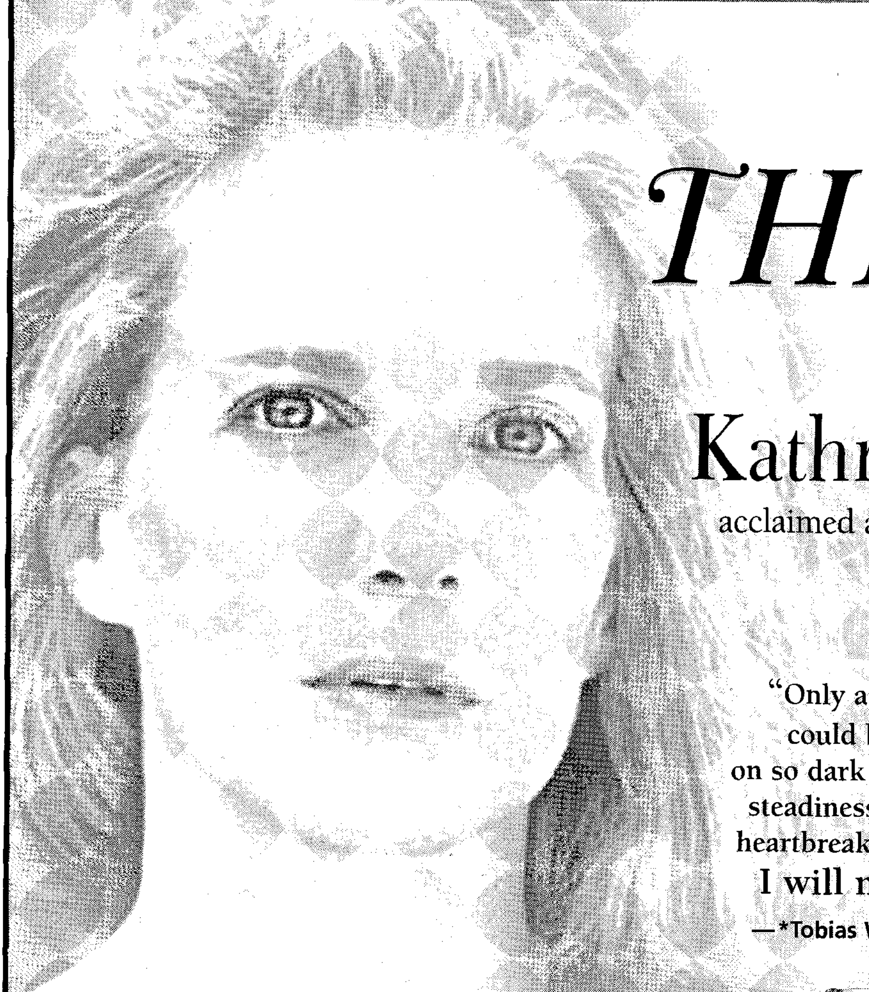
American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—March 22 at 2: "A Couch in New York" (1996, Chantal Akerman).... March 22 at 4: "American Stories" (1989, Akerman).... March 23 at 2 and 6: "Robert Altman's Jazz '34: Remembrances of Kansas City Swing" (1996; Altman).... March 23 at 3:30: "Kansas City" (1996, Altman).

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—A series of musical films, each preceded by a short cabaret performance featuring the music of the film's composer. March 25 at 7:30: Michael Marotta will sing songs by Irving Berlin, followed by "Easter Parade" (†).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On March 23 at 7, the feature will be "Cabaret" (1972, Bob Fosse).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—A program of films by Luis Buñuel. March 19 at 8:30 and 10: "Mexican Bus Ride" (1951).... March 21 at 6 and 9:15 and March 22-23 at 4 and 7:30: "Viridiana" (1961).... March 21 at 7:30 and 10:50 and March 22-23 at 5:30 and 9: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962).... March 24 at 9: "The River and Death" (1954).... March 24 at 10:30: "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (1953).... March 25 at 8:30: "Susana" (1950).... March 25 at 10: "A Woman Without Love" (1951).... ¶ March 21 at 9:30, March 22-23 at 10, March 24 at 6, and March 25 at 9: "Dead Man" (1995, Jim Jarmusch).... ¶ Films by Mike Leigh. March 24 at 9:30: "Who's Who?" (1978).... March 25 at 7: "High Hopes" (†).... ¶ March 25 at 6: "Please Leave Your Husband" (1992, Reinhard Schwabenitzky).

"I am in awe of the courage it took to write this book, and the art. Especially the art..."*



THE KISS

A Memoir

Kathryn Harrison

acclaimed author of *Exposure* and *Poison*

"Only a writer of extraordinary gifts could bring so much light to bear on so dark a matter, redeeming it with the steadiness of her gaze and the uncanny, heartbreaking exactitude of her language. **I will never forget this book.**"

—***Tobias Wolff, author of *This Boy's Life***

"A father who seduces a beautiful daughter enacts a monstrous betrayal. Until Kathryn Harrison, no one I've read has broken open the psychological soul of such a betrayal. I couldn't stop reading this. **I'll never stop remembering it.**"

—**Mary Karr, author of *The Liars' Club***

"This is a writer at the top of her form."

—**Mary Gordon, author of *The Shadow Man***

"This book offers an account of a moral victory—the reemergence of a literate, thoughtful, disciplined, knowing sensibility."

—**Robert Coles, author of *The Moral Intelligence of Children***

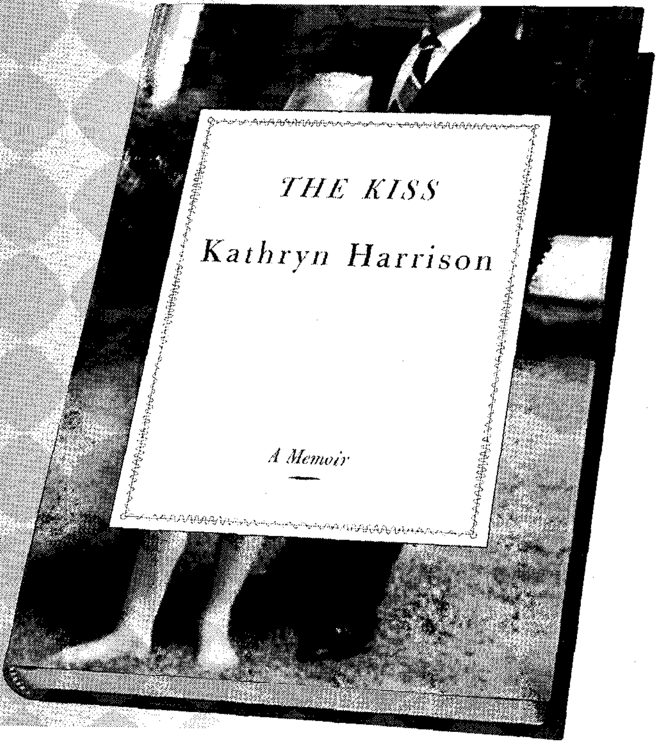
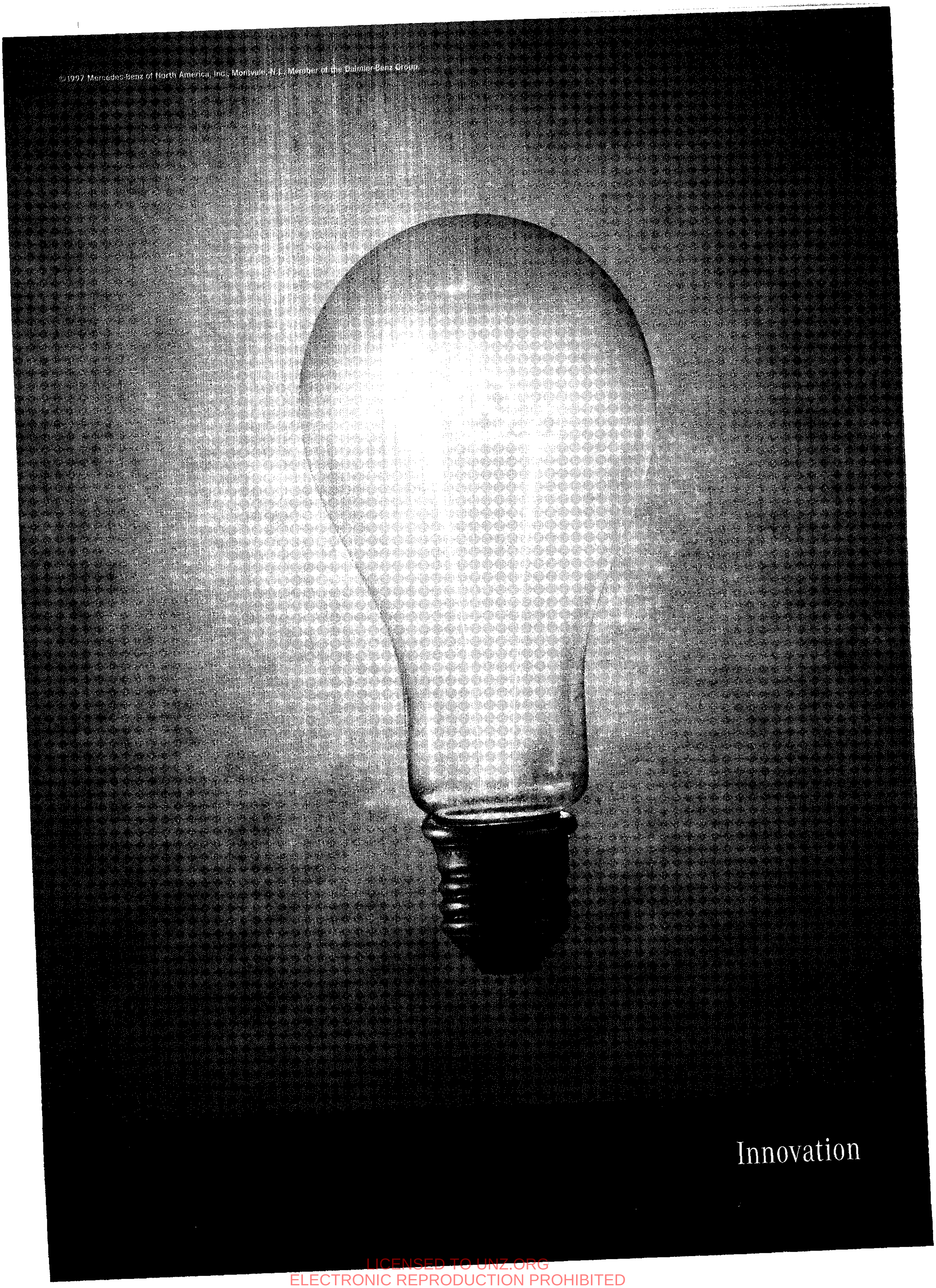


Photo: © Joyce Ravid

RANDOM HOUSE http://www.randomhouse.com/ A Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club


Innovation

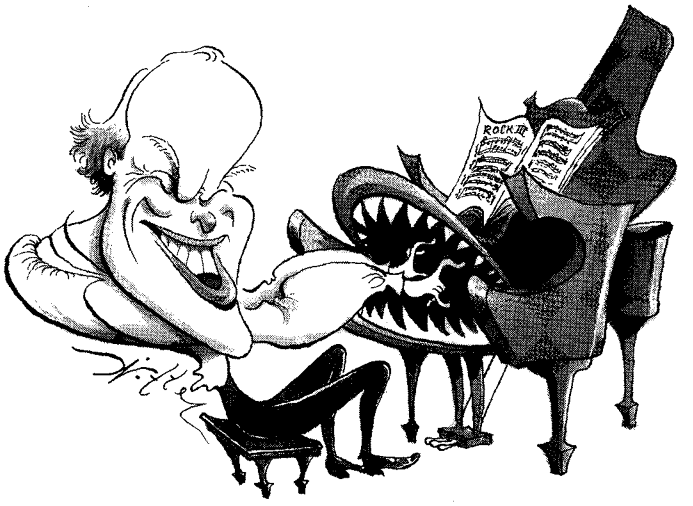
©1997 Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., Montvale, N.J., Member of the Daimler-Benz Group.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

THE SHINING

PEOPLE in the classical-music business are mulling over the phenomenal popularity of David Helfgott, the mentally troubled pianist who inspired the Oscar-nominated film "Shine." On his first North American tour, Helfgott has captivated sellout crowds simply by getting through a concert without collapsing. Critics, killjoys that they are, have dissected his technical shortcomings. Tim Page, the classical-music critic of the Washington *Post*, wrote of Helfgott's American début, in Boston, "A disturbed man who can barely play the piano is suddenly the hottest person in classical music." Helfgott's publicists have deftly used such critical pans as a foil; the élite carps, the public adores. The tour passes through New York this week, and then moves on to Los Angeles. With a sense of timing that should win its own Oscar, Helfgott will give a recital at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion the day following the Academy Awards.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL WITTE

A few days after Helfgott's début, television cameras gathered outside a Vienna Philharmonic concert at Carnegie Hall; they showed up not because the Vienna Philharmonic is the world's preëminent orchestra but because women's groups had staged a protest of the organization's all-male membership.

The Helfgott and Vienna stories, taken together, are typical of the half-bemused, half-abusive coverage that the mainstream media, particularly television, give to classical music. Misogynist orchestras! Prodigies gone mad! Power-crazed divas running amok at the Met! Juilliard students should leave off the scales and go to work on their nervous twitches.

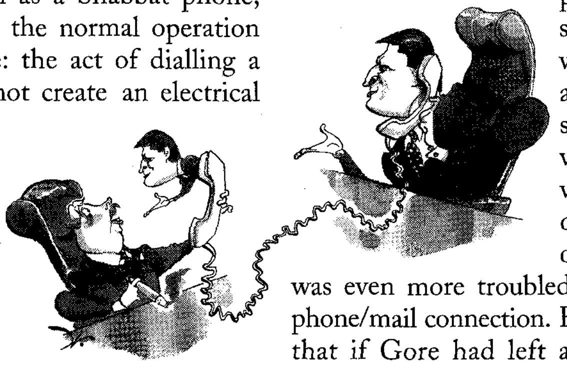
People are going to see Helfgott because they love the movie. So what does "Shine" say about music? In the film, young Helfgott is pushed into a musical career by an overbearing father; he has a breakdown while playing Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto; he begins to give recitals again, years later, under the nurturing influence of a good woman. Although Helfgott is driven by a love of music, the villain of the piece, in a way, is also music. A musician's life, the film implies, is too narrow, too obsessive. The Rachmaninoff concerto is too damn difficult. Helfgott gets back at music by rejecting its norms: he begins his comeback in a wine bar, talking to the audience and waving a cigarette. Such behavior pleases many who are put off by classical music. Conventional performers seem glumly correct; Helfgott is loose, dreamy, exuberant. (Glenn Gould—an artist of an entirely different magnitude—exercised a similar appeal.)

The figure of the music-loving father is the really troubling element. Parental abuse is by now a familiar pop-psychological explanation for any kind of handicap, but here Father symbolizes something more: a transplanted European Jew, a Holocaust survivor, he represents the whole dark weight of the classical past. The son, both in the movie and in real life, overcomes the past by taking the danger out of the music. The blandness and the sketchiness that critics have noted in his playing (Helfgott's best-selling recording of the Rachmaninoff concerto is a case in point) seem to be part of his process of healing. Father, music, and the European nightmare have been subdued.

And yet there are scenes in "Shine" which undermine its therapeutic, New Agey message. The would-be terrifying sequence in which Helfgott loses his mind while he's playing Rachmaninoff actually manages to capture the heady, risky thrill of performance. One New York musician, asked for an opinion of "Shine," told of a thirteen-year-old piano student who saw the movie, shook off his lethargy, and threw himself into practicing four hours a day. It was the concert scene, and music-making scenes set in the Royal College of Music, that seized his attention. So why not make a whole film about a brilliant, difficult, disadvantaged young student who masters his art and keeps his balance? That story is written magnificently in real life, many times over.

TALMUDIC PHONE TAPPING

ORTHODOX Jews do not make anything but emergency telephone calls on the Sabbath, because the Talmud says that any project under construction cannot be completed on that day, and a telephone call, of course, involves the completion of an electrical circuit. As a result, a rabbinical institute in Jerusalem has invented what is known as a Shabbat phone, which reverses the normal operation of a telephone: the act of dialling a number does not create an electrical circuit; rather, it interrupts an already existing one, breaking instead of completing the connection. These devices have yet to spread to the secular world, however, which is a shame, since one of the many whimsical questions raised by Talmudic scholars last week in the wake of the controversy over Al Gore's White House telephone solicitation is whether the Vice-President at any time considered using a Shabbat phone.



The argument that Gore did not violate the prohibition against fund-raising from federal offices is, after all, an argument about the completion of circuits. The law says, in effect, that the sanctity of the White House is violated if its physical premises are connected with the crass act of fund-raising. And what is the Gore defense? That he avoided making the connection. In an Op-Ed piece in the *Times* last week, Jack Quinn, the Vice-President's former chief of staff, wrote that Gore was protected by a 1908 Supreme Court ruling, in United States v. Thayer, which asserted that what matters in determining the legality of mail solicitation is not where the letter was written but "the place where the letter was received." Thus Gore may have called from the White House, but he did not defile it. The solicitation took place at the other end of the line. The circuit was broken.

This is what philosophers call a deontological argument, which holds that the rightness or wrongness of an act lies in its form, not in its substance. But deontology is a tricky business. According to Professor David Kraemer, of the Jewish Theological Seminary, for example, the analogy between a letter of solicitation and a telephone call is unconvincing, since in the former case the solicitee is separated in space and time from the solicitor, whereas in the latter case the conversation "takes place in both places." Professor Leo Katz, who teaches law at the University of Pennsylvania and has written widely on the subject of loopholes, was even more troubled by the telephone/mail connection. Katz conceded that if Gore had left a message on someone's answering machine, then that call would have been like a letter. "But then you would want to distinguish between the case in which the message is heard as it is recorded, and the case in which the person listens to the message after it has been recorded," Katz said.

Katz had other questions. "Suppose Gore shouted to where the solicitee was standing. Is that solicitation taking place where he shouted from? In that case, I think we would be moved to say that it was."

Meanwhile, Rabbi Benzion Scheinfeld, of Yeshiva University, in Manhattan, pointed out that, because the Shabbat phone is recognized as a device clearly in violation of the "spirit of the law" of the Sabbath, it is used sparingly. It is not, in other words, a way around the law but a way of carefully expanding the scope of an emergency exemption, and so even a device such as this would not have solved Gore's circuit problem. Professor Kraemer suggested that, in the end, the simplest way to untangle the casuistic puzzle of the Vice-President's actions was by the principle of *muktza*, a term that describes things that are not to be touched on the Sabbath because they are connected to acts that are prohibited. "There is a whole series of rabbinical enactments that set up a fence to stop you before you get to the edge," the professor said. "The analogy here is that the telephone is *muktza*."

BACK TO THE BARRICADES

RONALD MCGUIRE, who refers to himself as a "guerrilla lawyer," occupies a singular niche among the 148,766 attorneys registered with the New York State courts. His practice is devoted almost exclusively to representing student activists in the vast City University of New York system who face disciplinary or criminal charges as a result of clashes with administrators. This week, he is taking on Chancellor W. Ann Reynolds in a deposition for a lawsuit filed against CUNY officials by student organizers of Black Solidarity Day at York College, in Queens. The suit claims that in the fall of 1995 the college administrators reneged on an agreement to allow Khalid Abdul Muhammad, a former spokesman for Louis Farrakhan's Nation of Islam, to speak on campus because his views on race were, according to the suit, "deemed objectionable."

"The students were faced with expulsion and arrest for essentially asserting their right to free speech," McGuire said the other day in his book-cluttered home and office, in a Jersey City high rise that has a fine view of the Statue of Liberty. "They are fighting to establish that the First Amendment applies to black and Latino students the same as it applies to white students. These are young people who are in the process of learning to be leaders in this society." (CUNY officials have declined to comment on the matter.)

McGuire is one alumnus who hasn't let go of the old college ties. He grew up in a Bronx housing project and, at sixteen, entered City College with a passion for astronomy. In 1969, when black and Hispanic students took control of the campus to demand an open-admissions policy, McGuire

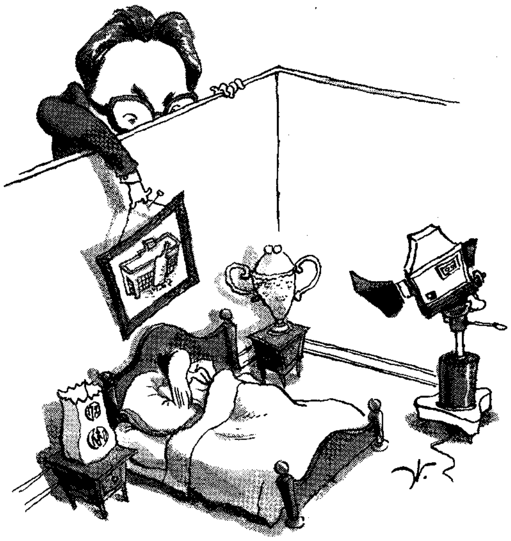
was expelled for his part in the takeover. He eventually finished college at Berkeley and returned home to take a law degree from N.Y.U. After four years as a corporate lawyer on Wall Street, in 1991 he was invited by a group of City College students to speak about the legal ramifications of a campus takeover. "I'll never forget that day," McGuire recalled. "It was a rally of two thousand students, almost all of them black and Latino, and I was overwhelmed. From that point on, I sort of became obsessed with the student movement."

Over the past six years, McGuire has litigated on behalf of students engaged in everything from hunger strikes to publishing allegedly offensive material in campus papers. He has defended more than five hundred cases on a pro-bono basis, and his savings are practically wiped out. Nonetheless, he cherishes his role as a guardian of City College's tradition of activism, which began a hundred and fifty years ago, when the institution was founded to provide a tuition-free college education for the children of immigrants. Pictures of McGuire being arrested during the turmoil of 1969 hang on a wall above his computer. Responding to the observation that, now forty-eight and growing bald, he bears little resemblance to his former long-haired self, he said sardonically, "I guess that all depends on your definition of what a radical looks like."

McGuire is particularly worried about the emergence of a conservative faction on the CUNY board which seems to favor an end to open admissions and the introduction of entrance exams. He considers the open-admissions, no-exam policy "non-negotiable." He added, "I've been calling what I do the CUNY Emergency Legal Defense Project. Now it looks like we're heading toward a catastrophe."

AGITPOP

At the opening this week of an exhibit called "In the Name of the Place," at the Museum of Contemporary Art, in Los Angeles, couch potatoes in the crowd are likely to experience some weird shocks of recognition. Among the works of art are a cigar box branded with the word "Cubans" and sealed with gunboat-shaped hinges; a bag of takeout stamped with the Chinese characters for "human rights" and "turmoil"; and a lamp carved out of Georgia pine and emblazoned with the visage of the current Speaker of the House of Representatives. These objects, plus more than a hundred and fifty others, were created not for the delectation of museumgoers but for fans of "Melrose Place," the long-running prime-time soap in whose West Hollywood bedrooms and boardrooms they first appeared as subversive props.



This whole thing is so Mel Chin. In 1990, Chin, a New York-based conceptual artist, made a name for himself when John Frohnmayer, then the chairman of the politically beleaguered National Endowment for the Arts, vetoed a grant for a Chin project that involved the seeding of a Minnesota sludge dump with plants known to suck heavy metals from the soil. (Chin confronted Frohnmayer, and the grant was later reinstated.) In 1995, MOCA invited Chin to submit a work for an exhibit about Los Angeles. This time, the artist found his site when he tuned in to Fox one Monday evening and discovered the polluted purlieus of "Melrose Place."

"I watched only fifteen minutes, and a virtual gallery started to appear," Chin recalled the other day in his Lower East Side loft. "I wondered what would happen if you added a context to those props that was independent of their usual purpose. Then I noticed the treachery between the characters, and I thought, Well, it has been almost two hundred years since Goya's 'Caprichos' "—a reference to the Spanish Master's scabrous etchings of the Madrid aristocracy, which he then offered for sale. The fact that the censors of King Carlos IV impelled Goya to withdraw his etchings reminded Chin of Washington's fund-slashing attacks on the N.E.A. Wouldn't it be Goyaesque, he thought, to create contemporary "etchings" by infiltrating the sets of "Melrose Place" with subtle but politically relevant imagery.

Last fall, Chin recruited like-minded artists and called up the set decorator of "Melrose Place," Deborah Siegel. She loved the idea and said that, as it happened, the bedroom of a particularly adventurous young doctor could use a few embellishments. Chin sent over sheets patterned with rows of unrolled condoms, pillows silk-screened with photo images of H.I.V.-infected tissue, three paintings that alluded to Goya, and a loving cup adorned with a pair of testicular golf balls. The show—the first of forty-five art-enhanced episodes—aired in February, 1996, precisely a hundred and ninety-seven years, Chin proudly notes, after the "Caprichos" incident.

Nobody at the F.C.C. blinked at the condom pattern, however, and even most of the people closest to the art—the actors—had no idea that it was there. Not until six months later, when one of the producers objected to a computer-enhanced picture that showed the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building, in Oklahoma City, with a crater shaped like a vodka bottle hollowed out of it, was Chin's subterfuge revealed. When the producer notified his boss, Aaron Spelling, the king of prime-time tinsel was delighted to hear that art had found its way on to one of his shows, and he rubber-stamped Chin's request for direct access to the "Melrose" production team. Hollywood had spoken. ◆

"The Shining," Alex Ross; "Talmudic Phone Tapping," Malcolm Gladwell; "Back to the Barricades," Ed Shanahan; "Agitpop," Ted Katauskas.

Blenheim Ginger Ale

WE MAKE GINGER ALE
THE OLD FASHIONED WAY
SINCE 1903

NOW YOU CAN ORDER our famous Ginger Ale prepaid to any of the lower 48 states for just $24.00 per case of 24/12 oz. bottles.
Specify #3 HOT, #5 NOT AS HOT or #9 DIET (or will mix)
NOT FOR TIMID PALATES !

Write to: Blenheim Bottlers
Box 452, Hamer, SC 29547
or call: 1-800-270-9344
AMX/DISCOVER/VISA/MC

For people of all ages considering career choices or changes

career discovery program

architecture
landscape architecture
urban design

Design at Harvard

Harvard University
Graduate School of Design
Career Discovery Box N
48 Quincy Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
(617) 495-5453

June 23–August 1, 1997

IMAGE: LILLIAN KURI '96

SCOTTISH CASHMERE CAPES
100% Cashmere, Ruffle or Plain
$589 Small $689 Full Size
Black, Navy, Camel, Grey, more • Stoles $389
FREE SHIPPING !
ALBERENE CASHMERES
435 5th Ave, 3rd flr, New York 10016 • MC, VS, AX, DS
800-566-6817

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call or come and see us.
VISIT OUR WEBSITE: http://www.fearrington.com
2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 800-277-0130

DEPT. OF FIRST PRINCIPLES

THE IRON LAW OF STARDOM

What it means for Cruise, Camus—and you.

BY LOUIS MENAND

IN 1993, Tom Hanks won the Academy Award for Best Actor, beating out Daniel Day-Lewis, Laurence Fishburne, Anthony Hopkins, and Liam Neeson. In 1994, Tom Hanks again won the Academy Award for Best Actor, this time beating out Morgan Freeman, Nigel Hawthorne, Paul Newman, and John Travolta. You began to think, Why shouldn't Tom Hanks win the Academy Award for Best Actor every single year for so long as he shall continue to make movies? If Tom Hanks is a better actor than Daniel Day-Lewis, Laurence Fishburne, Anthony Hopkins, Liam Neeson, Morgan Freeman, Nigel Hawthorne, Paul Newman, and John Travolta, who is he not a better actor than? It's true, as a matter *of historical record, that the same per*son hasn't won the same award year after year. But is there any reason that this must be so? Is there some law that prevents Tom Hanks from winning the Oscar for Best Actor forever?

The answer is yes. There is such a law. It is the law of the three-year limit, otherwise known as the Iron Law of Stardom. This law dictates that stardom cannot extend for a period greater than three years. There is no penalty for breaking this law, for the simple reason that it is unbreakable. It is not just a rule of etiquette, or a statistical norm, or a social-scientific conceit, like theories about the effects of birth order. This is the true a priori, the reality that explains all other realities. It is an *iron law*. It has remained hidden until now only because it was too obvious. We had assumed that if there was a single formula that could explain the vast and variegated panorama of human achievement its discovery must require Olympian feats of metaphysical speculation, or entail multivariable regression analyses of complex statistical data, or await the complete mapping of the human genome. But it turns out that no deep thinking—indeed, no intelligence of any kind—was necessary. Anyone with a free afternoon and a few back issues of *Variety* could have discovered it. The answer was right there all the time, a simple three-year rule.

One obvious apparent counterexample can be disposed of right at the start. "What about the Beatles?" a person might reasonably wonder. In 1964, they appeared on the "Ed Sullivan Show" and immediately went to the top of the charts, where they basically remained until 1970, when the group broke up. "Meet the Beatles" was a No. 1 album (1964); so were "Help!" (1965), "Rubber Soul" (1966), "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" (1967), the White Album (1968), "Abbey Road" (1969), and "Let It Be" (1970). That's six years, *not three. And what reason is there not* to believe that if Paul and Yoko had got along a little better the Beatles would still be No. 1?

The number six should give you a clue. The Beatles didn't overcome the three-year limit; they simply enjoyed two consecutive three-year terms. In order to do this, they effectively had to be two different groups: lovable mop tops (1964-67), followed by hippie artistes (1967-70). If they had remained mop tops after 1967, they would have fallen from stardom, just as they would have if they had remained together as artistes after 1970. To maintain stardom into the seventies, the Beatles would have had to transform themselves yet again, into something resembling the Rolling Stones—or, eventually, into something resembling Elton John. A very small number of stars have, like the Beatles, reinvented themselves once—for example, Madonna, who enjoyed three years (1985-88) as the downtown queen of sexual hip and then three years (1989-92) as an uptown version of the same thing. But no star has ever done it successfully three times.

Once a star, always a star, of course—and that's the problem. For stardom is not to be confused with being a star. "Stardom" is here used in a particular and technical sense, as the name for a discrete and recognizable episode in the life of a star. Stardom is the period of inevitability, the time when everything works in a way that makes you think it will work that way forever. The dial seems permanently tuned to the frequency at which the individual star is broadcasting. Stardom means (if you are the star) that nothing you do can be asymmetrical with what people want, because you are what people want. Stardom is the intersection of personality with history, a perfect congruence of the way the world happens to be and the way the star is.

New successes are the reverse images of old successes—enthusiastic where the old ones were sardonic, cuddly where they were sultry.

TOM BACHTELL

The world, however, moves on. The star moves on, too, an animated relic of a moment now past. We often treasure the relic, which is why some people (Elizabeth Taylor) remain stars for decades after their original stardom (1963-66, from "Cleopatra" to "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?") is over. Stardom is what makes people stars, but although stars may shine forever, stardom always fades. It's the difference between being recognized in restaurants and being talked about in restaurants. It's the difference between being in evidence and being inevitable.

Thus Tom Hanks may win the Oscar for Best Actor again (although nobody has ever won it three times), but if he does people will just think, Great! It's nice to be reminded what a terrific actor Tom Hanks genuinely is. People will think, in other words, what they thought when Al Pacino won an Oscar for "Scent of a Woman," in 1992. They thought that he was a worthy recipient. Nobody thought, Gee, is this guy going to win Best Actor *forever*? That's because everyone knew that Al Pacino had already had his three years of stardom, from 1972 to 1975, when he appeared in "The Godfather" (1972), "Serpico" (1973), "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), and "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975), receiving an Academy Award nomination each time. Then "Star Wars" appeared, and the world moved on. People stopped making movies like "The Godfather" and "Dog Day Afternoon," and Al Pacino, although he will be a bona-fide star forever, had had his three years.

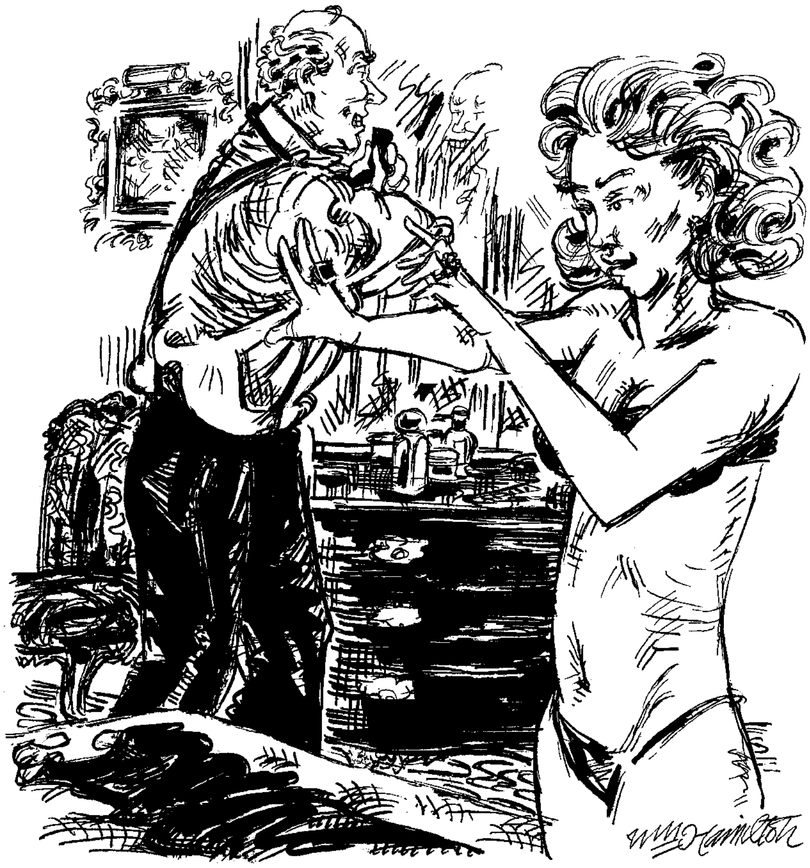
One of the performers who succeeded him was John Travolta, whose stardom ran from 1977 ("Saturday Night Fever") to 1980 ("Urban Cowboy"). Travolta is now back, but as a goofy impersonator of the Travolta of 1977-80, which is what we want him to be. *Actual* 1977-80 would be unendurable; it would involve, for example, the Bee Gees. Travolta is enjoying stardom today by virtue of being the person who was John Travolta, as Elvis enjoyed stardom again in the last three years of his life (1974-77) by virtue of being the person who had been Elvis Presley.

But (and this is the important point) the Travolta revival itself can last only three years. It will just *seem* like forever, because that is the nature of stardom. Stardom is the condition in which the star penetrates reality so thoroughly that you feel you can no more run away from it than you can run away from oxygen. Then, suddenly, there is different oxygen. You are sure, for example, that you will never escape Howard Stern. But remember there was a time when you were sure that you would never escape David Letterman (1992-95), and, before that, there was a time when you were sure that you would never escape Roseanne (1989-92), and there was even a time when you were sure that you would never escape Flip Wilson (1970-72). And now you have. Forever is only three years.

STARDOM is coincident with the Zeitgeist, but the Zeitgeist is never coincident with any particular stardom. It's a mistake to think that reality turns over completely every three years. That's much too reductive, too Procrustean. Reality turns over completely every *nine* years. It does so, however, in three-year phases, such that the middle three years feel consistent with the time-spirit of the first three, and the last three years feel consistent with the time-spirit of the second three but, by the end, entirely distinct from the first three. Motion away from one phase is simultaneously motion toward another. If time is a staircase, reality is a Slinky.

The sixties, so often mischaracterized as a monolithic historical entity, make a convenient illustration. From 1960 to 1963, reality was integration, the Peace Corps, Peter, Paul, and Mary. From 1964 to 1967, it was free love, protest marches, the Beatles. Then, from 1967 to 1970, it was Bobby Seale, the Weathermen, and Altamont. By 1970, the time-spirit of 1960 had been fully realized by becoming fully inverted. The seventies segmented in the same way: Bobby Riggs, Archie Bunker, and Watergate, followed by Patty Hearst, Chevy Chase, and OPEC, followed by Billy Carter, Donna Summer, and the Ayatollah. The eighties can be similarly parsed.

In this respect, television, frequently accused of destabilizing life, is actually the flywheel of continuity. It is what stitches the segments together. This is



"You promise I won't be the only trophy wife at this thing?"

• •

because the entire history of television is essentially the history of just ten shows, six of which dominated the ratings for periods of roughly six years each and four for periods of roughly three: "I Love Lucy" (1951-57), "Gunsmoke" (1957-61), "Bonanza" (1961-67), "Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In" (1968-70), "All in the Family" (1971-76), "Happy Days" (1976-79), "Dallas" (1980-85), "The Cosby Show" (1984-90), "Roseanne" (1988-94), and "Seinfeld" (1993-). It is, when you look at it this way, a perfectly patterned sequence: comedy, mythology, comedy, satire, comedy, mythology, comedy, satire. You can practically see the Slinky creeping down the steps.

Why steps? Why should history unfold as a series of linked differences, rather than as a plane of recognizable samenesses, a steady trek toward a common horizon? The easy answer is that people become bored by sameness, but that's just marketing talk. Human beings cherish sameness; they hate the unexpected, and go to incredible lengths to avoid it. What person who grew up listening to Bob Dylan and the Beatles felt that he or she had to welcome disco—or, later on, rap, which is just disco without the music—simply on the theory that it was "different"? What person who loved the "Godfather" movies wouldn't be perfectly happy to watch "Godfather" movies forever, even if it meant that "Star Wars" could never be made? No one. The whole pathos of modern history is that as the Slinky goes down the steps you are left behind.

What causes the fadeout after three years isn't the star. It's the large number of moons that get pulled into the star's gravitational field. It's not the Beatles; it's the Monkees. And, where there are Beatles, sooner or later there must be Monkees. Talents are continually being launched in the direction of the Zeitgeist, and when one intersects every other talent tries to follow the same trajectory. The result is a steady increase in wattage that eventually burns out the whole fixture. When "Gunsmoke" and "Bonanza" led the ratings on television, half a dozen imitations trotted right alongside: "Wagon Train," "Rawhide," "The Rifleman," "Maverick, "Cheyenne," "Wyatt Earp." After five or six years, the mere thought of a horse-drawn stage, the mere thought of a *horse*, began to numb. The system became overloaded with second-tier effects. People didn't want to get rid of "Bonanza"; they wanted to get rid of the "Bonanza" imitators. That meant, unavoidably, getting rid of "Bonanza." The good is indeed the enemy of the great.

How does the new moment emerge out of the old one? There is continuity, of course; tastes persist, and talents arise to gratify them. But the real forward momentum is provided by the rejection of continuity. One day, the nostalgia culture of "Happy Days," "Laverne and Shirley," "Grease," retro diners, and so forth becomes unbearable, and gives way to its opposite—to a showy, unsentimental, greed-worshipping ethos epitomized by "Dallas," "Dynasty," Donald Trump, and the middle years of the Reagan Administration. This was precisely what the Beatles, by not putting grease in their hair, did to Elvis and the Elvis imitators; what the "Star Wars" movies, by being funny, did to "2001: A Space Odyssey" and the existing genre of dystopian science fiction; what Tom Hanks, by playing good-hearted ingénues, did to Tom Cruise (1983-86, "Risky Business" to "Top Gun") and the swaggering male leads of the eighties. New successes are the reverse images of old successes—frivolous where the old ones were portentous, enthusiastic where they were sardonic, cuddly where they were sultry. Whatever was salt must now be sugar; what was sugar must be salt. Every episode of stardom thus carries within it the seeds of its own negation. After all, what would an iron law be without a dialectic?

ONCE this law is understood, it is easy to see that it must govern every type of human endeavor. Ralph Nader, Lee Iacocca, and Dr. Ruth Westheimer must have their three years as certainly as Erich Segal, Richard Bach, and Erica Jong have theirs. Political figures are subject to the same historical logic. Ronald Reagan was President from 1981 to 1989, but his period of perfect synchronicity lasted three years: from 1983, the end of the Reagan recession, to 1986, the eve of Iran-Contra. From 1983 to 1986, you could hate Ronald Reagan, you could affect indifference to him, you could vote against him, but you could not escape him.

T. S. Eliot, George Balanchine, and I. M. Pei are tied to the same law as Hugh Grant, Arsenio Hall, and Meat Loaf. People say, But that stuff (T. S. Eliot, etc.) is timeless! Not exactly. People who say this are referring to the fact that there was a period (1919-22) when T. S. Eliot personally was in tune with the Zeitgeist, when he must have felt that every arrow he let fly somehow found the bull's-eye; and then there was a period (1948-51) when what T. S. Eliot wrote, what T. S. Eliot looked like—when sheer T. S. Eliotness—was right and necessary for everyone else, a period when T. S. Eliot was as inescapable as Dennis Rodman. Albert Camus had his moment (1942-45), and then, later on, the rest of the world had *their* Albert Camus moment (1963-66). This was not the moment when people were reading translations of "The Stranger." It was the moment when people were buying translations of "The Rebel" and never getting around to reading them—the moment when owning a copy of "The Rebel" was exactly as good as having read it.

Hence there was Saul Bellow's moment of getting it right (1953-56, between "Augie March" and "Seize the Day"), and then there was everyone else's moment of getting Saul Bellow (1975-78). You knew this second Saul Bellow moment had arrived when you realized that you didn't need to have read a word by Saul Bellow to understand him perfectly, just as there was a period when you didn't need to have read a word by Marshall McLuhan, Gore Vidal, or Norman Mailer to carry on entire dinner conversations about them. You just automatically got it. When we call something "timeless," in other words, we are merely saying that the Zeitgeist may have to swing around a bit in order to pick it up. This can take a while. There was the day William Blake wrote his poetry. Then there was the day when every college freshman owned a copy of "The Portable Blake." Most of those freshmen probably never read a line of William Blake, but they didn't have to. That is what timelessness is about.

All of which is to say that the world moves much faster than a life. It may seem important for people to try to keep up, but there's really nothing to be done about it. People can only be themselves. They can only keep on doing whatever it is they feel they do best, and hope that at some point history crosses their path.

What is true of our stars is true of ourselves. There must be some point at which you and history are closer together than at any other point. For many people this point may have been high school, a time when the world seems designed expressly to gratify your own special and unique tastes. You were sure that everyone wore sideburns, listened to David Bowie, and drank Coors because you wore sideburns, listened to David Bowie, and drank Coors. People who felt out of it in high school—people who didn't shave yet, listened to Bartók, and drank Fresca—were likely to experience historical at-homeness later in life. The bad part is not knowing until the end which three years your three years were. But at least you can hope that although you feel like a total nerd today, three or six or nine years from now you may be completely "down" with the times. Imagine how Tiny Tim felt before becoming ubiquitous as a vaudevillian flower child (1968-71). Imagine how he felt after it was over.

For it can only last three years. The law seems to apply to everything: political scandals, cultural debates, policy imperatives, intellectual paradigms. History *did* end, for example, but only for three years. Things can grip the general attention for only so long. This must be true, of course, for the theory of the three-year limit itself. Today, the theory seems so obvious, so inevitable, so right. But within three years it will have vanished, sucked into itself like a black hole, a sublime testament to its own inexorability. ♦

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From Discipline Digest, a newsletter of the Law Society of Upper Canada*]

The Solicitor was convicted of second-degree murder contrary to section 235(1) of the *Criminal Code of Canada* on March 24, 1995, and sentenced to a term of incarceration. The Solicitor appealed his sentence, but not his conviction. The discipline panel determined that second-degree murder is conduct unbecoming a barrister and solicitor and warrants disbarment.

RARE DALI PRINTS
If you own, or are considering the purchase of a Salvador Dali print....
SALVADOR DALI
A RETROSPECTIVE OF MASTER PRINTS
Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 500 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we will rush you a **free** copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter". ($15 per issue)
1-(800) 275-3254
ask for Dept. NY
http://www.daligallery.com • FAX 310-454-2090
Brana Fine Art • 15332 Antioch St., # 108, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

Rendez-Vous with French Cinema Today
March 14-27
THE WALTER READE THEATER
at Lincoln Center
Schedule: 875-5600
www.filmlinc.com

FOUR SISTERS INNS
ROMANTIC COUNTRY INNS
Tariffs: $90-$350 • 11-32 rooms
800 • 234 • 1425
Napa Valley • San Francisco
Monterey Peninsula • Santa Ynez Valley
Orange County • Telluride, Colorado

LOVE NOTE
14k Gold and Diamond Pendant $385
.10 carat fine VS, G color genuine Diamond. 20" chain included.
Sterling Silver with CZ $ 49
Satisfaction Guaranteed
1-800-235-0471
Visa, MC, AMEX—S/H $5.75
ROGER NICHOLS fine jewelry
17 NW Irving Avenue • Bend, OR 97701
Velvet Box 1" Tall

EQUITOUR
Worldwide Riding Holidays
Unspoiled mountain scenery in the Rockies, castle to castle rides in France, riding safaris in Kenya. Detailed brochure.
Equitour P.O. Box 807 Dubois, Wyoming 82513
1-800-545-0019

FREE CATALOG
TEAK AND MAHOGANY
OUTDOOR FURNITURE
Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled
Meticulously crafted to last a lifetime. Benches, porch swings, umbrellas, tables, rockers, chairs, lounges and planters. Both fully assembled or as precision-cut kits that are easy and fun to put together.
Wood Classics
Box 97Y1310,Gardiner, NY 12525
914·255·5651

Unlock the Rivers and Canals of America
Cruise the Erie Canal, St. Lawrence,Labrador, Nova Scotia, NewEngland Islands, Great Lakes,Mid-America & more.
Small Ships, Big Adventure
Free Brochure
800-556-7450
American Canadian Caribbean Line

Euro Bike & Walking Tours
Offering Luxury European biking and walking tours at affordable prices since 1974 for all levels of experience
For free full color catalog call 1-800-321-6060
http://www.eurobike.com See why our customers return year after year!
Euro-Bike and Walking Tours, PO Box 990-NY, DeKalb, IL 60115

SWANS ISLAND
SUMMER BLANKETS™
Handwoven on Swans Island from wool raised in Maine
FREE BROCHURE
ATLANTIC BLANKET COMPANY
Swans Island, Maine 04685
Toll-Free 1•888•526•9526

HOME FROM HOME in LONDON
Private Flats & Houses for Short Rentals.
TOLL FREE: 1-800 748 9783
TEL: 011-44 171 584 8914 FAX: 823 8433
E-Mail: 101345.3275@compuserve.com
Internet: www.intervision.co.uk/homelet

Amish Country Goodies
Pamper yourself and experience authentic Amish summer sausage, co-jack cheese, popcorn, apple butter and noodles...from Illinois Amish Country. Generous portions! FREE colorful Amish Gazette!
You'll love it! Only $26.95 (+$5 s/h)
P. O. Box 111 • Arcola, IL 61910
Quick Phone Orders • Toll-free 888.701.0194

ANNALS OF LAW

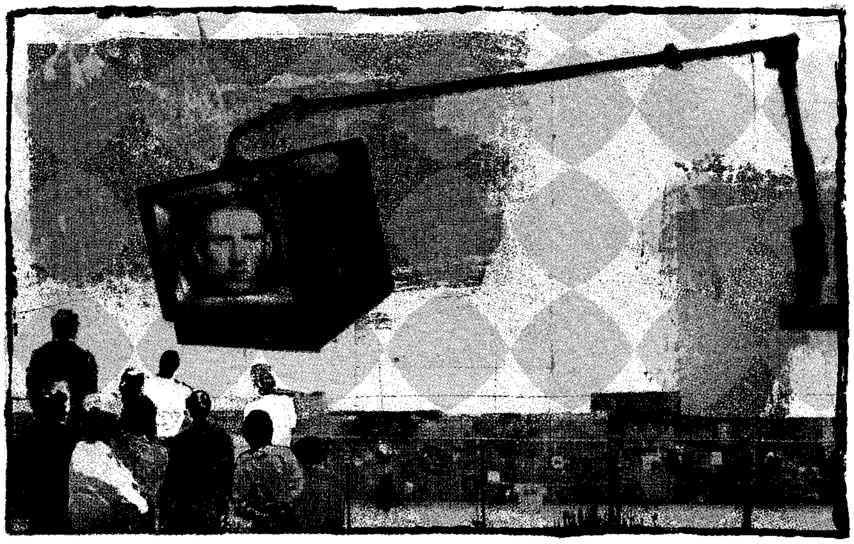
VICTIM POWER

How a new legal movement is shaping the Oklahoma City bombing trial.

BY JEFFREY TOOBIN

IN the pretrial hearings in the case against Timothy McVeigh and Terry Nichols on charges that they bombed the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building, in Oklahoma City, on April 19, 1995, Judge Richard Matsch always arrives promptly, his cowboy boots briefly visible as he walks to the bench of his silent courtroom. More often than not, when the judge takes his seat—in a courthouse in Denver, where the two men will be tried separately—his large brown eyes are already flashing pique and impatience at resolving the difficult issues presented by the case. Matsch is hard on the lawyers for both prosecution and defense. Pressed for a ruling, he responds icily that counsel will get one "in the fullness of time." He scorns interlopers. More than once, Matsch has dismissed a lawyer for the news media covering the case with a curt "Sit down."

So what happened at the pretrial hearing on January 29th was surprising. For almost a year, an Oklahoma lawyer named Karen Howick had been filing motions and briefs before Judge Matsch on behalf of about a hundred of the victims of the bombing. The judge had already ruled several times that Howick's clients had no legal standing in the case, but still she filed papers (and held press conferences and gave television interviews), and now Matsch finally had her in front of him. "I had heard all these horror stories about him, about how he's always telling lawyers to behave themselves," Howick recalls. "But I figured I didn't usually practice in front of him, so I didn't care how much abuse I had to take."



If the victims wanted to see the trial on closed-circuit TV, they would need an act of Congress.

STEVEN DANA/SYGMA

But Matsch came in like a lamb. He did stand by his ruling that Howick's clients had no official status in the case (and thus no right to file briefs), but he made it clear that he had read every word she had submitted to him. The hearing on this day concerned the details of a closed-circuit broadcast of the trial back to Oklahoma City, which had come about only because of the efforts of Howick and her clients. Howick wanted the broadcast moved from a cramped room in Oklahoma City's federal courthouse to a more spacious auditorium, in a Federal Aviation Administration building near the airport. Matsch quickly agreed. "I was surprised," Howick says. "He couldn't have been nicer."

Matsch's dealings with Howick underline a paradox in the bombing case—and, increasingly, in all American criminal law. Over generations in our legal history, trials have made room only for the prosecution and the defense, in what was rightly known as the adversary system. Now, however, the victims of crime are agitating for an ever more formal role in criminal trials. With his courtesy toward Howick, Judge Matsch implicitly recognized the moral authority of victims who seek a place in the courtroom, but he has struggled—as has the system as a whole—to define what that place would be. The Oklahoma bombing, with its toll of a hundred and sixty-eight dead and hundreds injured, left the largest and most politically powerful group of crime victims in American history. Among them are survivors of the attack as well as those who lost family members or, in some cases, their business or livelihood. When McVeigh's trial begins, on March 31st, it will bear the irrevocable stamp of the victims' efforts, and so may many other trials in years to come.

"WE generally date the movement from 1972," says John Stein, who is a historian of the victims'-rights movement and the deputy director of the National Organization for Victim Assistance, or NOVA, an advocacy group in Washington. "That's when the first rape-crisis centers were established, which were followed by the first battered women's shelters. It was really an outgrowth of the women's movement—the focus, at first, was on learning how to be responsive to people in pain. Around 1980, you started to see the emergence of self-help groups and activist groups and self-identified victims of crime—most famously, Mothers Against Drunk Driving but also parents of murdered children. With all this, there was a much greater interest in victims' rights—mostly the right to be treated with dignity, which meant that the decision-makers would talk to you."

In recent years, victims'-rights advocates have expanded their priorities from services for individual victims to a political and legislative agenda. Politicians of all persuasions have long tried to associate themselves with crime victims in the public mind. So, as the crime victims' movement has evolved, its chief obstacles have been more institutional than ideological. Groups like NOVA have been trying to restructure laws so that victims of crime will have a permanent role at every stage of the criminal-justice process—principally the rights to view legal proceedings and to participate in them. Notwithstanding broad political support, the victims' progress on these goals has been halting. "There is a real business-as-usual mind-set in the court system," says Paul Cassell, a professor at the University of Utah College of Law and a leader in the victims'-rights movement. "There are some things that are just never discussed, and one of those things is that a criminal case is a state versus a defendant, and you go from there. It's not just liberals or just conservatives who feel this way—it's how they all learned it in law school."

Karen Howick was, it turns out, the perfect person to take on this mind-set—enough of an outsider to feel a layman's outrage, yet enough of an insider to figure out how to challenge the status quo. Howick is an unlikely Oklahoman: a fifty-one-year-old Michigan native who spent a few years in the sixties as a flower child in San Francisco. However, she later went to law school in Oklahoma and developed an expertise in securities law, in which she now has a thriving practice. She is short and is built low to the ground, and she is pugnacious. Obviously, her success has not come from blending in with Oklahoma's white-bread legal culture. Her interest in the McVeigh case came about in a manner that, for Oklahoma City residents, is all too familiar: Robbin Huff, the sister of Howick's secretary, Rhonda Bartlebaugh, worked in the Murrah Building and was killed in the explosion. When Robbin Huff died, she was thirty-seven years old and seven months pregnant with her first child.

"I GOT mad when the trial was moved to Denver," Rhonda Bartlebaugh told me recently. On February 20, 1996, Judge Matsch granted McVeigh and Nichols's motion for a change of venue because there was some concern about finding an impartial jury for the case in Oklahoma. "They are accused of killing my sister," Bartlebaugh went on. "If someone shot my sister, I'd be able to go to the trial. I just want to see justice done. It's part of a closure for me." Bartlebaugh had therefore asked her boss what could be done about it.

"After Rhonda asked me about seeing the trial, I called up Court TV and asked them if they were putting it on

GRAND CANYON
Rafts offer effortless conveyance to the most spectacular landscapes on earth: Grand Canyon, Canyonlands, and Dinosaur National Parks on the Colorado, Snake, and Salmon Rivers. Trips vary from a weekend to two weeks, starting at $340. Call for a free catalog.
HOLIDAY RIVER EXPEDITIONS
1-800-554-RAFT
544 E 3900 S, SLC UT 84107 (801) 266-2087 FAX (801) 266-1448

Experience The Traditional Elegance Of Portland's Finest Hotel With The Benson And American Express
The Benson
HOTEL · PORTLAND
For Reservations, Rates And Seasonal Package Information Call:
1-800-426-0670
AMERICAN EXPRESS Cards

LightenUP
(Lamp shown: Beanpot by Mica Lamp Co.)
Free boutique catalog of Mission, Prairie, Tiffany and Mica style lamps and accessories to properly brighten your home, office and home computer room. Good prices, fast delivery, courteous service.
The Bright Spot, Inc.
Phone 800-736-0126
Fax 800-736-1329

TENNIS FANS...
See your favorite players.
Australian, Italian, Monte Carlo, and French Open, Wimbledon, US Open, The Lipton and Newsweek/Evert Cup.
Call for a free brochure.
Grand Slam Tennis Tours
1-800-289-3333
A Vacation To Remember

Archaeological Tours
LED BY NOTED SCHOLARS
1997 TOURS: EGYPT; GUATEMALA; TURKEY; SYRIA & JORDAN; SICILY & SO. ITALY; INDONESIA; CENTRAL ASIA; PERU & BOLIVIA; MALTA, SARDINIA & CORSICA; SINAI TO NUBIA; ISRAEL & JORDAN; ERITREA & ETHIOPIA; YEMEN; ZIMBABWE; CYPRUS, & CRETE; YANGTZE RIVER; IRELAND & SCOTLAND; ANCIENT ROME; ALBANIA; MEXICO; BRITTANY.
archaeological tours
271 Madison Ave., 904E, NY, NY 10016 (212) 986-3054

CELEBRATION BOWL
Weddings - Anniversaries
Send someone you love a personalized crystal masterpiece. Hand blown and etched.
Special Inscriptions? Yes.
Rush Orders? Absolutely.
8.5" - $129 12" - $239
408-427-3512

TV," Howick said. "They thought I was some kind of crazy woman. At that point, I didn't know there was a separate rule of criminal procedure that said you couldn't have cameras in federal courtrooms." Howick then spoke with Steven Brill, the chief executive of Court TV. "I told her it couldn't happen the way the law was at that point," Brill recalls. "But I got an idea. This is a wacky idea, and it probably won't work. I said, if you got the judge's permission or got an act of Congress passed, we at Court TV could send a closed-circuit feed back to Oklahoma City and only the victims would watch it. I said we'd do it free, as a public service, but I never really thought it had a chance of happening."

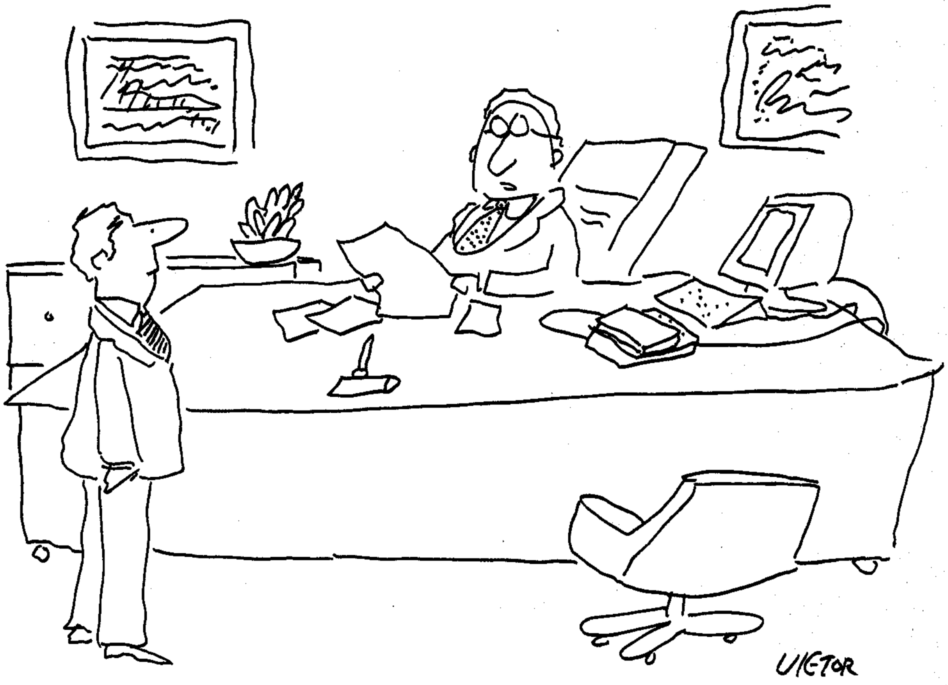
So in the spring of 1996 Howick, with Bartlebaugh as a lead plaintiff, filed a motion before Judge Matsch demanding that he permit a closed-circuit broadcast of the trial. Matsch eventually dismissed the motion, but Howick had also been pursuing Option 2—the act of Congress. "Before I knew it, Karen had the whole Oklahoma congressional delegation behind the law," Brill says. Two weeks before the first anniversary of the bombing, Howick was Bartlebaugh's guest at a reception with President Clinton for victims of the bombing. "He told me he had just heard about the idea of the closed circuit," Howick recalls. "But he was interested." After frantic weeks of lobbying by Howick, the law was attached as an amendment to an antiterrorism bill that was working its way through Congress. It passed on April 18th.

Judge Matsch then had to work out the details of how the trial would be televised. Matsch is sixty-six years old, an intelligent, taciturn Coloradan, who is almost universally admired by lawyers who have practiced before him. Appointed to the bench by President Richard Nixon in 1974, he is known as a moderate. Indeed, he seems to be about as good a judge as the legal system has to offer, and his dedication no doubt partly explains why he has struggled so much with the issue of victims' rights in the Oklahoma City case.

By going over the judge's head and getting the act of Congress, the victims threw Matsch on the defensive, and he has responded by managing the details of the closed-circuit broadcast with a surprising intensity. For starters, Court TV's services were declined. "They told me that they were worried that we were going to broadcast the trial," Brill says. "I told them that we wouldn't do that—and, of course, that it would be easy to tell if we did—but they said they would handle the technical side of it themselves." Matsch has insisted that the victims who watch the closed-circuit broadcast behave as if they were in his courtroom, and he has hired a retired Colorado state judge, Gaspar Perricone, to preside at the broadcast in the F.A.A. auditorium and maintain decorum. As if that weren't enough, Matsch also decided to install a video camera trained on the Oklahoma audience, so that he can monitor both the closed-circuit broadcast and the people watching that broadcast at the same time that he runs the trial in Denver. According to people who are familiar with the plans for the broadcast, the National Security Agency—the nation's top-secret electronic-eavesdropping entity—was consulted on protecting the closed-circuit signal. This will be expensive. Brill says that it would have cost Court TV about thirty-five hundred dollars a day (and the government nothing) to operate the closed-circuit feed. Instead, it is estimated that, although some companies are providing services at reduced rates, the daily cost to the government will be between ten and thirty thousand dollars. (Court officials decline to disclose the cost of the broadcast.) "We can laugh at all the precautions he's taking, but he's an old-fashioned federal judge," says Vicki Zemp Behenna, a prosecutor who is monitoring relations with the victims in the case. "He really sees himself as a defender of the dignity of the process."

"MOST judges in the country can recall one victim who did something inappropriate—some outburst in the courtroom—and, unfortunately, a lot of policies about victims are made on the basis of that grossly unfair stereotype," Paul Cassell says. "Nothing matters more to the victims' movement than simply guaranteeing that victims get a place in the courtroom. They're looking for answers, and their chance to get those answers is at the trial."

It is in this critical area—the right to be present in court—that Judge Matsch, despite his evident sympathy for the victims, has most disappointed them. He did so suddenly and without warning. Last June 26th, Matsch convened a routine hearing in Denver on a defendants' motion to suppress evidence. About two dozen survivors and family members were in the audience, and the judge very casually announced that he was going to exclude from the courtroom all individuals who planned to testify during any part of either trial, even during the sentencing phase. Joseph Hartzler, the lead prosecutor, was clearly surprised by this ruling and asked the judge to



"Call my accountants three."

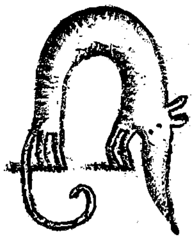
reconsider. Matsch brushed him off. He would allow the victims to stay for that morning's session, he said, but "at the noon recess" they would have to decide whether they wanted to return.

Matsch was invoking the rule of evidence that says witnesses are generally barred from attending any part of a trial except when they are giving testimony. As far as the guilt phase of the trial goes, the prosecutors—and the victims—had no quarrel with Matsch's ruling. Any witnesses, including victims, who intended to testify during this phase would forgo watching any other portion. But both McVeigh and Nichols would face the death penalty if convicted, and, during the sentencing phase of a trial, federal law allows victims to testify about the impact a crime has had on their lives. Matsch ruled that their testimony could be materially affected by what they heard from other witnesses. His decision meant that all the victims—including those who would watch the proceedings only on closed-circuit TV—had to decide whether they wanted to forfeit the chance to testify about the impact of the bombing on their lives. And the victims who were there that day had to make this decision during the lunch break.

"We just had to make a decision right quick, and it was a very emotional thing," said Martin Cash, who lost an eye and suffered other serious injuries in the bombing, and who was in Matsch's courtroom that day. "The judge said that watching the trial might affect our testimony. That's bull. It's not going to affect our testimony at all. I have a hole in my head that's covered with titanium. I nearly lost my hand. I think about it every minute of every day." Cash, for his part, decided to give up the chance to testify later and to watch the trial instead—or, as he put it, "use my one eye and stare at the turkey."

In the months since the ruling, the prosecutors—at the urging of the victims—have repeatedly asked Judge Matsch to reconsider his ruling barring penalty-phase witnesses from watching the trial. The judge has given the victims sympathy but little else. "I think it is often misunderstood when they talk about 'defendants' rights,' " Matsch said from the bench on October 4th. "We're not talking about defendants' rights as such. We're talking about the protection of the integrity of the process by which the defendants are judged and the evidence is judged. And that's the responsibility of a judge. And that's the responsibility I'm attempting to meet by what seems a very hard-hearted rule."

Hard-hearted, to be sure—and also patronizing. Paul Cassell, who has represented a group of victims in the effort to overturn the ruling on penalty-phase witnesses attending the trial, says, "These are people who have lost husbands and wives and children in the bombing. It is the most shattering experience of their lives. To suggest that their testimony will be materially affected by watching the witnesses in this case—people like experts from the F.B.I. lab, or Ryder-truck-rental people—is ludicrous. Almost every psychologist who has looked at the issue says that it's generally a healing thing for those victims who want to see a trial to be able to attend. So the irony is that by excluding victims the judge may make them more angry, which wouldn't help the defendants."



Matsch's old-fashioned worries about the integrity of his courtroom have caused him to overcompensate and ban all victim-witnesses. Ironically, in response to perceived insults like this one, the victims' movement seems bent on an overcompensation of its own—in the form of an amendment to the Constitution. The movement's current top legislative priority is an amendment, backed by the Clinton Administration and cosponsored by Senators Jon Kyl, of Arizona, and Dianne Feinstein, of California, establishing the idea that victims of violent crimes would have "the rights to notice of, and not to be excluded from, all public proceedings relating to the crime," and also the right to be heard before the judge releases a suspect on bail or sentences a convicted defendant.

At one level, it's easy to see why victims' advocates, frustrated by institutional barriers like those seen in Matsch's court, want to change the system in a profound way. "The reason a judge is going to give a defendant reasonable accommodations on issues during a trial is that the Constitution says he has a right to due process," Cassell, who is, of course, a supporter of the amendment, says. "Defendants are now the only ones who can get a judge reversed on appeal. So now judges just say, 'Victims, you're out of here.' They couldn't do that after a constitutional amendment. We want those reasonable accommodations for victims, too."

But the relatively narrow and reasonable changes that the victims' advocates seek could probably be accomplished with legislation rather than with the extreme step of amending the Constitution. According to Robert Weisberg, who is a professor at Stanford Law School, "At best, the amendment will be ineffectual rhetoric that won't make much difference, but more likely it will just contribute to more lawyering about things like the degree and the nature and the timing of notice to victims. This will just slow down the process of prosecuting criminals."

The Oklahoma City victims have certainly developed a mastery of the legislative process, even in the absence of a constitutional amendment. In fact, on the very eve of the trial the excluded victim-witnesses are attempting to adopt the strategy that worked for Howick and Bartlebaugh on the closed-circuit broadcast. On March 12th, the day after the Court of Appeals for the Tenth Circuit refused to hear an appeal of Judge Matsch's ruling, the House Judiciary Committee approved a bill asserting that a district judge cannot exclude victims from federal criminal trials on the ground that they might later testify in the penalty phase of the case. The full house was expected to vote on the bill within days. So, remarkably, for the second time the Oklahoma City victims may succeed in persuading Congress to pass a law overruling a decision by Judge Matsch while the case against McVeigh and Nichols is pending.

The victims' successes in the Oklahoma case herald the arrival of a major new force in American criminal law—one that has gone from powerless to nearly invincible in a generation. For Rhonda Bartlebaugh, these successes bring a measure of satisfaction, if not of consolation. "At the very beginning, everyone said it couldn't be done," she remarked. "People said we were just spinning our wheels. But there were enough of us so that they couldn't ignore us. Since there were so many victims, it was brought out more in the public eye. People knew that we should have the right to watch the trial, be present, participate. It's the outcry from the victims that did it." ♦

Celebrating 50 Years of Barefoot Fun in the Sun

6 & 13 day Caribbean Adventures from $650.

For information call your travel agent or

1-800-327-2601

Windjammer Barefoot Cruises LTD

P.O. Box 190-120 · Dept. 38 · Miami Beach, FL 33119

centrally located. centrally priced.

J. Handlery

HANDLERY UNION SQUARE HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO 800.843.4343

*New Yorker Rate (plus tax, main building)

The Owl & the Pussycat

James Breakell's fanciful pair perched in a runcible spoon pin. 2" long

Sterling silver $40, 14k gold $380. Add $4 handling. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalog available. (800) 767-6411.

J.H. Breakell & Co.

132 Spring St., Dept. NYOP, Newport, RI 02840

DISCOVER THE SPLENDOR OF ITALY

Beautiful homes for rent at affordable weekly rates in Abruzzo, Tuscany, Umbria, Lakes Como & Garda, the Italian Riviera, Rome, Amalfi, Capri, Calabria, Sicily and more.

800 280 2811

THE PARKER COMPANY

COUNTRY WALKERS

19 Years of excellence in Worldwide Walking Vacations

◆ Europe, Africa, North & South America and the South Pacific

◆ Expert local guides

Free catalog call 800-464-9255

DO ANYTHING IN THIS PANT!

Easy fit, comfortable, washable, 100% linen pull-on pant

$54.00 • Black & Natural

A L • A Y • A

Clothes for Clever People

Toll Free: 888-731-2600 • San Francisco

the FLAX flood!

ANNALS OF MOVIEMAKING

GODFATHERHOOD

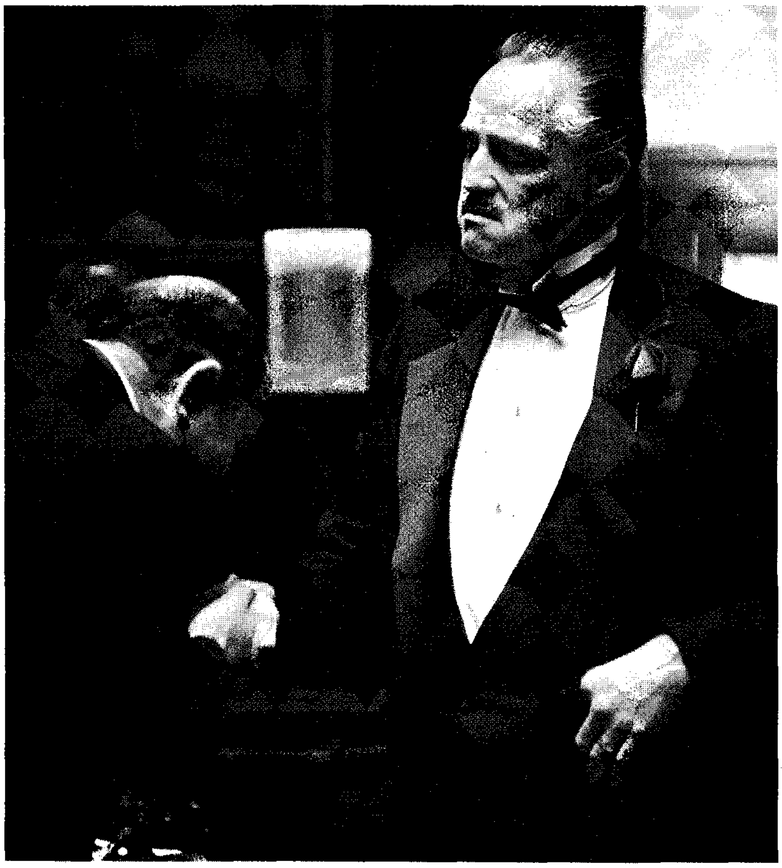
Twenty-five years later, Francis Ford Coppola thinks it's a mixed blessing.

BY MICHAEL SRAGOW

In 1972, a thirty-two-year-old Italian-American director, Francis Ford Coppola, made his name with a gangster movie called "The Godfather." It grossed more money more quickly than any previous film and helped to sweep away the moral cant of its era. But even before he had directed a single film that attracted a large audience or substantial acclaim Coppola made the movie business seem wide open in a way few directors had since the early silents. In the sixties, moviemakers coming out of film programs at places like U.S.C. and U.C.L.A. hoped to revitalize American movies as an art form and overturn the Hollywood status quo. Coppola, as the writer-director John Milius recently told me, was "the rebel envoy, the guy who had gotten into the walled city." Coppola had worked as a writer (notably on "Patton"), as a director (on the musical comedy "Finian's Rainbow"), and as a writer-director (on the horror quickie "Dementia 13," the frenetic coming-of-age film "You're a Big Boy Now," and the offbeat woman-on-the-road movie "The Rain People"). He'd cowed his peers and impressed the press as the one member of the "movie generation" who both broke into the studio system and kept one foot outside it. And his initiative backed up his high standing: in the case of "The Rain People," he shot first and asked questions later, roaming cross-country with a caravan of fledgling filmmakers (including his friend George Lucas).

In 1969, Coppola had institutionalized his outsiderdom. He settled in San Francisco, keeping his distance from the studios and sinking whatever funds he could find—including seed money from Warner Bros.–Seven Arts—into a production company called American Zoetrope. The company swiftly became a magnet for known movie-industry mavericks like John Korty ("The Crazy Quilt") and Haskell Wexler ("Medium Cool") as well as a cinematic frat house for tyros like Milius, Lucas, and Carroll Ballard (a U.C.L.A. film-school classmate of Coppola's, who later made "The Black Stallion" under his aegis). Coppola's dream was that American Zoetrope would allow artists to share ideas and equipment, and eventually to transform their native cinema. He infected dozens of other film postgraduates with his spirit of conquest. Lucas, just five years younger than Coppola, has said, "Francis was the great white knight. . . . He was the one who made us hope." Milius, who wrote the first draft of "Apocalypse Now" for Zoetrope before establishing himself as an action filmmaker ("Dillinger," "Conan the Barbarian"), recalls, "He always said we were the Trojan horse, but that wasn't quite true, because he was inside opening the gate. None of those other guys—Lucas, Spielberg, all of them—could have existed without Francis's help. And his was a much more interesting influence than theirs. Francis was going to become the emperor of the new order, but it wasn't going to be like the old order. It was going to be the rule of the artist."

Actually, American Zoetrope had relatively little to do with "The Godfather," which celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on March 15th. "The Godfather" was a Paramount picture. And it was just the sort of project that Zoetrope's would-be mavericks were supposed to shun: Mario Puzo's gigantic best-seller about the Sicilian Mob in America blended juicy research and the remarkable central character of Don Vito Corleone (inspired, Puzo now says, by his mother) with cheesy roman-à-clef material about Hollywood and Las Vegas. Coppola agreed to adapt and direct it largely to pay Zoetrope's bills, and then (by his own admission) risked compromising the movie's final form in an attempt to keep its postproduction centered at Zoetrope. In interviews conducted on the eve of its re-release, to be marked by a gala on March 20th at the Castro, San Francisco's old-style movie palace, Coppola's co-workers continually circled back to his embattled commitment to Zoetrope. Walter Murch, who was a postproduction consultant on “The Godfather” and is responsible for improving the sound for the movie's reissue, says, “We knew if Zoetrope was going to survive it was because this film was going to be made and be good. We had tied our rowboats to a speedboat; we had each intended to take our little rowboats into the lake and make our seven-hundred-thousand-dollar films, like ‘The Rain People’ and ‘American Graffiti.’ ‘The Godfather’ was this huge and early exception. It had such a giant engine attached to it because the book and the head of the studio were involved. It was energizing, in a way. And it was also a little disorienting.”



Paramount vs. the pariah: “They were seriously considering if they had the right director,” Coppola says. “And I brought up Marlon Brando.”

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

No one was more disoriented than Coppola. His sister, Talia Shire, who appeared in “The Godfather” and its two sequels, was taken aback at his transformation, comparing him to a performer who lands in a defining part: “When you play a role of force, a king or queen, and you have not been by casting or nature that size yet, it suffuses you. You saw Francis emerge . . . not just from people applauding, but from something of the epic size of the project and of the central character—a dark character, a Machiavellian character, but a man also appealing.”

Yet to this day Coppola hasn't satisfactorily reckoned with the success of “The Godfather.” Its filming, he told me, was, “right up to the end, one of the stories of the thing you think is going to ruin you.” He added, “And in some ways it did ruin me. It just made my whole career go this way instead of the way I really wanted it to go, which was into doing original work as a writer-director. It just inflamed so many other desires. After ‘The Godfather,’ there was the possibility of having a company that could one day evolve into a real major company and change the way we approach filmmaking. Suddenly, a lot of things that I didn't have a shot at I did. ‘The Conversation,’ which I did write and direct as an original, was a film nobody wanted me to do, but I got to make it out of the deal to do ‘Godfather II.’ The great frustration of my career is that nobody really wants me to do my own work. Basically, ‘The Godfather’ made me violate a lot of the hopes I had for myself at that age.”

Critics tend to date Coppola's descent into creative chaos from the manic-depressive overreaching of “Apocalypse Now” (released five years after “The Godfather, Part II”). In the last few years, he has directed the bombastic “Bram Stoker's Dracula” and the flaccid, commercial “Jack,” and he is currently at work on an adaptation of a John Grisham novel. But from the beginning of his career Coppola almost recklessly mixed aestheticism and cunning and showmanship. What's significant is that a filmmaker so divided against himself and so disdainful of outside authority managed to pull all his impulses together for “The Godfather” and “Godfather II.” He achieved the combination of groundbreaking expression and public acceptance that is a popular artist's holy grail—a relic that, for all its glory, exacts misery from those who seek it, and even from those who find it.

WHEN I talked to Coppola recently in his penthouse office on the eighth floor of the triangular green Sentinel Building, a 1906 San Francisco edifice that serves as American Zoetrope's headquarters, he mused that the stance he took toward the studios in the company's early years was founded on his exploits as a theatre major at Hofstra: “We would launch these ambitious productions, and the faculty would say, ‘Oh, that's too much for students,’ and we'd do it anyway.” But on a day now known in Coppola's circle as Black Thursday (November 19, 1970), Coppola had to report that Warner Bros. was taking over the editing of Zoetrope's first full-fledged production, Lucas's “THX 1138,” and had rejected Zoetrope's future slate. The studio also demanded repayment of the development money for the projects it had spurned. In the meantime, Coppola says, “there was talk that if we didn't pay certain bills the sheriff was going to lock our doors.” It was Lucas who persuaded him to consider Paramount Pictures' offer of directing a movie version of Puzo's semi-tawdry best-seller. “Of course George was the key person,” Coppola admits. “He is very practical, and he said, ‘You gotta do it, you gotta do “The Godfather,” it's going to be good, you'll see.’ ”

At first, Coppola didn't see how it could be good. Puzo, a respected novelist, set out to write a blockbuster—he initially called it, bluntly, “Mafia.” As Puzo told me on the phone from his Long Island home, the manuscript generated interest at both Universal and Paramount when he had written only “about a hundred and fifty pages.” Robert Evans

FREE SHIRT~FREE LOGO

6 SHIRTS JUST $125!

Our two-ply cotton makes a custom embroidered Queensboro Shirt better than Ralph Lauren, Lands' End or Outer Banks. Buy 5 for $125, and we'll give you a 6th one FREE. No set-up, embroidery, shipping or handling on your trial order. All shirts unconditionally guaranteed for 10 years. In white, navy, black, burgundy, green and natural, sizes S-XXL. Send or fax your logo and order today or call for more information. WE MAKE GREAT SHIRTS!

1-800-847-4478 · Fax 910-251-7771
The Queensboro Shirt Company
Dept NY73 P.O. Box 2598, Wilmington, NC 28402

Discover Africa

with one of the oldest and largest safari companies. For 50 years, United Touring has made quality safaris affordable. With prices starting as low as $2295* per person (including airfare from NYC), there's never been a better time to discover Africa. For brochures, see your Travel Agent or call:
1-800-223-6486

UTC
United Touring Company
One Bala Plaza, Ste 414 • Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004
fax: 610-617-3312 • email: utcusa@unitedtour.com
http://www.unitedtour.com

* Price based on our Highlights of Kenya program
California Registration Pending

21 forward
Literate *and* market savvy.
A monthly investment newsletter for s/he who will be an investor in the year 2000.

3mo trial $21 mc/visa
tel/fax 818.760.7787
RLees@worldnet.att.net

or write to:
P.O. Box 1967
Studio City, CA 91614

WALK AND HIKE EUROPE
HUT-TO-HUT AND DAY HIKES
Switzerland • France
Austria • Italy
England

DISTANT JOURNEYS
POB 1211 R
Camden, ME 04843

Stewart & Hunnisett
FINE EUROPEAN TOURING

Tuscany

**Enjoy the magnificent art, culture and natural beauty of this glorious region! We offer an exquisite week-long luxury tour. Very small groups.
For a brochure please call or fax (212) 864-7840.**

NORTH CAROLINA *EXPORTED*
Capture the taste, touch and feel of North Carolina In Taste Full Magazine
— *recipes & food-oriented travel features* —
$19.95 per year/6 issues
North Carolina's Taste Full
1202 South 16th St.
Wilmington, NC 28403
(888)499-NCTF • FAX:(910)763-0321

AT MOORDITCH

"Now," said the voice of lock and window-bar,
"You must confront things as they truly are.
Open your eyes at last, and see
The desolateness of reality."

"Things have," I said, "a pallid, empty look,
Like pictures in an unused coloring book."

"Now that the scales have fallen from your eyes,"
Said the sad hallways, "you must recognize
How childishly your former sight
Salted the world with glory and delight."

"This cannot be the world," I said. "Nor will it,
Till the heart's crayon spangle and fulfill it."

—Richard Wilbur

championed it at Paramount, where he was then chief of production. Indeed, in his 1994 memoir, "The Kid Stays in the Picture," Evans says he met with Puzo, liked him, and agreed to pay him enough money for the book to clear his gambling debts. Puzo says that the session never took place. (He also refutes widely circulated rumors that Paramount set him up in an office on the lot to finish the book.) In any event, Evans controlled the movie rights, giving Puzo option payments totalling twelve thousand five hundred dollars ("All the money in the world!" Puzo says), which would escalate to eighty thousand if the film was made. When the novel generated huge sales in 1969, a movie version seemed inevitable. But in 1968 Paramount had released a Mafia film called "The Brotherhood," starring Kirk Douglas as an old-style don fighting the corporate tides of the postwar Mob. It ignominiously flopped.

Evans and his production vice-president, Peter Bart, approached one director after another, including Costa-Gavras, Peter Yates ("Bullitt"), and Franklin J. Schaffner (who'd just directed "Patton"). They all turned down Puzo's novel. Some had moral qualms about the risk of romanticizing the Mafia; one who didn't, Sam Peckinpah, had two meetings with Bart, but was concerned less with Puzo's material than with a vision resembling (in Bart's phrase) "The Wild Bunch in the Mafia." Evans and Bart thus had to come up with a ploy to sell Paramount's president, Stanley Jaffe, a Sicilian Mob film without a name filmmaker attached. They insisted that "The Brotherhood" tanked because it had a Jewish creative team. (The director, the star, and some members of the supporting cast were Jewish, but the screenwriter was Lewis John Carlino.) "The Godfather," they vowed, would be Italian-American all the way. This pitch worked; it also led to what Bart, now the editor of *Variety*, calls a major misunderstanding. "The legend became that Francis Coppola was being considered because he was the only Italian-American director I knew," he told me. "The thing was that Francis was not the only Italian-American director I knew but the brightest young director I knew." Bart believed that there was an underlying integrity to Puzo's storytelling. Through conversations with Coppola, he came to see that the novel was a family chronicle as well as a crime story, with the Mob as a metaphor for capitalism. He trusted that Coppola would "present the movie brilliantly to my colleagues."

Coppola demurred. "I had always approached my career thinking that I was going to be a writer-director—that I was one of the few guys that *could* write an original screenplay," he explains. "I had taken a left turn against my planned direction with 'Finian's Rainbow,' because musical comedy was something that I had been raised with in my family, and I thought, frankly, that my father would be impressed. And now here was a big best-selling book, which upon my first look seemed to have a lot of commercial sleazy elements." It was only after he scraped away subplots, like the ones about a Dean Martin-like performer's dipsomania and a woman with an oversized vagina, that he realized he could extract a "classical" story about an aging Mob king, Don Vito Corleone, and his potential heirs—the hotheaded Sonny, the emotionally fragile Fredo, and the thoughtful, rebellious Michael.

Coppola's next problem was the script: "It was contemporary, set in the seventies—there were *hippies* in it. By then, I felt there was a good core jewel in 'The Godfather,' but it should be set in the forties. And of course the studio felt to do it in period would cost more money." Paramount wanted the film to be made cheaply. Coppola says, "No doubt that's why I got the job—because I was considered kind of a younger filmmaker using what were thought of as more modest techniques, such as handheld cameras."

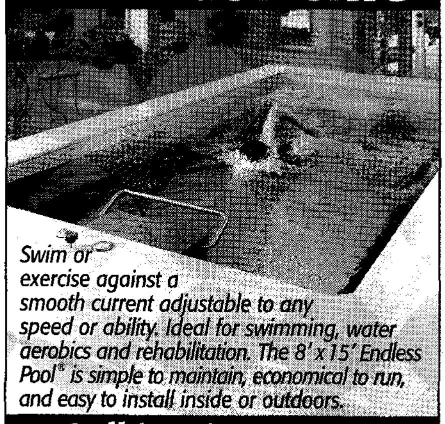
Evans and Bart had brought in Al Ruddy to produce; he'd acquired a reputation for speed and efficiency with youth movies, like the Robert Redford biker flick "Little Fauss and Big Halsey." Ruddy arranged for Coppola to meet Evans and Jaffe at Paramount's executive offices, and Coppola, as Bart had predicted, was a spellbinder. Ruddy is still dumbfounded that this young man who'd made nothing but flops operated as if he had the clout of a Mike Nichols or a Stanley Kubrick. Ruddy told me that Coppola was "like Starbuck in 'The Rainmaker' ": he dragged *everything* into his spiel, "how films should be made, the history of the world, the domino theory, everything. It should have been taped." Coppola persuaded Evans and Jaffe to do a period film despite the rise in budget, from two and a half million dollars to a final cost of more than six million—still a bargain in an era when Paramount turkeys like "Paint Your Wagon" cost more than twenty million. And when it came to rewriting the script, Puzo, who had been treating his chores as a lark, proved a game collaborator. "To this day," he says, "I can't even remember what's mine and what's Francis's. I feel it's Francis's picture."

COPPOLA'S ideas for the cast—Brando, Pacino, Duvall, Diane Keaton—now look classic to us. But the studio considered them wildly unorthodox, and Coppola took this resistance personally.

Shire told me that when she asked her brother if she could audition for the role of Connie Corleone Rizzi, "Francis said 'No!,' a very loud 'No!' " Even after a contingent led by Evans offered her the part, and she took it, "Francis said I should have asked him first." Once she realized, however, that his unconventional choices were going to "give everybody terror," she began to think that it might have been "wrong" for her to give him "something else to worry about"—a sibling in front of the camera.

In fact, Shire fit the criteria set by her brother and Fred Roos, his casting director. Roos recalls, "Francis and I tried to make a pact to cast Italian for every role that was Italian, to keep a certain purity to it. And we stuck pretty damn close to it." That's one reason that James Caan, a Coppola favorite, *wasn't* cast, at first, as Sonny; Coppola and Roos had selected an actor named Carmine Caridi, who, Roos says, "looked exactly the way Sonny was described in the book." For the Don, he explains, "We couldn't find a real Italian actor with the charisma he needed to have. There's a lot of talk about the Don in this movie; he permeates the movie even when he's not onscreen, and you had to have someone who could deliver on all this talk. So we started to bring up great actors who could do it as a display of great acting—learn the accent, turn it into a tour de force. We thought of three: Marlon Brando, George C. Scott, and Laurence Olivier, who'd recently played a Russian in 'The Shoes of the Fisherman.' But I remember on the day we tried to decide which one should play the Don I said Marlon, and Francis said, 'Of course, Marlon.' "

The first to envision Brando as Don Vito Corleone was Puzo: he had already sent the superstar a letter and talked to him about the role on the phone. But Brando was dubious. "I had never played an Italian before, and I didn't think I could do it successfully," he says in his autobiography. And he warned Puzo that no studio would go for him. Erratic behavior and abysmal box-office returns had turned him into a Hollywood pariah. At a meeting that has been reported with varying degrees of comedy and melodrama for the last quarter century, Coppola pressed the case for Brando. "You have to remember that they were very


Swim at Home™
Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics and rehabilitation. The 8' x 15' Endless Pool® is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors.
Call (800) 732-8660
visit www.endlesspools.com or write Endless Pools, Inc.
200 E Dutton Mill Rd
Dept. N11
Aston, PA 19014
ENDLESS POOLS

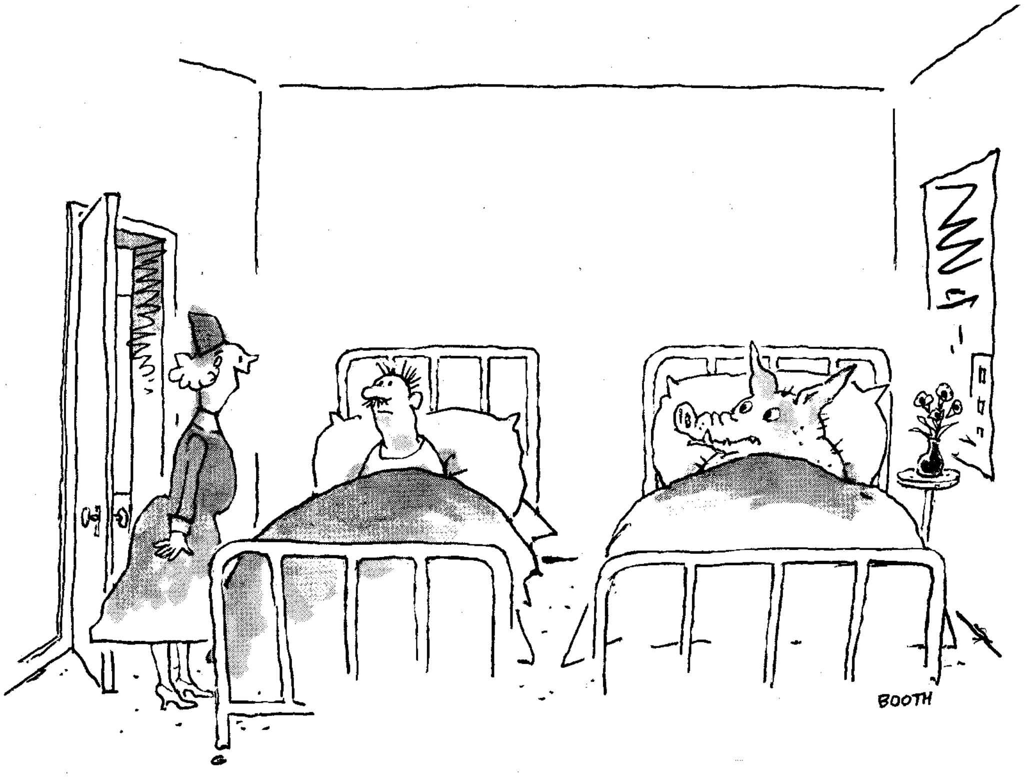
World's Largest Inventory
• China
• Crystal
• Flatware
• Collectibles
Discontinued & Active.
3,250,000 Pieces!
Over 65,000 Patterns!
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept. YO

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand
"Cats" Bracelet, 7 links,
14K Gold $595. Sterling $165. Visa/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759

LONDON FLATS
personally selected by
FARNUM & CHRIST
800-366-2048 • 423-652-2048

Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
Montego Bay, Jamaica
See your travel agent or call
800-626-0592 • 809-953-2211
Member ERI/Heinz E. W. Simonitsch, Dir.

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
Flotillas to Greece and New Zealand
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
800/342-9295



"Good news, Mr. Herndon. We worked out the budget, and we have a kidney."

seriously considering if they had the right director, and I brought up Marlon Brando," Coppola says. "I was told by one of the executives—I shouldn't say which one—'Francis, Marlon Brando will never appear in this picture, and I instruct you never to bring him up again.' At which point, I fainted onto the floor, as if to say, 'How can I deal with that type of statement?' My 'epileptic fit' was obviously a gag, and they got the point. Finally, they recanted and told me that I could consider Brando if I could meet three criteria: one was that he would do the film for 'nothing,' one was that he would personally post a bond to insure them against any of his shenanigans causing overage, and the third was that he would agree to a screen test. And I agreed, even though I didn't even *know* Brando." In an incident that has since entered Hollywood lore, Coppola shot Brando on video metamorphosing into Don Corleone with shoe polish in his hair and Kleenex in his mouth, and the deal was done.

For the Don's favorite son, Michael, Coppola favored a shrimpy New York actor named Al Pacino. "When I read 'The Godfather,' I saw Al in the part of Michael," Coppola recalls. "I remember when the shepherds are walking across Sicily I saw his face, and when that happens it's very hard to get out of your head. So right at the front I said 'Al Pacino'—and of course that was not viewed as a possibility." Pacino was primarily a New York stage actor, with only one major movie in the chute, the antidrug film "Panic in Needle Park." "So they had me do lots and lots of screen tests," Coppola says. "And I tested every talented American actor—Jimmy Caan tested for Michael, Dean Stockwell tested for Michael, Frederic Forrest, everybody." Coppola kept coming back to Pacino, and kept hearing the response that he was a "runt." Coppola now reasons, "I think Bob Evans was a handsome guy, a tall guy, so he tended to see Michael as someone more like himself. He was suggesting Ryan O'Neal or Bob Redford and I was suggesting Pacino. I wanted someone more like me." Pacino's then girlfriend, Jill Clayburgh, had taken to berating Coppola for stringing Al along: "I'd call up and ask 'Please, could Al come back one more time?' and she'd get on the phone crying, 'What are you doing to him? You're torturing him, you're never going to give him the part!' " According to Coppola, the matter was resolved when he was out of the country. He went to England to meet Brando, who was finishing "The Nightcomers"; upon his return, he learned that Pacino *would* play Michael, and James Caan, who was being pushed to play Michael, would play Sonny. "Apparently," Coppola says, "they'd seen a little footage of 'Panic in Needle Park.' And I think they also decided that if they weren't going to fire me, they at least would go along with some of my recommendations."

In the meantime, Pacino, assuming he would be rejected, had signed on with M-G-M for a role in "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight." Evans had to call on his close friend, the late lawyer Sidney Korshak, a high-level fixer with a notorious Chicago past and connections to the unions and big business, to wrest Pacino away from M-G-M. Korshak, in an ironic twist on the movie's subject, solved another critical problem when Coppola's demand that the film be shot in New York caused mobsters to shut the movie out of locations throughout the boroughs and Long Island. The production designer, Dean Tavoularis, recalls, "We looked high and low; somebody would follow us; we'd strike a deal for a location and suddenly it would unravel." Evans says that what finally opened up New York "like a World's Fair," complete with the help of "the garbagemen, the longshoremen, the teamsters" and security for the locations, was a call or two from Korshak. Evans says, "I was getting calls at the Sherry-Netherland like 'To kill the snake you cut off its head,' or 'If you want your son to live longer than two weeks, get out of town.' " Evans now states flatly, " 'The Godfather' would not have been made without Korshak. He saved Pacino, the locations, and, possibly, my son."

COPPOLA, Tavoularis, and the cinematographer Gordon Willis devised a shadowy look for the film which would profoundly influence period films for three decades to come, and would confound screening-room kibbitzers accustomed to ultra-bright Doris Day lighting. Coppola was searching for a classical style to fit his classical story.

Tavoularis testifies, "We went scene by scene, and determined that we'd have tableau shots, five or six men in a dark room or in front of Jack Dempsey's restaurant or in front of the hospital, straight-on shots where the actions unfold without the camera doing anything." Willis says that he intuited "something about a dirty yellow feel—it seemed organic for me," and he adds that much of his lighting scheme emerged "from wondering how the audience would first see Brando—how they'd respond to him made up in this fashion." He continues, "We used overhead lighting a lot to form the person behind that desk theatrically. The idea was that this was a character who didn't always let you see what he was thinking, so sometimes you'd see his eyes, sometimes not. As the rushes went back to the studio, the legend became 'You never see Brando's eyes, your camera is always focussed on the dark.' But if you look at the movie it's very well structured visually. You have to remember that when the first 'Godfather' was done, screens were generally so blitzed with light that you could see into every corner of every toilet and closet on the set. When the studio people saw what we were doing, their reaction was 'What happened?' I got a lot of criticism because of the juxtaposition of bright, Kodachromey stuff for the wedding with the dark office where sinister things were happening. But in my mind and Francis's the contrast between the happiness in the background and this thing inside was quite clear. We had two rhythms going all the time, and it was not a mistake. But nobody got it in Hollywood. Whatever the studio people tell you now, they weren't coöperative."

For the first three weeks of shooting, Coppola was actively concerned about being replaced. Not only were the images too murky to please the executives; they also thought Brando was incomprehensible. Even Peter Bart, Coppola's biggest supporter in the executive suite, admits that he felt as if he'd worn sunglasses to dailies.

Bart divulged to me that he descended to subterfuge to help save Coppola. "There was a movement to substitute Elia Kazan," he explains. "At a pivotal meeting in Bob Evans' office, I brought in a prominent Hollywood figure; he asserted that he had talked to Kazan and found him to be senile, and was sufficiently persuasive that the idea of hiring him was thrown out. I'm not proud of this—I knew Gadge was not senile—but at every studio there comes a crunch time when you have to be devious." (Coppola says that when he and Kazan met, Kazan told him he'd never wanted to do the film.)

Coppola's first editor, Aram Avakian, is said to have put out the word that the footage was garbage. Gray Frederickson, the line producer, told me that Avakian, who had only one solo directing credit ("End of the Road"), was trying to stage a putsch. Frederickson says that Ruddy and Jack Ballard, the production man whom Paramount had sent to New York, even screened Avakian's movie to see if he was a capable director who could possibly take over. Coppola had Avakian fired, but his queasiness never went away. Frederickson recalls Coppola's quipping that the two of them should form W.U. Productions, for "Washed Up."

As for Willis, he and Coppola found it hard to reconcile their temperaments. "I like to lay a thing out and make it work, with discipline," Willis says. "Francis's attitude is more like, 'I'll set my clothes on fire—if I can make it to the other side of the room it'll be spectacular.' " Willis's camera operator, Michael Chapman, soon to become a renowned cinematographer ("Taxi Driver," "Raging Bull"), attests to "marvellous operatic fights" between Coppola and Willis. At one point, Willis walked off the set, and Coppola called for "Chappie" to shoot for him, but Chapman, rather than get between his two higher-ups, ran into a stall in the ratty old bathroom at the Filmways studio and lowered his pants, so that any emissary of Coppola's would have to be really motivated to get him. (Coppola, blowing off steam, reportedly pulverized his own office door.)

If the director was tense, the cast was often loose. Stories of Caan, Duvall, and Brando's competitive jokes abounded during and after shooting; Caan admits to having been shocked when Duvall and Brando mooned the assembled extras for the wedding scene. Caan says that Coppola cemented his working relationship with Brando by being straightforward: "With Brando, all Francis did was talk to him. Everyone wants to conquer Brando—Francis just talked to him."

Coppola does take credit for instilling family feeling in the cast, "through a lot

AUDIO BOOKS
• Rentals by mail
• All Unabridged
• Huge Selection
• 100% Guarantee
BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
Dept. NY • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland OR 97520
For a FREE Catalogue, Write or Call:
1-800-729-2665

Just one or two weeks can make a difference.
Join an Earthwatch expedition to study timber wolves in Minnesota, save rainforests in Mexico, build solar ovens in Kenya... 150 leading scientists need your help now on 1-2 week research projects in fields from archaeology to ornithology. Expeditions in national parks and worldwide! Tax-deductible contributions support the research and cover food and lodging expenses. No experience necessary.
1.800.776.0188
www.earthwatch.org or email info@earthwatch.org
EARTHWATCH
any

Garden Furnishings & Arbors
Free shipment from stock
80 page colour catalogue $3.00
Country Casual
1-301-540-0040
17317 Germantown Rd. Ste. 1927 Germantown, MD 20874

JUMP START YOUR SENSES
HIKING & WALKING HOLIDAYS
ACCOMMODATING ALL AGES AND ABILITIES
CMH HELI-HIKING
TOLL FREE 1-800-661-0252

Factory Direct • Handcrafted • Elegant
WOOL CAPES
Pure wool. 3 styles. 6 colors. People love the warmth - and the romance - of our capes.
Brochure and Free swatches.
1-800-788-9842 or write:
Casco Bay Fine Woolens, 34 Danforth St.
Box 25NY, Portland, Maine 04101

GRANDTRAVEL
Vacations for Grandparents and Grandchildren
Fun-filled, Fully Escorted Itineraries
The Continental USA • Alaska • Hawaiian Islands
France • England & Scotland • Ireland • Italy
Holland & Belgium • Spain • Fairytale Europe
London & Paris • Kenya Safari • Australia
Call 800-247-7651 for brochure.
GRANDTRAVEL • 6900 Wisconsin Avenue, Chevy Chase, MD 20815

of early rehearsals and improvisations over meals and stuff." But Caan says that this kind of gentle manipulation extended throughout the movie. For example, to nudge Caan into brotherly feeling for Connie, Coppola would make him feel protective toward Shire: "Francis would tell me, 'Someone's bothering Talia,' and it wouldn't have anything to do with the movie, but I'd take care of it. The s.o.b. must have done it on purpose."

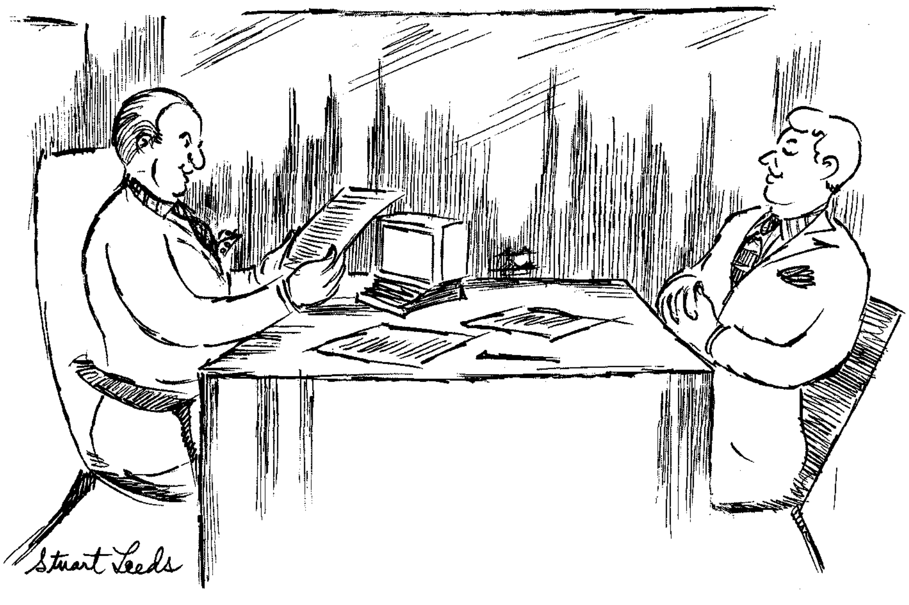
Still, Coppola says, "I don't take a lot of pleasure in anything to do with 'The Godfather.' I love the cast, and I think the film definitely brought out something, but it was a terrible period in my life. I had two little kids and a third on the way, I was living in this borrowed apartment, and at one point my editor told me that nothing was any good. It was a total collapse of self-confidence on my part; it was just an awful experience. I'm nauseated to think about it."

Didn't Coppola expect that his unconventionality would upset the studio, that it would take the executives time to see what he was doing? "No, because I was just following my nose. I really saw it as an Italian family, and I knew that if I had one asset it was to do things—textures, what have you—that would be like my own family and not like so-called movie Italians. But I thought the movie was a disaster, because everyone was saying it was." Did Coppola realize that lines like "It's not personal . . . it's strictly business" would seep into the culture? "No. I was so frightened and depressed that I just wanted to get through the night and day. I was in so much trouble the first week—they were seeing dailies and didn't like them. To this day, even Peter Bart says, 'Well, the first stuff . . .' But the first stuff was probably the best stuff in the picture. The scene in the restaurant where Michael kills Sollozzo—that was the Tuesday and Wednesday of the first week. So they didn't *see* it. Really, almost nothing in the picture was reshot, if the truth be known, but they weren't saying, 'Gee, good work.' I was being told I was going to be fired up until the end of the third week." Didn't he know that in adapting the book he had transformed it? Consider, for example, how much more nuanced he made the character of Fredo. "Well, a lot of that came from the actor, John Cazale, who was a very magical person. Where the process gets at its best, where it's relaxed and fun, where every single moment becomes an opportunity, you don't even remember who thought of anything."

COPPOLA says that the first person to offer him any encouragement was the screenwriter (later to become writer-director) Robert Towne. Towne had known Coppola from their days of making quickies for Roger Corman, and had since become Hollywood's premier script doctor. (He received a "special consultant" credit on "Bonnie and Clyde.") He remembers that he flew to New York to write a crucial summation scene for Don Vito and Michael, and that Coppola screened roughly an hour's worth of material for him beforehand. "I told him it was amazing," Towne says, "and he looked deeply distressed, as if he'd hired someone to help him write a scene and instead he'd got someone on an acid trip. I had already heard from people at Paramount that the picture was not going well; only Fred Roos said, in his quiet, understated way, that 'it's going to be good.' It always is a surprise when footage is so beautiful. I'd never seen footage with that kind of texture related to any so-called gangster movie; Francis had brought so much of himself and of life to it. The wedding! I thought, Jesus, what are people complaining about? But wasn't it Mark Twain who said, 'Thank God for fools, without them none of us would succeed'?"

Towne stayed up all night to write the father-and-son scene. He recalls, "Francis picked me up around six-thirty in the morning, so nervous—he had a little baby with him—and we drove out to Staten Island in a station wagon. We drove for forty-five minutes without saying a word. Then Francis said, without turning around, 'Any luck?' I told him I thought so: I had a clipboard with the scene on it, and showed it to him. 'Yeah, that's good,' he said. 'Let's show it to the actors.' We showed it to Al; he liked it a lot. Then Francis said, '*You* show it to Marlon.' Marlon was in makeup, having his cheeks put in. And Marlon made me read him the scene, both parts. It was extremely intimidating and infuriating. Read Marlon's dialogue to him? I made up my mind immediately to read it as badly as possible, as flatly, to *not* try to act it. There was a long pause, and Marlon said, 'Read it again.' And afterward he said, 'That's not bad. I want you to tell me something. Why doesn't he say anything about Fredo?' 'Because he can't figure out what to say about him at that moment.' 'O.K.' He went through every phrase and comma in the speech. Then he said, 'Would you mind coming on the set?' Francis was naturally relieved. He had no idea what we had been doing."

Besides Towne, Coppola's biggest non-Zoetrope supporters were probably the film editors who replaced the fired Avakian—William Reynolds and Peter Zinner. Respected Hollywood veterans, they went to New York and cut film as it came in. After shooting stopped, they flew to San Francisco, where each would polish half of the movie. Zinner says, "Reynolds and I flipped a coin, and he won—he got to do the first part." Why did that make him the winner? "Because the wedding was stupendous." Indeed,



"Your résumé states that while you were C.E.O. no one got busted."

Reynolds considered the opening sequence, which intercuts Connie Corleone Rizzi's marriage party with the Don granting favors in his office, one of the sublime challenges of his career. "Francis knew he had to stage a real Italian wedding," Reynolds explains, "and he did it superbly, but there wasn't any plan as far as the script was concerned about going back and forth. We did it; *I* did it."

Zinner, too, made a signal contribution. In a climactic sequence, Coppola had the stroke of genius (confirmed by Puzo) to intercut Michael's serving as godfather at the christening of Connie's baby with his minions' savagely executing the Corleone family's enemies. But, Zinner says, Coppola left him with thousands of feet of the baptism, shot from four or five angles as the priest delivered his litany, and relatively few shots of the assassins doing their dirty work. Zinner's solution was to run the litany in its entirety on the soundtrack along with escalating organ music, allowing different angles of the service to dominate the first minutes, and then to build to an audio-visual crescendo with the wave of killings, the blaring organ, the priest asking Michael if he renounces Satan and all his works—and Michael's response that he does renounce them. The effect sealed the movie's inspired depiction of the Corleones' simultaneous, duelling rituals—the sacraments of church and family, and the murders in the street.

THE happiest moments for Coppola came during the untroubled location shoot in Sicily and the postproduction time he spent in San Francisco. He applied an S.F. trademark to this L.A.-studio production: the inventive use of music and sound, and sometimes sound *as* music—for example, when the roar of an elevated train mirrors the turmoil in Michael's heart and mind as he's about to commit a double murder. (Coppola regards San Francisco's preëminence in movie sound as a Zoetrope legacy; the company had its own state-of-the-art sound equipment.) But this tranquillity didn't last. Coppola and his collaborators found that the picture ran comfortably at roughly three hours. (The final movie runs two hours and fifty-one minutes.) What came next is the "Rashomon" of postproduction stories. Both Coppola and Evans say they fought for a long version of the film—but they often fought at cross-purposes. Reynolds states the nearest thing to a consensus version of what happened: "Francis didn't have all the muscle that he has now. He said Paramount would never accept it at that length. We did some drastic editing. So we took it down and showed it to Bob Evans when it was probably a little over two hours. Once the screening was over, Bob said, 'Yeah, it's good, but I remember a lot of wonderful material that wasn't in the film.' And Francis said, 'I thought you and Paramount would never accept a film of excessive length,' and Bob said, 'I don't care how long this picture is, put that material back in.' I've often told this story as a bold stroke on Bob's part. And I was there. Bob *was* Paramount at that point, and he said, 'Put it back.' He had a sense of the scope of the picture and how good it was." Zinner, Bart, and Ruddy by and large concur. Bart says, "This was a unique case where the studio production chief said, one, make it longer, and, two, the studio will give up a prime Christmas opening date—and he told the distribution arm as much. Today, marketing and distribution control the process. And Bob was a young studio head. For him to go up against the president of the company took serious testosterone."

The way Coppola sees it, Evans simply wanted to bring the film back to L.A. In his view, the issue behind the editing of "The Godfather" wasn't length but location: "I don't think they wanted me to be cutting the film in San Francisco, but I had my own little facility. And Bob Evans had told me that if the film was any longer than two hours and fifteen minutes he was going to yank it and we'd cut it in L.A." Coppola's solution, he says, was to lift "a lot of non-plot-plot-plot parts," pulling out twenty-five minutes "of stuff I loved" in order to keep it in San Francisco: "I figured, 'I'll show it to them, and little by little I'll get it back in.' But Bob Evans said, 'Well, you pulled out the best parts of the film. We'll bring it to L.A.' They brought it to L.A., Evans ordered me to put it all back, which I happily did, and then he said 'See!' " To Coppola, this meant that Evans wanted the movie back in L.A. at any length. No one I spoke to, including

The SAN FRANCISCO
Lover's Hotel!
The Andrews Hotel
Named one of S.F's Top Ten for value in the NY Times
- 2 blocks to Union Square 5 to the Financial District
- Continental breakfast and wine hour
- Intimate Italian restaurant and full bar
- Special business extras
$89 SPECIAL!
Call for a complimentary brochure
1-800-926-3739
624 Post Street San Francisco 94109

ANTIQUE-FILLED CHARM
Visit a friendly and elegant antique-filled Inn in a famous New England village. Charming rooms and suites. Skiing and the new Norman Rockwell Museum nearby. Write for brochure or phone for reservations, 413-298-5545.
THE RED LION INN
Food & Lodging Since 1773
Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262

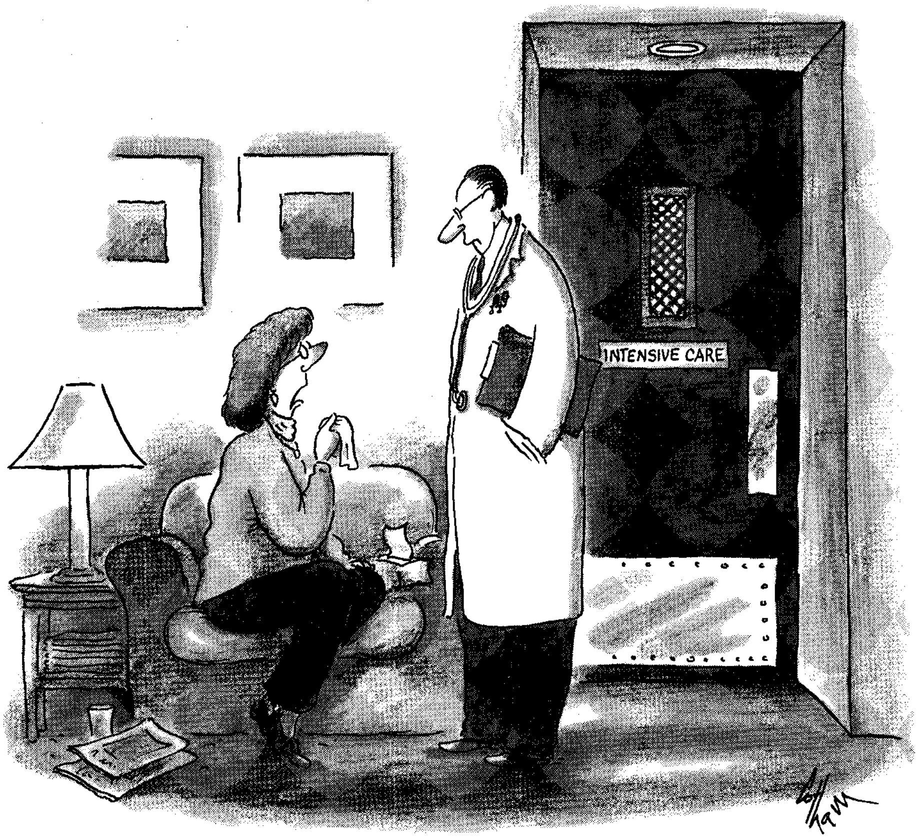
508·693·7711
MARTHA'S VINEYARD
VACATION RENTALS

LONDON FLATS
Short Term – Privately owned
COTSWOLD COTTAGES
THE LONDON CONNECTION
MR. THOMAS MOORE III
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
INTERNET: http://www.londonconn.com

PROVENCE • BASQUE PYRENEES • TUSCANY • BELIZE
GREECE • TURKEY
TAKE A CLASSIC JOURNEY
Easy-going walking, cultural and natural history tours:
• expert local guides • small groups
• historic and charming inns
For a free color catalog call Classic Journeys:
1-800-200-3887
ITALY'S AMALFI COAST
BOHEMIA • SWISS ALPS • ITALIAN LAKES • COSTA RICA

TACONNET ON GREAT POND
Belgrade Lakes, Maine
Family "Camping" Since 1881
Comfortable Shorefront Cottages. Central Dining Room & Lodge. Tennis on 3 Har-Tru Courts. Swimming, Boating, Fishing. A special family place. Send for Particulars.
WINTER:
Box 956, Henniker, NH 03242
1 (800) 588-7024
SUMMER:
Box HC 75, Belgrade Lakes, ME 04918
(207) 397-2351

CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE PROGRAMME
Programmes at Queens' College,
Cambridge, England
Teens 14-19 July 20 - Aug. 9
Adults July 27 - Aug. 3
Brochures U.S. Office:
1-800-922-3552; Fax: 312-988-7268



"Will he ever be able to produce revenue again?"

Bart, believes that Coppola resisted the idea of a longer cut—no one except Evans, who says he fired Coppola four times during postproduction, and insists that only his threats brought Coppola back to the editing table. (In his memoir, Evans treats Coppola's takeover of their nightmarish production, "The Cotton Club," as revenge for Evans's hands-on association with "The Godfather"—a historical interpretation that can cut both ways.)

From Coppola's perspective, "at the bottom of things, there were two creative people who had a different point of view." There were fights over the kind of music and the amount; Coppola and his supporters at Zoetrope believe that Evans wanted to remove Nino Rota's lyrical Italianate score, while Evans says he simply wanted recognizably American music to dominate the sequences in Hollywood and Las Vegas. When Charles Bluhdorn, the chairman of Paramount's parent company, Gulf & Western, asked Coppola to do the sequel, Coppola was so sick of the jousting that he suggested Martin Scorsese instead, relenting only after Bluhdorn guaranteed that he wouldn't have to work with Evans. Yet Bob Towne, who wrote "Chinatown" for Evans before falling out with him in 1985 (over its sequel, "The Two Jakes"), witnessed some of the back-and-forth between Coppola and Evans, and found Evans "more sensitive editorially than I would ever have suspected." In the end, Towne says, "you can't gainsay what happened in the work process," and the finished movie had clearly laid the groundwork for an even braver sequel: "In the seventies, when we felt families were disintegrating, and our national family, led by the family in the White House, was full of backstabbing, here was this role model of a family who stuck together, who'd die for one another. The real appeal of the movie was showing family ties in a setting of power. It was really kind of reactionary in that sense—a perverse expression of a desirable and lost cultural tradition, filling people with longing for a family like that, a father who not only knew what was best but, if a guy was giving you a hard time, could have someone kill him." Towne continues, "I think Francis sensed that in some way the movie elicited this reaction, and I think 'Godfather II' was a self-conscious attempt to show the devolution, the tearing apart of the family, by the very things people thought in the first film held it together. One of the most chilling, heartrending sequences in movies is Bobby De Niro as the young Vito Corleone killing the local Mafia guy, committing this horrifying slaughter, and then holding his son in his arms and saying, 'Michael, your father loves you very much'; at the very instant in his life when he moves to save the lives of his children, he damns himself and, as we'll see, them."

COPPOLA says he didn't get a chance to savor his achievement. When he went to an exhibitors' screening, he heard "Red Somebody, the 'dean' of exhibitors" say, "Well, it's no 'Love Story.'" ("Love Story," of course, had been a victory for Evans as a production head.) And by the time the film was out he was once again chained to his typewriter for a cursed adaptation—this time Evans had wooed him into scripting "The Great Gatsby."

But Coppola's peers saw that "The Godfather" was what Fitzgerald would have called his "golden moment." Milius says, "I cannot extoll the virtues of Francis in those days enough. A lot of the American Zoetrope people, people who are happy to sell out to George"—Lucas—"felt that in choosing to do 'The Godfather' Francis had sold them out, when he did it to keep people afloat, and he did keep people afloat. And when it all gets said and done, he *is* the best director of our generation."

Working on someone else's epic story had given Coppola new lucidity as a writer; working on a big studio project had given him new expressiveness as a director. Against his better instincts, he had become a better artist.

Coppola isn't able to see it that way. By all accounts (not just his own), he was miserable during the shooting of the film. His way of acknowledging its success is to credit the cast, along with his luck at getting handed a story "that a lot of people obviously responded to as a book," to which he could apply "some family stuff in my own life that was the glue, that was unusual, that hadn't been done so much in a believable way in the past." Coppola remembers visiting Las Vegas with Puzo when "some thuglike guy came over and said to me, 'Just remember, he made you, you didn't make him!' I said, 'Fine.'" ♦

INDULGE YOURSELF!

Gourmet
THE MAGAZINE OF GOOD LIVING

Tiramisù Ice-Cream Cake with Mocha Fudge Sauce: a luscious Italian-style dessert from the pages of GOURMET.

AT ONLY $1 AN ISSUE.

Small indulgences like this delicious dessert bring joy to life. And nobody offers as many of them to you as GOURMET.

From Black Forest Cheesecake...to Herb-Marinated Butterflied Leg of Lamb. From an undiscovered West Indian hideaway with a sensational beach...to the best pubs in London. From a Hong Kong shop that offers reasonably priced red lizard loafers...to a New York City shop that offers real Tiffany lamps.

Each month, GOURMET brings you a fresh bouquet of life's most delightful indulgences...

Glorious foods (re-create such mouthwatering indulgences as Thai-Style Steak and bittersweet Chocolate and White Chocolate Pecan Mousse Swirl)...great dining out (discover splendid new restaurants like New York City's Fresco)...terrific dinner parties (get the inventive menu for a five-course, two-wine Mediterranean Dinner)...tempting travel (tour the Pacific Northwest or fish Mexico's Baja)...and shopping adventures (find out where to buy real English lace in Boston, striking Mennonite quilts in Pennsylvania).

So much to enjoy! And for so little! Only $12, plus $3 postage and handling, for a 12-issue year of GOURMET—58% off the cover price. And your satisfaction is guaranteed.

Indulge in GOURMET. No one deserves it more than you.

Simply mail the accompanying postage-paid reply card today. (Or if card is missing, please write to...GOURMET, P.O. Box 51422, Boulder, CO 80322-1422.)

Gourmet
It's everything you love in life.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

UNARMED WARRIORS

There seem to be plenty of organizations defending human rights. They are founded in the belief that war is bad. Only the Red Cross believes that war is neither good nor bad—it's just there. Why, suddenly, are so many of its delegates being killed?

BY MICHAEL IGNATIEFF

I—A WARRIOR'S HONOR

On June 24, 1859, a wealthy Genevan named Jean-Henri Dunant, travelling in Northern Italy, watched from the heights around Castiglione while the armies of Emperor Napoleon III of France and Emperor Franz Josef of Austria fought each other in the vineyards and ravines of Solferino. All day, Dunant listened as the convulsive sounds of battle rose through clouds of dust and cannon smoke. At dusk, the Emperor of Austria abandoned the field, and his troops streamed away in defeat. Stendhal, in "The Charterhouse of Parma," had described the confusion of battle at Waterloo; Tolstoy, in his "Sevastopol Stories," had described the camaraderie of the Russian redoubts of the Crimean War. But there is no more unsparing account than Dunant's "A Memory of Solferino" of what a battlefield looks like after a battle: the earth black with congealed blood and littered with abandoned guns, packs, and tunics; everywhere severed body parts, splintered bone fragments, cartridge boxes; riderless horses nosing about among the corpses; faces twisted in the convulsions of death; wounded men crawling toward pools of bloody mud to slake their thirst; and avid Lombard peasants scurrying from corpse to corpse, to rip the boots from the feet of the dead.

Entering Castiglione, Dunant found several thousand wounded soldiers of both empires dying side by side in straw that had been spread throughout the village. Sending for medical dressings and other essential supplies, and enlisting village women, he set about tending the wounded, aided by a pair of English gentlemen tourists. He passed out cigars in the belief that the whiff of a good Havana would allay the stench of putrefying wounds. There was little but water to clean the wounds and some lint for field dressings. Ten hours of battle had claimed six thousand lives; in the months that followed, thousands more of the soldiers were to die from their injuries.

Dunant had no medical training, and it is doubtful whether he saved a single life. But when his "Memory" was published, in 1862, with its descriptions of the Castiglione nurses who said of their dying patients, "*Tutti fratelli*" ("They are all brothers"), the man in the bloodstained linen suit became a moral celebrity. He toured the capitals of Europe using his fame to gather support for a new project—an international convention, which would allow for first-aid societies to care for the wounded in wartime. Dunant's ideal—of an impartial corps of civilian volunteers, unattached to the armed forces of any country—though it was criticized (Florence Nightingale, for one, believed that each country's army should remain responsible for its wounded), managed to prevail. A five-man committee of Genevan notables—the nucleus of what was to become the International Committee of the Red Cross, or the I.C.R.C.—was formed in February of 1863 to propagate Dunant's ideas.

In August of 1864, the Swiss government hosted a meeting in Geneva of representatives from sixteen countries, including the United States, to agree on improvements in medical services on the battlefield. During the meeting, one man suggested that medical workers wear a white armband; another proposed adding a red cross—as a tribute to the Swiss flag, with its white cross on a red background. Three weeks later, twelve of the representatives signed what became known as the Geneva Convention. The convention, the first of its kind, agreed to "neutralize" hospitals, ambulances, and medical staff, and it established the principle that enemy soldiers deserved the same medical treatment as troops of one's own nation. It did not fix any penalties for noncompliance, and it had no mechanism for enforcement, but it set a standard that combatants had to meet if they wished to be thought "civilized," and for Dunant that was enough. Even in Dunant's time, the idea of "civilizing" warfare seemed a paradoxical—even a perverse—notion. War was becoming both more savage and more visible. The American Civil War, which was being fought to a bloody conclusion as the Geneva Convention was being signed, was anything but civilized; any civilian harboring illusions about the glories of war had only to view photographic images of the dead of Gettysburg, their pockets turned out by thieves, their feet bloated with putrefaction.

Dunant's encounter with the Solferino battlefield did not seem to have turned him into a pacifist. Part of the appeal of his "Memory" lay in a hardheaded acceptance on his part of the inevitability of war, coupled with his admiring endorsement of the heroism of warrior culture—in, for example, a story he told of a French colonel who rallied his faltering troops at Solferino by seizing the regimental standard and crying, "Every man who loves this flag, follow me!" But Dunant also seems to have recognized that he was living between two ages: the age of chivalry and the new one of the machine gun—an "age when we hear so much of progress and civilization," he wrote, and yet one in which war could not be avoided. "Is it not a matter of urgency to prevent or at least to alleviate the horror of war?" he asked.

In August of 1870, when Bismarck's

A type of war that Europe thought it had banished: Muslim refugees in Serb-controlled Croatia (opposite), 1994.

NOEL QUIDA/GAMMA LIAISON

Prussia invaded France, the Geneva Convention faced its first test in battle. The International Committee brought to the French government's attention that few of the French soldiers appeared to know about the convention and few of their military nurses had been provided with the Red Cross armband. That fall, the committee intervened when the Prussians refused to hand over convalescent French soldiers, as the convention provided, because the French couldn't guarantee that they would not return to the front. Dunant proposed that Paris be declared a "safe haven," to protect its civilians from attack; his proposal was ignored. Paris came under siege, and the new Red Cross emblem flying above its hospitals was fired upon. By then, Dunant was in financial difficulties, and, when an Algerian business failed, he felt obliged to give up his post as secretary to the International Committee. He withdrew to a small town on the shore of Lake Constance. "I had learned what poverty meant for others," he wrote, "but now it has overtaken me." For twenty-three years, he lived in obscurity until he was rediscovered by an inquisitive journalist; in 1901, he was awarded the first Nobel Peace Prize. He gave the prize money away and died—irrepressibly hopeful to the last—at the age of eighty-two, in 1910.

By the time of Dunant's death, most countries had established national Red Cross societies. (In Muslim countries, these societies were, and still are, known as the Red Crescent.) In the field of international law, the campaign to civilize war had spread a canopy of new conventions over the battlefield. As early as 1868, the Declaration of St. Petersburg banned "explosive" and "inflammable" projectiles and declared that "the only legitimate object which States should endeavor to accomplish during war is to weaken the military forces of the enemy." The Hague Convention of 1907, and the revision of the Geneva Convention in 1906, codified the law of war on land and sea, and laid down ground rules for the treatment of prisoners of war. The rule, for example, that prisoners under interrogation are required to reveal only their name, rank, and serial number dates to these conventions. While Europe furiously rearmed, it simultaneously sought to make war submit, in the words of one Hague Convention clause, to "the laws of humanity and the dictates of the public conscience." On the eve of the First World War, Dunant's ideal of a humane war was enshrined in the common sense of the age.

A few critics registered dissent. The Prussian military theorist Carl von Clausewitz had dismissed the idea that war could be civilized by an international convention. "War is an act of force," he wrote, "to compel our enemy to do our will. . . . Attached to force are certain self-imposed, imperceptible limitations hardly worth mentioning, known as international law and custom, but they scarcely weaken it." Dunant himself never believed in the authority of an international convention alone. Without ever arguing the point, he took for granted that such conventions drew upon a deeper moral source—the codes of a warrior's honor. While these codes vary from culture to culture, they seem to exist in all cultures, and their common features are among the oldest artifacts of human morality. Wherever the art of war was practiced, warriors distinguished between combatants and noncombatants, legitimate and illegitimate targets, moral and immoral weaponry, civilized and barbarous usage in the treatment of prisoners and of the wounded. Such codes may seem to have been honored as often in the breach as in the observance, but without them war is not war—it is no more than slaughter. The Geneva Convention codified European warriors' honor, but law's dominion over war has always been uncertain. The decisive restraint on inhuman practice on the battlefield lies within the warrior himself, in his conception of what is honorable and dishonorable for a man to do with weapons. In the words of the British military historian John Keegan, "There is no substitute for honor as a medium of enforcing decency on the battlefield, never has been and never will be. There are no judges, more to the point, no policemen at the place where death is done in combat."

Gahan Wilson

"Oh, for God's sake, smell the poor thing."

SOLFERINO was a one-day tournament between armies. At Verdun and at the Somme, war became a massed confrontation between societies. And while Dunant's ideals might well have died in Flanders's fields—along with so many other nineteenth-century notions of moral progress—the surprising fact is that the First World War itself was the making of the modern Red Cross movement. National Red Cross societies on both sides of the conflict enlisted women—everyone from the Czarina of Russia to the housewife—into the war effort. Throughout the war, they rolled bandages, prepared food parcels for prisoners, managed hospitals, and nursed the sick. The International Committee of the Red Cross capitalized on Swiss neutrality to make itself an essential go-between on humanitarian questions. Its duties were expanded to care not only for wounded members of the armed forces but also for civilian victims. It sent teams of delegates to visit thousands of prisoners of war on both sides of the front lines. Its headquarters, in Geneva, became the clearing house for the millions of cards, letters, and parcels that families sent to their sons in confinement, and its Central Tracing Agency handled millions of requests to locate missing soldiers. Even though international law had not given the agency any explicit mandate to do so, it also passed messages between civilian noncombatants and helped families separated by war become reunited. Total war proved that a neutral organization had its uses.

To this day, neutrality remains the core of the International Committee of the Red Cross's moral politics. But the doctrine of neutrality has become steadily more controversial as the new politics of human rights has entered the field. In 1948, the United Nations adopted the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which said, in the ringing tones of its first article, "All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood." Whatever "brotherhood" may mean, it cannot include making war. The modern human-rights tradition sees war as a moral violation, and, between the warmaker and his victim, human-rights activists cannot remain neutral.

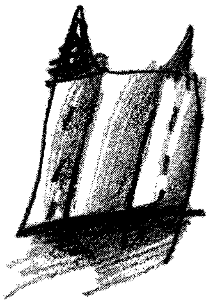
HAZING
IN THE VIENNA PHILHARMONIC
First, "somebody" coated Anna L.'s harp strings with Vaseline.
Was ist das?
Shortly thereafter, "a person" stuck a piece of Sacher torte in Olga N.'s oboe.
Lena S. was surprised to discover that "an individual" had welded a tiny wheel to the bottom of her cello.
And, just last week, "it could have been anyone" replaced all of Sophie T.'s sheet music with works of Andrew Lloyd Webber.
Gott im Himmel!
CATS
THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
EVITA
R. Chast

In 1949, the I.C.R.C. updated its charter, establishing four separate treaties, known as the Geneva Conventions. The conventions make no ringing claims about human brotherhood. Instead, they accept war as a normal anthropological ritual—the only way that certain human disputes can be resolved. They seek only to ensure that warriors conform to certain basic principles of humanity, the chief principle being to spare civilians and medical personnel. These two traditions—human rights and the laws of war—inspire humanitarian activists in all the world's danger zones, *but they are in fact two different practical moralities.*

Most Americans may know the Red Cross only for its blood banks and for Elizabeth Dole. The American Red Cross is one of a hundred and seventy national societies, which deal mainly with their nations' domestic emergencies. It is the International Committee of the Red Cross that makes war—and the taming of war—its core business. Its headquarters, on a hillside overlooking Geneva, could easily be taken for a health spa or the head office of a drug company, were it not for the numbers of lean, intent young men and women in shirtsleeves and jeans urgently shuttling between buildings. The committee, composed mainly of Swiss lawyers, bankers, and diplomats, is presided over by Cornelio Sommaruga, a voluble but wily Italo-Swiss lawyer. When I went to see Sommaruga last summer to ask him why an international organization should be run by a Swiss committee, he turned my question on its head: only an executive composed of a single nationality—in this case, the Swiss—could be free of the paralysis that often afflicts multinational organizations, like the United Nations. These Swiss notables run what their rivals reluctantly concede is the most widely admired relief organization in the world. The I.C.R.C. employs about nine hundred expatriate field workers (its "delegates") and seven thousand local staff and national-society members on an annual budget of six hundred and twenty million dollars. The organization is involved in as many as eighty countries, and works across the front lines of every armed conflict in the world, whether the media are there, as in Afghanistan, or are not, as in Sri Lanka or East Timor.

Although the national Red Cross societies depend mainly on private donations, the I.C.R.C. gets most of its money directly from governments. The Swiss government is the third-largest contributor, the European Union the second largest. The biggest government donor is, surprisingly, the United States, which in 1995 contributed around a hundred and seventy million dollars. The size of the American contribution—from a country that owes the United Nations a billion six hundred million dollars and whose politicians seem regularly to revile international organizations—is a testimony to the I.C.R.C.'s legitimacy in Washington. In the Gulf

War, the I.C.R.C. won General H. Norman Schwarzkopf's grudging respect for its supervision of prisoner exchanges and hostage releases; and when the organization takes positions that irritate the Americans—as it did when it insisted that General Manuel Noriega, of Panama, be allowed to receive visits in his Florida jail as a bona-fide prisoner of war—it does so with characteristic discretion. Its hard-headed neutrality makes it a useful intermediary in tense and potentially violent political standoffs. In the siege of the Japanese Embassy residence in Lima, Peru, the I.C.R.C. has steadily shuttled between the government and the guerrillas. It has refused to take a direct role as a negotiator but has helped to keep both sides talking, and has meanwhile been ferrying everything from heart medicines to fresh panty hose, to guerrillas and hostages alike.



The organization's attitude toward war is very Swiss. Despite almost two hundred years of peace and neutrality, Switzerland is not a pacifist culture. Its official doctrine is armed neutrality. Every Swiss receives some form of military training; hence many I.C.R.C. delegates know how to clean and assemble the weapons that are so often waved in their faces at checkpoints. It is not an accident that one of its most heroic delegates, Dr. Marcel Junod, who saw action as a humanitarian relief worker from the 1935-36 Abyssinian war to Hiroshima, entitled his memoirs "Warrior Without Weapons." There is a curious parallel between the I.C.R.C. culture and the military culture it shadows and tries to control. The I.C.R.C., like an army, respects discipline, order, and honor. It works best when it is face to face with warriors.

Until 1991, the organization's field staff was closed to non-Swiss, on the ground that delegates of non-Swiss nationality might compromise its reputation for impartiality and neutrality. But in the past six years it has been recruiting other nationalities, has added English to French as its chief working languages, and is widening the distance between itself and its Swiss anchorage. Until ten years ago, the I.C.R.C. shut out the press. It used to pride itself, like the Swiss banks, on discretion and privacy. But, like the Swiss banks, it discovered that these virtues frequently arouse suspicion. Now it has press officers in most major delegations.

In the I.C.R.C. training course at Cartigny, outside Geneva, new delegates are taught how to drive through minefields, how to talk their way through checkpoints, and how to escape from their vehicles if they come under rocket attack. They are subjected to a mock hijacking, complete with masked men and with what trainees say is a realistic barrage of verbal and physical intimidation. They are told never to carry weapons in their vehicles or to allow fighters of any description to travel in them. And it is made clear to them that they depend for their security on the impalpable and uncertain moral authority of the Red Cross emblem and on their studiously maintained impartiality.

The I.C.R.C. delegates probably know more about modern war than any other group of people on earth, including most generals. Other humanitarian organizations often relocate their personnel when the shooting gets bad. The I.C.R.C. makes a point of remaining. Its delegates have seen modern war at its most primitive: in Rwanda, they watched through the windows of their vehicles while Interahamwe gangs roamed the streets of Kigali hacking civilians to death with machetes. They have also seen war at its most high-tech: Swiss delegates who remained in Baghdad in January, 1991, witnessed the awesome son et lumière of the Cruise and Tomahawk missiles.

Despite the risks, or perhaps because of them, the I.C.R.C. always has more applications from volunteers than it can accept. I have encountered, among those who have managed to become delegates, young graduates with degrees in international relations seeking a year or two of adventure before joining banks; ex-hippies with a longing to travel; former taxi-drivers; a former drug dealer; doctors and nurses tired of the safe ways of Swiss clinics. All came in search of one of the most elusive things in the world—the intangible satisfaction of doing something worthwhile. In addition to preparing a "letter of motivation," a prospective delegate is put through a tough interview. One told me that the first question he was asked was "So what are you here to escape?" Sometimes it is a failed marriage, the claustrophobic security of Swiss life, or the featureless grind of a modern career. Most delegates start with illusions of changing the world, but eventually all of them recognize that they never will: some burn out, and others continue, recompensed by the rewards of small deeds—reuniting members of a family separated by war, locating a prisoner thought to have been killed or to be missing in action.

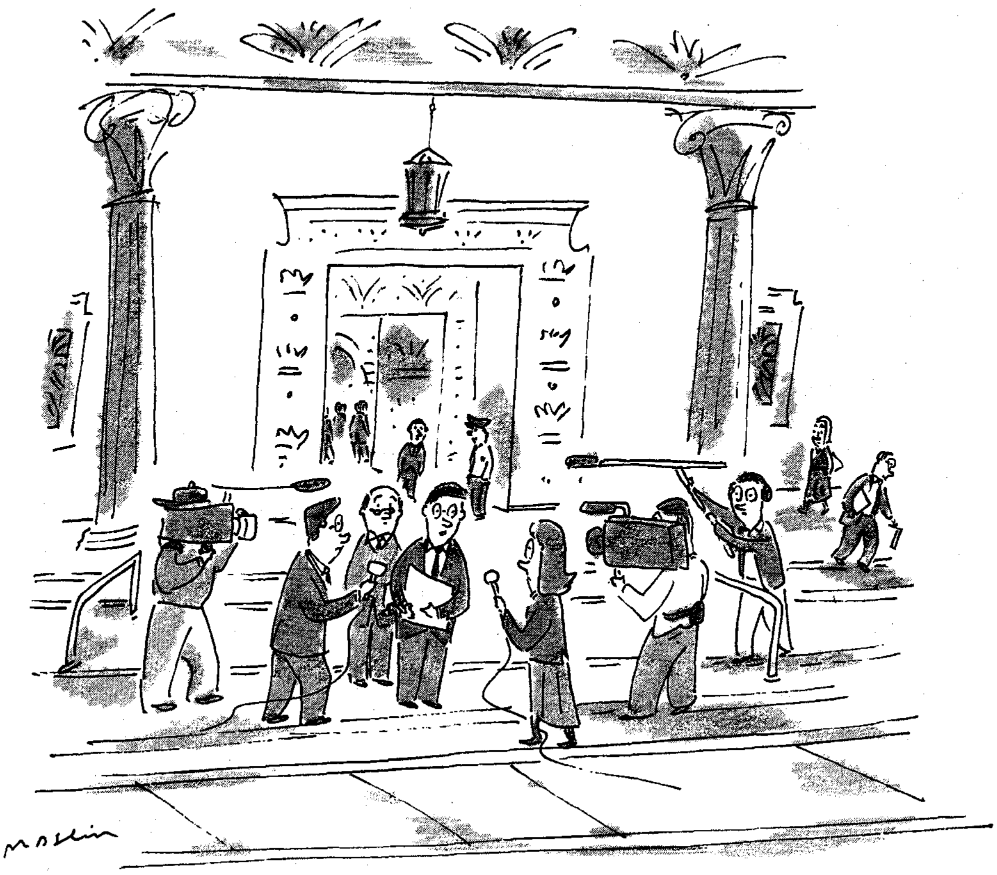
From the First World War through the Hungarian uprising of 1956, the I.C.R.C. has been one of the most prominent players on this field of good deeds. (Its relief workers were the first to reach the German concentration camps in 1945; one of its delegates was the first neutral observer to reach Hiroshima.) But since the age of televised disaster, which began with the Biafran war of 1968, the field has become crowded with competitors, among them the United Nations agencies. National Red Cross societies have also been elbowing their way into the lucrative media world of war zones. Interagency competition for donors, headlines, and victims is now a vast, unruly humanitarian bazaar, and the I.C.R.C. is struggling to be heard above the din and to maintain its principles. Its doctrine of neutrality is called into question by organizations like Médecins Sans Frontières, which maintain that humanitarian intervention cannot be wholly impartial when dealing with the Serb militiaman and the Muslim civilian, or the machete-wielding Hutu and the Tutsi victim. The I.C.R.C.'s doctrine of discretion and silence—which allows it to work both sides of a conflict—is also criticized by journalists, on the ground that its silence has shaded into complicity with war crimes. All this leaves the I.C.R.C. wondering whether Dunant's insistence that all victims are equal, whatever the justice of their cause, makes sense in the bitter conflicts where one ethnic group is now seeking to obliterate another.

THE International Committee of the Red Cross has an essential mandate: to insure that states and warring parties comply with the Geneva Conventions. This gives it specific rights not enjoyed by the other humanitarian organizations: it has the internationally recognized right to visit and register all prisoners of war, to supervise exchanges, and to instruct combatants in the laws of war. The Gulf War, for instance, was fought by the Americans with the provisos of the conventions in mind. One of Norman Schwarzkopf's staff officers has even claimed that Desert Storm was the most legal war America has ever fought. Lawyers versed in international law advised the Army on targeting decisions, so that the war could be publicly perceived to be a clean one. The I.C.R.C. had doubts about some of those decisions—such as ones that left the children of Baghdad without water or sewage treatment—but the aftermath went strictly by the Geneva Conventions. Hundreds of thousands of prisoners of war were placed in camps in Saudi Arabia, and were then visited and released under I.C.R.C. auspices, as the conventions provide.

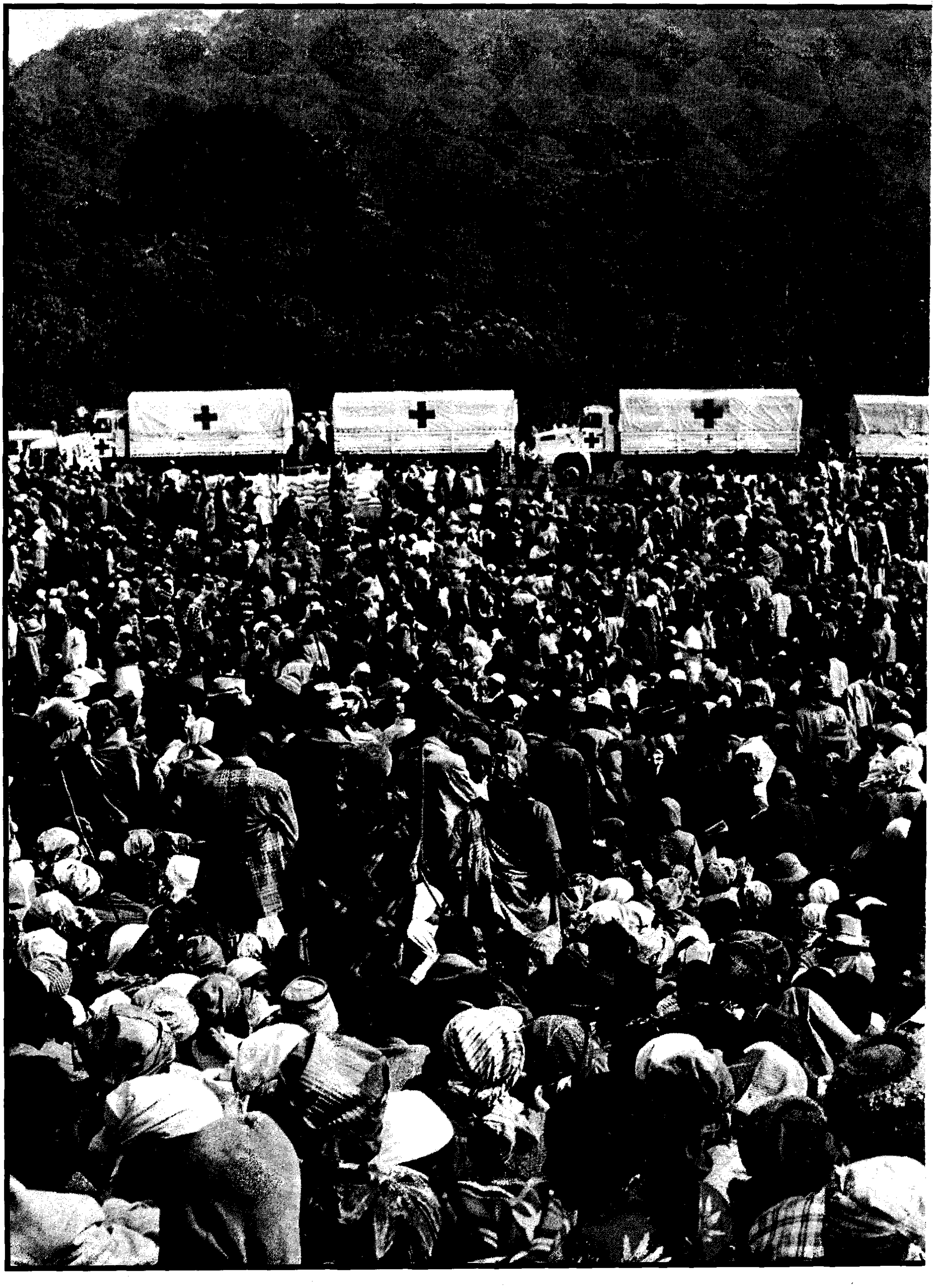
The Gulf War is one of the few recent hostilities in which parties have complied with the Geneva Conventions. But violations occur in *all* conflicts, and Red Cross delegates are now encountering a kind of war that Dunant could never have imagined. Of the nearly fifty conflicts today, few conform to the classic pattern of professional war between states. They include army insurrections and guerrilla campaigns against unpopular regimes, ethnic-minority uprisings against majority rule, and jackal gangs roaming freely amid failed states. In these conflicts, civilians are always in the line of fire. In Algeria, Colombia, and Sri Lanka, civilians are targeted by irregular militias as often as any military objectives are. In Angola and Mozambique, the bush armies in conflict were so equally balanced that the wars ended only after the societies in which they were being fought had been destroyed; the same kind of war of attrition is occurring in southern Sudan today. In Afghanistan and Chechnya, wars that began as genuine national uprisings against foreign occupation have degenerated into vicious fights for territory, resources, drugs, and arms among militias who are often no different from criminal gangs. These wars are of little interest to great powers—there is no territorial or security interest at stake—and they can therefore be allowed to go on forever. In the decaying states of Central and East Africa (Zaire, Rwanda, Burundi), in the Latin-American states riven by drug wars and guerrilla insurgencies (Colombia, Peru), and along the inflamed border between the new Islamic and the old Soviet empires (Uzbekistan, Tajikistan, Turkmenistan, Azerbaijan), "ragged war," as the counterinsurgency specialist Leroy Thompson calls it, has become a relentless feature of daily life.

In the Solferino era, the purpose of war was to defeat the military forces of the other side. With Hitler, the purpose of war changed: it now includes terrorizing, deporting, and even exterminating the other side's civilian populations. For the Geneva Conventions to work, there have to be armies sufficiently disciplined to observe the distinction between combatants and civilians, between military and nonmilitary objectives. But what happens when there is no discipline at all? In Liberia, the civil war, which began in 1989 with a rebel-army insurrection against a corrupt government, has left more than a hundred and fifty thousand people dead and over a million people—about half the population—homeless as a result of factions fighting to control the drug and diamond trades. As many as six thousand of the combatants, according to some estimates, have been children. Child soldiers know nothing of Dunant's codes of honor. In Liberia, child soldiers held up I.C.R.C. convoys at checkpoints on the empty roads outside the capital, Monrovia. These children, in bomber jackets and running shoes, and with rocket-propelled grenade launchers on their shoulders or semi-automatic rifles on their hips, strutted about among the corpses. Wearing masks daubed with red paint, they had assumed noms de guerre like Major Rambo, Captain Double-Trouble, and General Snake. At the checkpoints, Red Cross workers reported, most of these masked figures were heavily drugged, and hadn't the slightest idea who or what they were fighting for. They robbed I.C.R.C. vehicles without compunction.

Graça Machel, the widow of the former President of Mozambique, has made a study of such child soldiers for the United Nations. In at least twenty-five of the current armed conflicts, there may be several hundred thousand child soldiers. In most traditional societies, honor is associated with restraint, and virility with discipline. In the manly bearing of many old Afghan warriors, or in the dignity of the Kurdish *peshmerga*, there is a martial order that is also a proud vision of male identity. The particular savagery of war in the nineteen-nineties taps into another vision of male identity—the wild sexuality of the adolescent male. Children are supplying armies with a different kind of sol-



"The proof was in the pudding, but the pudding was ruled inadmissible as evidence."



TOM STODDART/IPG/MATRIX

dier—one for whom a weapon is not a thing to be respected or treated with ritual correctness but instead has an explicit phallic dimension. To traverse a checkpoint in Bosnia where adolescent boys in dark glasses and tight-fitting combat khakis wield AK-47s is to enter a zone of toxic testosterone. War has always had its sexual dimension—a soldier's uniform is no guarantee of good conduct—but when a war is conducted by adolescent irregulars sexual savagery becomes one of its regular weapons.

WHEN the Geneva Conventions were revised in 1949, Article 3 extended their scope to civil wars and other non-international conflicts. Article 13 recognized that, in these new types of insurgencies, combatants wouldn't necessarily wear soldiers' uniforms. In the new world of war, the mark of a warrior was no longer his uniform; it was his weapon. Anyone "carrying arms openly," it decreed, was entitled to the conventions' protection. Then, in 1977, two protocols were added, one of which authorized the International Committee of the Red Cross to intervene in wars of national liberation and in internal campaigns of civil disobedience, like the Palestinian uprising. The United States, Britain, and Israel, among others, have not yet ratified these additional protocols, believing that the I.C.R.C.'s presence in such internal wars legitimatizes insurgents at the expense of sovereign states. But even when the I.C.R.C. is allowed access to insurgent groups it faces a more serious problem: finding someone in charge. The conventions speak of dissident armies' being under "responsible command." In the nineteen-nineties, most of the fighting is done by irregulars—the casualties of collapsing societies—or by paramilitary gangs that combine banditry with soldiery. As war passes out of the hands of the state into those of warlords, the rituals of restraint associated with the profession of arms also disintegrate. The I.C.R.C.'s work has become more dangerous. In Rwanda alone in 1994, the Red Cross movement lost thirty-six workers to acts of war, in part because it was specifically targeted for attack. And 1996 was one of the worst years in the I.C.R.C.'s long history. In Burundi, in June, a Land

Rwandan refugees in Zaire, 1994. New conflicts present the Red Cross with a new problem: finding someone in charge.

Cruiser containing three delegates was ambushed and shot at; the vehicle plunged into a ravine, killing all inside. In Chechnya, a week before Christmas, six Red Cross field staff were murdered in their beds in a hospital outside Grozny.

The new fears for the security of I.C.R.C. delegates involve the organization in dilemmas that go to the very heart of its neutrality. If Red Cross delegates were dispatched in United Nations convoys, they would be safer, but the organization's reputation for independence would be compromised. Even providing delegates with flak jackets and Kevlar helmets and bulletproofing their Land Cruisers have occasioned heated debate. If you harden the target, so the argument has gone, you only increase the likelihood of its becoming a target. If you trust the militias, they will trust you. But delegates have paid for this trust with their lives. In a recent paper, an Oxford professor of international relations, Adam Roberts, was scathing about the I.C.R.C.'s reliance on the prestige of its reputation: "Constructive thinking about security is . . . not assisted by the tradition, in itself honourable, of associating humanitarian action with impartiality and neutrality: sometimes the provision of security may necessitate departures from these principles."

Almost every delegate I have talked to has lived through a moment of pure terror. For Pascal Mauchle, a member of the Afghanistan delegation, it was crossing a front line into a no man's land in an unarmed white Land Cruiser, unsure whether the road ahead was free from mines, or whether the gunmen at the last checkpoint could be believed when they said it was safe, or whether the gunmen at the next checkpoint would shoot when they saw his vehicle coming into view.

227 WAVERLY PLACE

When I have left I imagine they will
repair the window onto the fire escape
that looks north up the avenue clear
to Columbus Circle long I have known
the lights of that valley at every hour
through that unwashed pane and have watched with no
conclusion its river flowing toward me
straight from the featureless distance coming
closer darkening swelling growing distinct
speeding up as it passed below me toward
the tunnel all that time through all that time
taking itself through its sound which became
part of my own before long the unrolling
rumble the iron solos and the sirens
all subsiding in the small hours to voices
echoing from the sidewalks a rustling
in the rushes along banks and the loose
glass vibrated like a remembering bee
as the north wind slipped under the winter sill
at the small table by the window until
my right arm ached and stiffened and I pushed
the chair back against the bed and got up
and went out into the other room that was
filled with the east sky and the day replayed
from the windows and roofs of the Village
the room where friends came and we sat talking
and where we ate and lived together while
the blue paint flurried down from the ceiling
and we listened late with lights out to music
hearing the intercom from the hospital
across the avenue through the Mozart
Dr. Kaplan wanted on the tenth floor
while reflected lights flowed backward on the walls

—W. S. MERWIN

II—BREAKING THE RULES

In June, 1991, war broke out between Serbia and Croatia. On November 18th, five months into the conflict, the I.C.R.C. delegate Nicolas Borsinger got word that the fall of Vukovar, a Croatian town of forty thousand people on the banks of the Danube, was fast approaching. Borsinger had been waiting near the Hungarian border while for three months Vukovar was shelled by the Serb-dominated Yugoslav National Army. The town had become the Croatian Stalingrad. Borsinger bluffed his way through the Serbian lines by claiming that he had an appointment with "the General." The town was a scene of devastation: hardly a building was standing. Drunken Serbs were carousing in the streets and firing into the air while others were pulling Croatian civilians out of their bunkers and basements and rounding them up. "Everything pointed to an imminent massacre," Borsinger recalled. He gained access to the municipal hospital, which was under the supervision of a Serbian captain and was overcrowded with injured Croatian civilians. After several hours, the captain grew impatient with Borsinger, and Borsinger decided he had better leave. That same day, the I.C.R.C. worked out an agreement to neutralize the hospital and put it under its own supervision. But radio communications were down, and Borsinger never learned about the agreement. When he returned the next day, he was detained at a checkpoint, where he saw three trucks being driven away by Serb militiamen. In them were two hundred and ten people, patients and hospital staff; they were never seen again. A mass grave was discovered at Ovcara, a nearby village, a year later. When the grave was exhumed, some of the victims were wearing hospital gowns and had I.V.s still attached to their arms.

Many of the killings in Vukovar were carried out by paramilitary bands under the command of Serbian warlords and criminal operators with connections in politics, business, and the Belgrade underworld. Similar atrocities were perpetrated in Bosnia by Croatian paramilitaries. Irregulars are as old as war itself, and their savagery is proverbial. The irregulars of the Balkan wars are historically distinctive, in that their savagery was covertly instigated by internationally recognized states—Serbia and Croatia. Men were recruited from prisons, trained in secret army camps, and equipped with the best weaponry from state armories. The irregulars were created to provide the state with officially deniable ethnic cleansing. A war was being fought that had explicitly dispensed with any of the moral accountability associated with professional soldiery.

In May, 1992—six months after the fall of Vukovar—the war entered Bosnia. The I.C.R.C. dispatched a convoy of medical supplies to Sarajevo, the Bosnian capital, under the command of one of its most charismatic delegates, Frederic Maurice. His convoy set out from Belgrade, stopped at the Serb capital of Pale, and then proceeded to Sarajevo. Inside the city, the convoy—five vehicles, all painted white, with the Red Cross logo unmistakable—passed the Serb checkpoint without incident. Before it reached the Muslim checkpoint, it came under fire. For forty-five minutes, the convoy was stranded while rockets and small-arms fire rained down upon it. Eventually, Muslim militiamen appeared and pointed the way to safety. Maurice was pulled out of a bullet-riddled Land Cruiser and taken to a hospital; he died after undergoing emergency surgery. Bosnia is about two hours' flying time from Switzerland. Alpine meadows and mountain streams remind Swiss delegates of home. Bosnia's leaders repeatedly promised to observe the Geneva Conventions; its armies were trained in the European laws of war. Within two years, they had invented a type of war that Europe thought it had long since banished into history. They had also invented a type of fighter who did not scruple to target a Red Cross convoy. From Geneva, the I.C.R.C. ordered its delegates to pull out of Bosnia and Herzegovina in late May, and none returned for five weeks.

Those five weeks turned out to be the worst of the war: Muslim towns and mosques were blown up, and burial grounds were dug up. Among the first I.C.R.C. delegates to return was Patrick Gasser, and in Manjaca, near Banja Luka, in northern Bosnia, he came upon a sight that taxed his powers of description. In hot corrugated-iron sheds built for livestock, Gasser found about two thousand three hundred Muslim detainees—noncombatant civilian males, gaunt, hollow-eyed, and in a state of shock. The men were so emaciated that the I.C.R.C. brought in a nutritionist from the Somalia famine to oversee a feeding program. Gasser flew back to Geneva to report on what he had seen. At first, he could not get his superiors to understand that concentration camps had returned to Europe. For two weeks, I.C.R.C. executives sat on Gasser's information and debated what to do.

The I.C.R.C. had faced a similar dilemma fifty years earlier. Carl Burckhardt, a senior Red Cross executive, was told by German officials that in early 1941 Hitler had signed an order decreeing that by the end of 1942 Germany "must be Jew-free." Three years before the end of the war, the I.C.R.C. had intimations of impending genocide, and decided that the organization should not make a public appeal, because it would compromise the I.C.R.C.'s access to prisoners of war and civilian detainees. Over the next two and a half years, Red Cross delegates passed Mauthausen and saw smoke issuing from the crematoriums; they heard about showers in Auschwitz; but they did not gain access to the camps until the Reich collapsed, in 1945.

In 1992, in contrast to 1942, silence proved impossible: the world press had found its own way to the camps near Banja Luka. Roy Gutman, of *Newsday*, was there. The I.C.R.C. had always treated journalists with suspicion, but in this instance it collaborated with them. Without divulging details of the I.C.R.C.'s findings, Gasser provided the corroboration necessary for *Newsday* to run its first stories. A week later, the British news organization ITN cornered the Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic in London and extracted a promise from him to let ITN send a TV crew to film in the camps. The Red Cross delegates on the scene watched the ensuing media circus with disbelief. It soon became evident to them that the Serbs, in inviting the world's press, were cynically exploiting the West's Holocaust memories and inveigling Western governments into taking in Muslim refugees and thus abetting the ethnic cleansing of central Bosnia. The Serbs even managed to enlist the I.C.R.C. in that project: by Christmas of 1992, the I.C.R.C. had overseen the closing of all the camps in northern Bosnia and transferred most of their inmates to transit camps in Croatia and elsewhere in Europe.

The I.C.R.C. struggled to devise a way to protect civilians without being the unwilling agent of ethnic cleansing. In October, 1992, Cornelio Sommaruga proposed that certain Muslim towns be declared safe havens. In April, 1993, with these towns on the brink of capture by the Serbs, the United Nations Security Council adopted Sommaruga's idea, which by

"I'm on to your little game, Harrison!"

then had considerable backing. Safe havens were a traditional concept in the European laws of war—Dunant had proposed such an idea to protect Paris in 1870—but Sommaruga's idea could work only if the Muslims did not use the havens as military bases and the Serbs respected their neutrality. Neither side kept its part of the bargain.

One such haven was Srebrenica. In July, 1995, Serbian militiamen fought their way into the haven, disarmed the United Nations peacekeepers there, rounded up all the men in town, and evicted the women and children. The I.C.R.C. had only local Bosnian staff in the town—its delegates were based in nearby Tuzla. Now these delegates watched helplessly as some twenty-three thousand women and children staggered across battle lines and through minefields to the Tuzla airbase. There a vast international relief effort was set up to care for them; thanks to the news cameras on the scene, as many as fifty humanitarian agencies were soon clamoring to help the women and children as they arrived. The Red Cross, crowded out in the humanitarian scramble, decided to focus on tracing the victims. Its delegates set up a tent at the airbase, and for a week the women of Srebrenica trooped through it, telling stories of how their men had been led away at gunpoint by the Serbian militiamen. Even then, it was plain to everyone that most of those who had disappeared—and the I.C.R.C. counted about seven thousand in all—had already been executed. A handful of young female delegates had to absorb the full force of the Srebrenica women's grief and fury. The emotional stress was so great that one delegate had to be evacuated to Geneva.

Yugoslavia, many I.C.R.C. veterans admit, was a failure, and the failure has shaken their institution. The I.C.R.C. arrived in Vukovar hours too late, and hundreds were killed; it was dispatched to Sarajevo, only to be attacked; it discovered concentration camps and then became an inadvertent accomplice to ethnic cleansing; and it joined in the international clamor for safe havens, only to watch helplessly as the havens became a trap, and finally a tomb, for seven thousand men. It was one thing to see the Geneva Conventions ignored in a non-European city, but to see how little their principles meant a few hours from Geneva was genuinely shocking. Many delegates openly wondered whether the International Committee of the Red Cross had lost its way, or else asked if the world had changed so much that the organization no longer had a place in it.

Today, the I.C.R.C. has one of the largest and most reliable databases on the victims of massacre, but it refuses to share its information with the International War Crimes Tribunal in The Hague. The doctrine of neutrality and confidentiality prevents it from doing so.

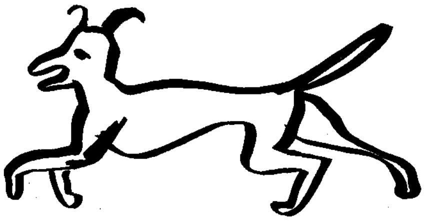
III—A GOOD WAR

THE International Committee of the Red Cross is proud of its program in Afghanistan, and it has reason to be: it feeds a large number of people, has rebuilt the shattered limbs of mine victims, visits prisoners on all sides of the conflict, and has taught the mujahideen, versed in the pitiless logic of jihad, the laws of war. But how do you judge a program a success in a country where a million people have died since 1979?

In late September of last year, the I.C.R.C. invited me to visit its field operation there. A week before I was due to arrive, I got a call from Geneva telling me that Taliban militias had broken through the government lines southeast of Kabul, that the United Nations and some aid agencies were evacuating nonessential personnel from the city, and that the I.C.R.C., as usual, would in large part remain. Did I still want to go?

By the time I arrived in Peshawar, Kabul had fallen. I hitched a ride on the second relief flight into the city. Mountains that had been burned brown ringed the airport, which had been built by the Soviets and was now scarcely functioning: its windows were blown out, its baggage hall was darkened, and the conveyor belts were still and were covered in dust. Squatting at the edge of the runway was a cluster of Taliban fighters—turbaned, baggy-trousered, leaning on Kalashnikovs. Behind them was a Mitsubishi Pajero with rocket-propelled grenade launchers.

Talib means "religious student," and the movement began in the Islamic seminaries in Pakistan in the early nineteen-nineties. By 1994, the Taliban militias, armed and trained by the Pakistanis, had begun their march to claim Afghanistan while enforcing the strictest version of Islamic law ever encountered in the Muslim world: prohibiting women from employment; forcing them to wear the burka, with its hateful lattice grille over the face; stoning adulterers; and amputating the hands of thieves. Now the Taliban controlled the capital and three-quarters of the country.



In the landscape of endemic war, Kabul is in a class of desolation all its own. It is the Dresden of post-Cold War conflict: mile upon mile of rubble and dust, abandoned and windswept, populated here and there by ragged families eking out their survival inside abandoned truck containers that have been sawed in half. Ranging up the hillsides were thousands of roofless and windowless houses, deserted by their former inhabitants. The warring militias had spared nothing: the blue-domed mosques, the minarets, the hospitals, the schools. The Kabul museum, which once housed a collection of early Buddhist relics, lay open to the sky, its ancient columns lying about on the roadside, its collection looted. The Soviet Embassy and the Soviet cultural center had been ripped apart, and Taliban artillery detachments were scuttling about in the ruins.

In 1992, when the Soviet-backed regime of Muhammad Najibullah crumbled after an army mutiny, he and his brother had sought refuge in a U.N. guesthouse in Kabul, and Najibullah stayed there for four years. Three nights before I arrived, the Taliban had dragged him out of the guesthouse, castrated him and beaten him to death, and hanged his pulpy body from the stanchion of a traffic warden's observation tower. As I drove into the city, only the noose, flecked with blood, remained swinging from the tower.

The I.C.R.C. headquarters, in the center of Kabul, was hidden behind piles of sandbags. Its lintels were reinforced with rough-hewn timber supports. A dozen white Land Cruisers were parked in the yard, each with a Comité Internationale Genève decal on its doors and the sign of a Kalashnikov with two red slashes through it: no weapons allowed in I.C.R.C. cars, no weapons in the compound. Unarmed local employees frisked everyone who came through the gates.

Handelsman

"Surely not zero tolerance?"

• •

In the days since the Taliban takeover, I learned, the I.C.R.C. had been opening up lines of communication to the rebel commanders who were running the city. "Running the city" is a euphemism. Actually, Kabul was without a government. The Taliban leaders had commandeered every available vehicle and rushed north to chase government forces farther into the mountains. The detachments left behind to administer the city were not doing a lot of administering. Many of the prisons had been emptied, and the Red Cross compound was filling up with former prisoners bearing yellow I.C.R.C. registration cards and seeking relief. The hallways, especially those adjacent to the satellite phone, were crowded with journalists, avid to cover the Taliban takeover, though Kabul, from their point of view, was distressingly free of televisable signs of recent carnage. Struggling to cope with them was an I.C.R.C. press delegate, a former journalist with South African radio who was now enlisted in the "cause," as he called it, half ironically.

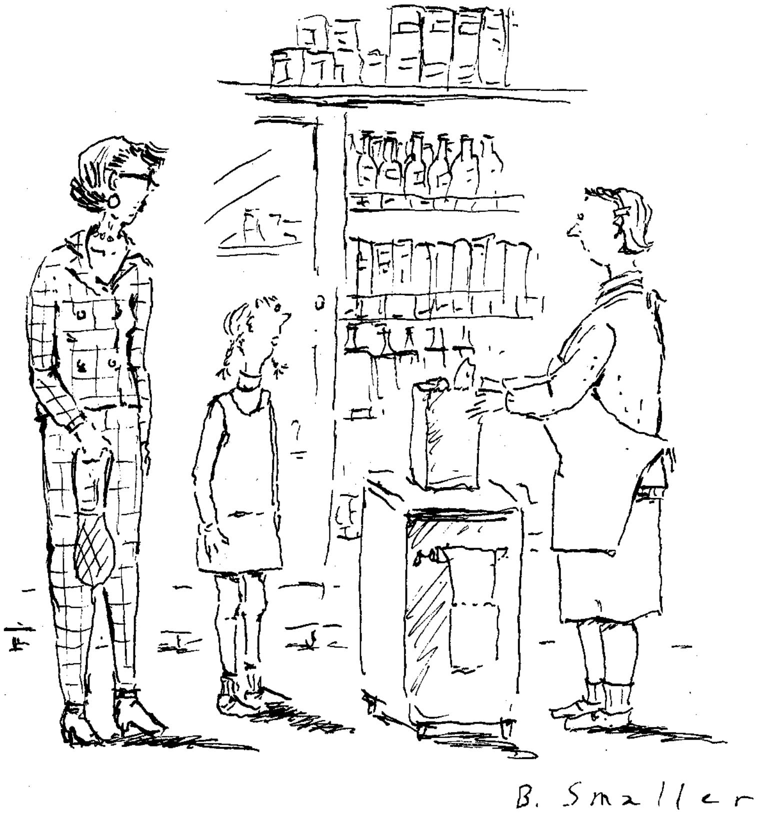
The Afghanistan delegation head was Michel Ducraux. His office had reproductions of Vermeers and Matisses, shatterproof plastic windows, and a view entirely blocked by sandbags piled eight feet high. Ducraux is a lean, elegant man in his early fifties. He appeared coolly reflective and seemed to keep cynicism and commitment in a subtle inner equilibrium. His view of the war enjoyed its paradoxes. The entire delegation, he recalled, had recently spent the day in shelters below the compound as Muslim militias rocketed the city: a curious position for the delegates to find themselves in—endangered, huddled for hours in a dark, cramped shelter while providing medical assistance to factions industriously committed to murder, trying to teach the laws of war to militias bent on destroying each other, and preaching restraint to Islamic warriors who among them have reduced their own city to rubble. It was "*hyper-désagréable*," Ducraux said.

The Afghans are border people, on the spiny buffer between civilizations—Iran, India, Central Asia—and have fought everyone from Alexander to the British Army to keep a stubborn independence alive. They have a reputation as being among the most redoubtable guerrillas of all time. Their tradition of fighting—based on small, mobile units that avoid direct attack or pitched battle, seeking instead to use the mountain passes to ambush the enemy and surround it—was what brought them victory against the Russians. It was a tradition that respected the ecology of a poor society and the climate of a mountainous one: war began once the crop was planted or the animals were put up in the pastures, and it stopped when the harvest came and the snows descended. War was endemic, but it was self-limiting.

Once the warlords had ceased to be united against an external enemy, however, they began turning against each other. The radicalization of Islam made things worse: instead of bringing the militias together, religious principle now set them at gunpoint. And the weapons left behind by the Russians, and those shipped in from the Americans—from tanks to Stinger missiles—were so powerful that they overwhelmed the self-limiting ecology of warrior traditions. Afghan warriors of the past did not target mosques and minarets, hospitals and schools. Kabul is the graveyard of the Afghan warriors' honor.

So what was the the I.C.R.C. doing here now? Ducraux was characteristically philosophical. "What is more human than war?" he mused. The organization was not here to stop war, or even to humanize it, he said, and he went on, "We're here to reduce the damage. To feed the widows, to visit the prisoners, to fit new limbs on the bodies of those torn apart by mines." War was absurd but inevitable: What else was there, the International Committee of the Red Cross seemed to be saying, but the modest morality of small deeds?

IT was not easy to meet the Taliban fighters. Most were in the Pansheer Valley, to the northeast of Kabul, and those left behind to guard the city were hostile to foreigners. But there was a detachment in residence at the Intercontinental Hotel, an improbable wedge of sixties bru-



"Actually, I do look a lot like my mom. It's just that I have her first nose."

• •

talism miraculously still perched on top of one of Kabul's hills, with a panoramic view of the devastation. Tanks and artillery were deployed in the pine groves around the hotel car park. With an I.C.R.C. interpreter—he had prudently doffed his Western jacket and donned a small white cap (his stubble had been growing for several days)—I approached a detachment of Taliban sitting on the grass by the drained hotel pool and looking out over the dusty haze of Kabul. They were sitting cross-legged, their bearded faces framed by their turbans, and were languidly dismembering roses from the hotel gardens or turning over worry beads in their fingers. They had new watches and new shoes.

I asked what they were fighting for, and they turned to the one who was apparently the most educated of them—a fierce young seminarian with a Western haircut and a long beard. "For Islam," he said. "To stop the fighting among the brothers. And to have an Islamic state."

But then, I asked, why are the brothers still killing one another?

"Why are the brothers fighting? The Prophet Muhammad, may his name be blessed, instructed us that when corruption is on the earth one must fight to bring peace."

The next morning, the Taliban identified an example of corruption—in the very cellars of the Intercontinental. Fourteen hundred cans of beer and eighteen hundred bottles of "alcoholic drinks" were dragged out and piled up in the car park. After prayers and a short speech by the head of the Taliban religious police (a force whose name means "the Department of Command of Good and Injunction of the Unlawful"), the bottles were ceremonially smashed and the cans crushed, while an invited audience of parched Western journalists looked on in undisguised dismay.

When I returned from the Intercontinental to the I.C.R.C. compound, I found that furniture was being moved into the courtyard. Turbaned Afghans were struggling past, carrying chairs and tables. Two women delegates—an office administrator and a nurse—had put on head scarves and Afghan trousers. The Afghan women—who run the message system, maintain files on prisoner-of-war visits, and trace prisoners and missing persons—were being moved out of sight into a separate block, behind a wall of sandbags. In other words, the Red Cross was reorganizing its offices to keep the women hidden and the Taliban happy.

Thomas Gurtner, the deputy head of the I.C.R.C. in Kabul, had just returned from a meeting with other relief agencies—Oxfam, Médecins Sans Frontières, UNICEF, and the United Nations High Commission on Refugees. All ran programs that employed Afghan women. All were protesting against the Taliban decrees that suspended women from their jobs, forcing them to return to their homes and to the dominion of their husbands and fathers. These agencies had been calling upon the I.C.R.C. to join their appeal. Gurtner had refused.

"Is it a humanitarian issue with you?" I asked him.

"Of course not," he replied briskly.

I was beginning to understand that the laws of war are one thing and human rights quite another. The I.C.R.C. enforces the laws of war; it has nothing to do with human rights. It does not campaign against injustice. Its legitimacy depends on its working with warriors and warlords: if they insist that women be kept out of sight, it has no choice but to go along.

HOW do you teach the warrior's code of honor to men trained in Islamic jihad? How do you teach the laws of war to people who may never have heard of the Geneva Conventions?

The I.C.R.C. delegate in charge of "dissemination" in Kabul was Jean-Pascal Moret. At forty-two, Jampa—his radio call sign—is older than most Red Cross field workers. He has no university degree, sometimes drives a taxi in Geneva between his Red Cross missions, and is a practicing Tibetan Buddhist.

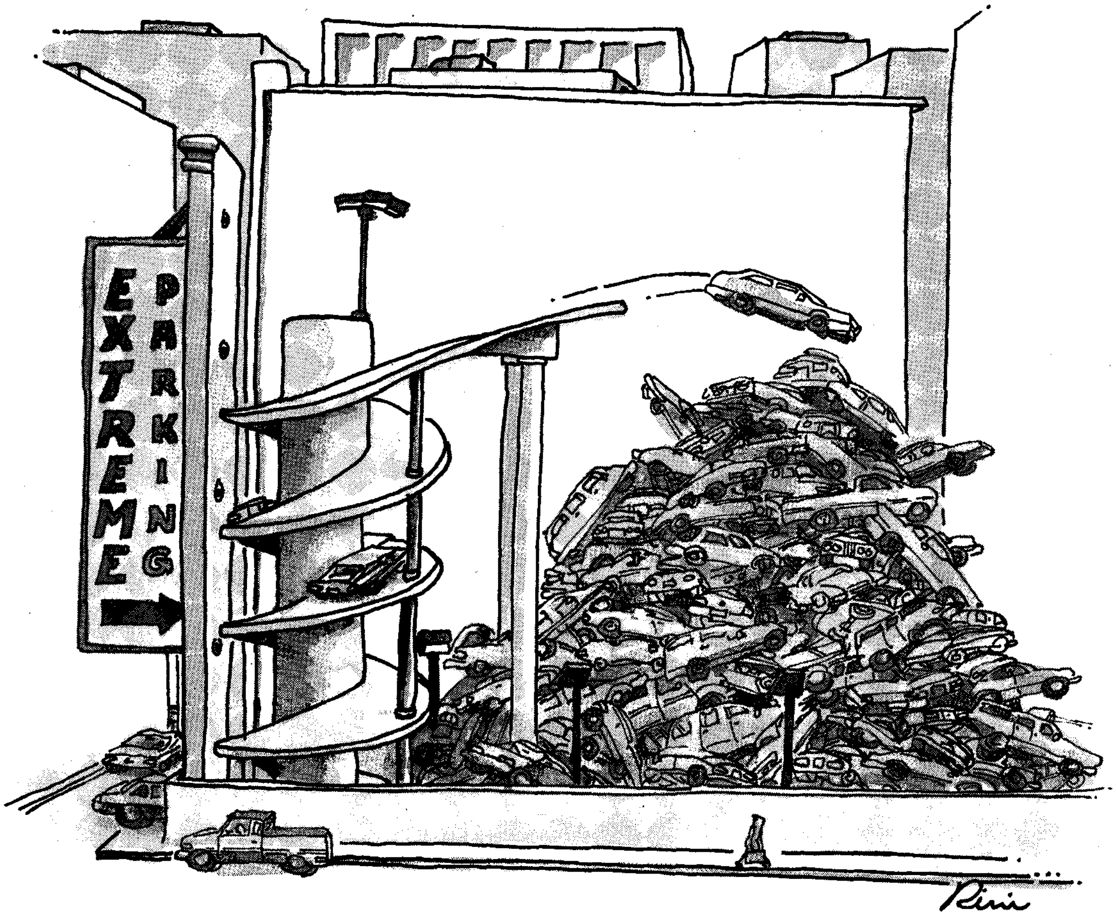
As Jampa observed, everything that the Red Cross does is dissemination: if you drive your Land Cruiser too fast in the streets of Kabul, you give the whole delegation a reputation for arrogance; if you talk back to a Taliban at a checkpoint, the next Land Cruiser that goes through may get fired upon. Dissemination, in other words, means preserving the moral currency of the Red Cross symbol. If the Afghan program is a "success," that is largely because the symbol still retains legitimacy among all the factions. The I.C.R.C. can't stop the flow of arms from Pakistan and Russia; it can't force a ceasefire or a truce.

It can only try to get the factions to observe some basic rules: don't shoot the wounded; don't fire on ambulances; don't target hospitals; don't attack civilians; don't torture prisoners.

A generation ago, the I.C.R.C. made few concessions to local culture. Before I set out for Kabul, one veteran, Pierre Gassmann—who is now the head of the I.C.R.C. delegation in Colombia—told me that dissemination had changed radically since he joined the organization, in the late sixties. "First, we threw our book at them," he said. "Then we threw theirs. Now we don't know what book to throw at them. We're trying something a little more subtle."

In Somalia, the Red Cross runs theatre groups that perform both for the various clans and for groups of gunmen; the delegation has hired singers and poets to record songs about—believe it or not—the laws of war, and the songs and dramas are played on the BBC World Service. In Chechnya, first-aid teams distribute a shoulder bandage printed with cartoons showing warriors lifting the wounded from the battlefield, escorting orphans to safety, and rounding up prisoners and taking them into safe custody. But the biggest challenge is how to teach the European rules of war to radical Islam.

In medieval Europe, there was a distinction between *bellum hostile* (warfare characterized by restraint) and *bellum romanum* (warfare, in the words of the historian Michael Howard, "in which no holds were barred and all those designated as enemy, whether bearing arms or not, would be indiscriminately slaughtered"). Medieval Christendom carried this distinction into the Crusades against Islam: unmitigated ferocity reserved for unbelievers. Islam responded in kind; jihad was its very own *bellum romanum*. The moral particularism of these traditions, which distinguish between worthy and unworthy victims, stands in contrast to the moral universalism of the Geneva Conventions, which call on soldiers to respect all victims.



In searching for universals to appeal to in Islamic culture, the I.C.R.C. has looked beyond the jihad tradition. Four years ago, for instance, the organization had printed in Cairo an illustrated paperback, "Chronicles of Islamic-Arab History," with the key provisions of the Geneva Conventions matched with bits of traditional Arab and Islamic wisdom. The book inscribes the counsels of a Muslim warrior caliph, Ali ibn Abi Talib, who was a nephew of Muhammad:

> If you are victorious over them, do not stab them in the back! Do not kill the wounded or uncover their genitals! Do not mutilate the dead! Do not tear a veil!

Elsewhere there are the familiar injunctions of an ancient agricultural economy:

> Abstain from treachery; abstain from transgressing limits; abstain from betrayal; abstain from killing small children, old men, or women; abstain from cutting palm trees; abstain from slaughtering sheep or cows or camels except to feed yourselves.

In the Arab countries, Red Cross delegates retell the story of the Arab warrior sultan Saladin and his noble treatment of his prisoner Richard the Lionheart, the Crusader king. "Thus," the I.C.R.C. argues hopefully, "Islamic law has preceded the international community by more than a thousand years."

There is something attractive here—a determination to prove that the Red Cross's principles are not merely products of Swiss Calvinism but human universals, which can be found in all cultures. Equally, there is something poignant in the Red Cross's curious faith that human violence can be contained by injunctions from holy books. The Kabul office has printed similar injunctions in its calendars. These calendars, with their humanist messages, have been hanging in buildings surrounded by devastation.

Afghanistan, however, poses an additional problem. War is always at its most unrestrained when religion vests it with holy purpose, and the Taliban is perhaps the most militantly religious militia on earth. At checkpoints around the city, its fighters were searching cars for magazines and cassettes. I saw videotapes and audiotapes festooning a tree near one such checkpoint, and assumed they were pornographic, or rock and roll, or some kind of anti-Taliban propaganda. But I learned that the objective of the fighters is in fact much wider. They are searching for anything that depicts the human face or any of God's creatures. In no other Islamic society have the new revolutionary authorities gone so far. The imams of Iran have derided the Taliban's rigid belief in the pernicious effect of visual representations. As a result, the I.C.R.C.'s calendar, with its benign messages from Islamic texts, will be kept out of sight. So will the comic book that the I.C.R.C. has distributed locally, in conjunction with a BBC radio drama on the life and hard times of Ali Gul, a fictitious Afghan hero. If the Taliban leaders have their way, all this patient and rather subtle work of translating the European laws of war into the vernacular of local warrior culture will be pulped. The eyes are the windows of the soul. And, according to the Taliban's very strict interpretation of the Koran, all depictions of the eye—all photographs, paintings, prints, videos, and films—are forbidden. Only God himself, the Taliban leaders say, should see into the windows of the soul.

AT the heart of the Geneva Conventions is the I.C.R.C.'s detention work, as it is called: the protection of military prisoners of war. The delegate in charge of visiting the Kabul prisoners is Pascal Mauchle, another one of the new breed that seems to welcome outside scrutiny by journalists, perhaps the better to coöpt them. He invited me to join him on a detention visit.

He had divided his team into three groups: two of them went to a prison recently discovered to be holding militiamen from the government side who had been taken by the Taliban during the capture of Kabul; the third went out into the city to investigate stories of summary arrests supposedly carried out by the Taliban security forces. I was assigned to one of the prison details.

The prison was a decrepit yellow structure with a straw roof and heavy stone walls. Taliban guards, backed up by a few Pakistani secret-service police, were lounging at the entrance to the long, dark cell blocks. The low cell doors were flimsy constructions made of wood, and the locks were perfunctory. We ducked low and entered a cell, approximately six feet by ten feet, that held eighteen prisoners squatting on dirty mattresses. A few plastic bags of belongings hung from nails on the walls. The smell of the cell was animal-close but clean. Through broken panes in a window you could hear car horns and hawkers' cries coming from Chicken Street.

The prisoners, who crowded around us, were disturbingly young: few, I soon learned, were older than eighteen, and several were not more than fourteen. Some barely had their first growth of beard. As an I.C.R.C. delegate, sitting cross-legged on the floor, began registering them, filling out a card of personal details for each prisoner, their stories came out in bits and pieces. They were mostly ethnic Tajiks. None of them admitted to being regular soldiers. They all claimed to have been working as peddlers, waiters, or garage mechanics, and to have been sucked into the militias because, in a collapsing economy, the militia on the government side offered them security, money, and food. But they hadn't proved to be very determined fighters. Having been posted to the southeastern outskirts of the city to repel the Taliban advance, they had surrendered—so they said—without firing a shot.

As the delegate took down one prisoner's details, I folded the yellow registration card of the preceding prisoner, slid it into a plastic folder, and handed it to him. Many received their cards with a little bow or with the Afghan gesture of placing a hand briefly over the heart. Then each slipped his card into the inside pocket of his brown waistcoat. There was something sacramental about this ritual. In jails, lockups, cages, and camps around the world, prisoners like these have been getting cards like these, their guarantee of such protection and moral concern as the Geneva Conventions can offer them. It is proof that they have not been forgotten, that some foreigner will make it his business to demand information if they go missing or show up at his next visit with bruises on their bodies.

But the yellow cards do not seem to be nearly enough. Once everyone was registered and had his card, the prisoners seemed to press forward. One spoke urgently to the delegate for a long time. When they were taken by the Taliban, they were promised amnesty. They wanted the Red Cross delegate to take up their cause.

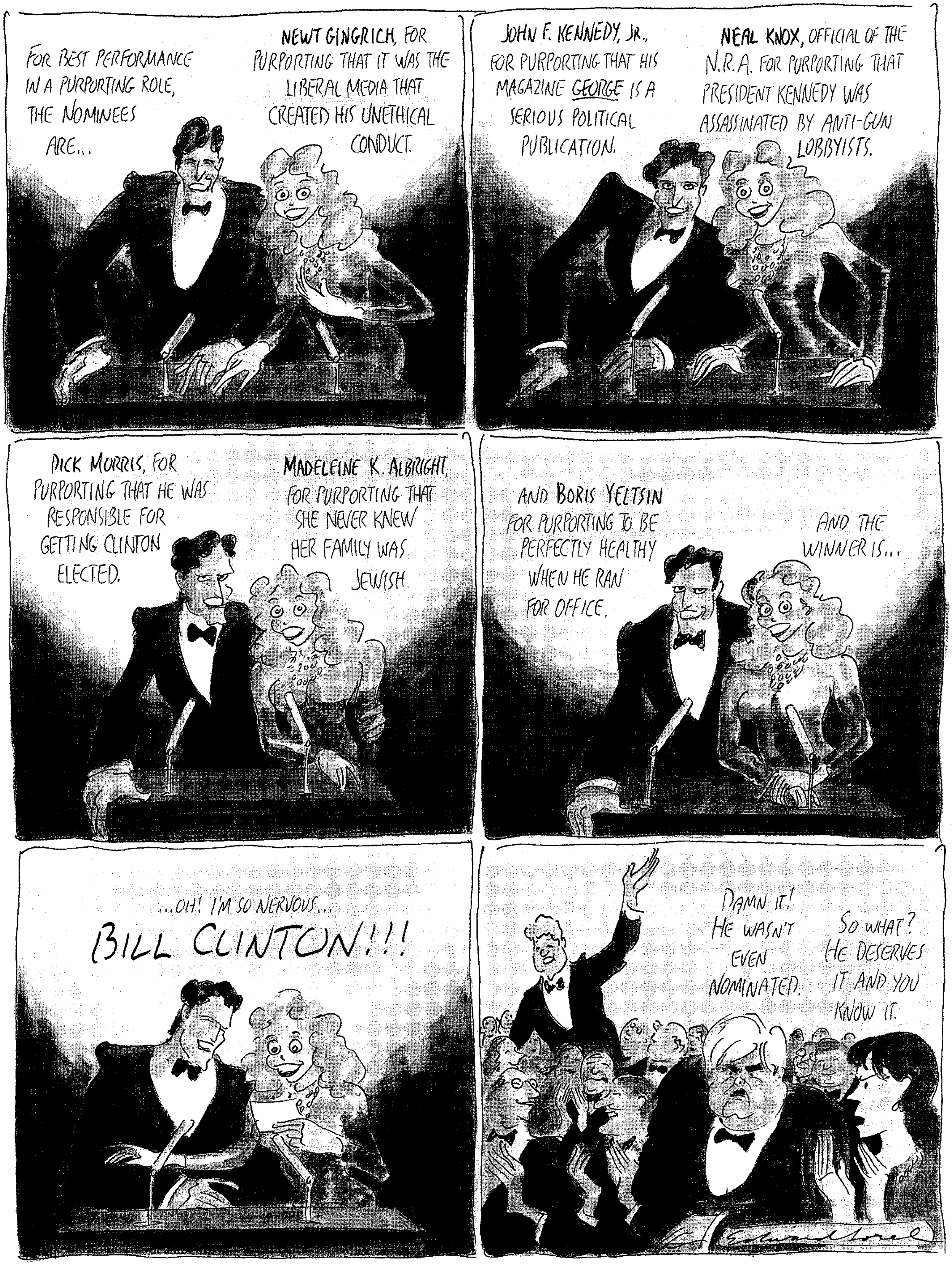
The delegate gathered his papers. He was peremptory: Amnesty was none of his affair. The I.C.R.C. wasn't in the business of intervening in the "process of justice." The Geneva Conventions are not about justice but about good treatment. The I.C.R.C. was there to make sure that the men were decently treated and fed and that when they were released they would get some assistance to get back to their villages. Dark looks were exchanged, and there was a lot of clicking of tongues as we bowed and made our way out through the cell door.

THROUGHOUT my time in Kabul, people told me I had to meet Alberto. Like all local legends, he did not seem to have a second name—just Alberto. He wasn't exactly a typical I.C.R.C. delegate, but he did seem to symbolize for many reporters what was admirable about the organization. Alberto turned out to be Alberto Cairo, a tall, thin, and intense Italian in his mid-forties with round wire-rimmed glasses, graying hair, and an air of excited distraction. He had been in Kabul for seven years—longer than any other delegate and longer than almost any other expatriate in the city. He was there when rockets landed on Kar Teh Seh hospital, and the corridors filled with the wounded and the dying; and when the refuge for the blind was damaged by explosion; and when the mujahideen terrorized the Marastoon shelter for the mentally ill; and when cholera broke out; and when a Red Cross nurse was killed southwest of the city; and when Red Cross ambulances were targeted. He had come as a physiotherapist and now ran the I.C.R.C.'s biggest prosthetic-limb program anywhere: the orthopedic center at Wazir Akbar Khan hospital. It was a thriving workshop, staffed largely by Afghan war-wounded themselves. He took me on a tour, kissing an amputee who was trimming new limbs on a lathe; ruffling the hair of another, who was shaping plaster around the stumps of recent amputees; and mock-punching the arm of a third, who was firing new casts in ovens. The heels on the artificial limbs, I learned, are cut from old Soviet tires. "The quality is excellent," Alberto said.

Many of Alberto's patients were young Afghans who, never having been to school, entered the militias because the warlords were the only people who paid a wage. Now they stumped up and down the garden paths outside, heaving their strange new limbs across the gravel. Besides the warriors, there were other, even grimmer casualties of war. In one room, a small bundle of gray-blue rags lay on a hospital cot. Alberto pulled aside its cover and revealed a dusty-faced child of about seven shivering in her sleep. "Polio," he said. Immu-

THE WINNER

By Edward Sorel



FOR BEST PERFORMANCE IN A PURPORTING ROLE, THE NOMINEES ARE...
NEWT GINGRICH, FOR PURPORTING THAT IT WAS THE LIBERAL MEDIA THAT CREATED HIS UNETHICAL CONDUCT.
JOHN F. KENNEDY, JR., FOR PURPORTING THAT HIS MAGAZINE GEORGE IS A SERIOUS POLITICAL PUBLICATION.
NEAL KNOX, OFFICIAL OF THE N.R.A. FOR PURPORTING THAT PRESIDENT KENNEDY WAS ASSASSINATED BY ANTI-GUN LOBBYISTS.
DICK MORRIS, FOR PURPORTING THAT HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR GETTING CLINTON ELECTED.
MADELEINE K. ALBRIGHT, FOR PURPORTING THAT SHE NEVER KNEW HER FAMILY WAS JEWISH.
AND BORIS YELTSIN FOR PURPORTING TO BE PERFECTLY HEALTHY WHEN HE RAN FOR OFFICE.
AND THE WINNER IS...
...OH! I'M SO NERVOUS...
BILL CLINTON!!!
DAMN IT! HE WASN'T EVEN NOMINATED.
SO WHAT? HE DESERVES IT AND YOU KNOW IT.
Edward Sorel

nization programs had faltered, and, with the war, polio had returned to Afghanistan.

Alberto wanted me to meet his chief administrator, Moheb Ali, a twenty-six-year-old paraplegic in a wheelchair, who was wearing sky-blue pajamas. Two years earlier, an I.C.R.C. orthopedic center had found itself caught in the crossfire between the government guns on Television Hill and an Islamic militia holed up in a warren of streets nearby. The expatriate staff withdrew, but Moheb volunteered to remain in the center, with a radio and a few guards, to do what he could to protect the artificial-limb-making machinery in case the compound should be stormed. The fighting continued for twelve days. Alberto, with the delegation in the middle of town, could communicate with Moheb only by radio, and at times the gunfire was so loud that he could barely make out what Moheb was saying. Then, one night, government forces fought their way into the compound and seized Moheb and his guards, thinking that they belonged to the militia they had been fighting. "I was saying my prayers," Moheb dryly recalled.

Alberto, desperate, persuaded a government minister to order his troops to leave Moheb alone. The next night, the militia took the orthopedic center. Helpless in his wheelchair in the bunker, Moheb heard them coming through the compound gate. "I began to pray again and read the Holy Koran," he said. This time, government artillery drove the militia out of the compound.

Two weeks later, Alberto finally got both factions to agree to let an I.C.R.C. convoy evacuate Moheb and his guards. The food had all but run out, and the batteries in Moheb's radio were almost dead. Moheb was ready. He and the guards had managed, amid continuous rocket fire, to prepare most of the machinery for evacuation. Almost single-handed, Moheb had saved the center.

For me, this was the story of Afghanistan, where two sides, so maddened by weapons and ideology, would not scruple to kill each other over possession of a Red Cross orthopedic center. For Alberto, the story explains why he has remained in Kabul. When Moheb had finished his tale, Alberto looked at me with an expressive Italian shrug and said, "How can I leave?" What Moheb thinks his story means took a minute or two to discover. He turned back to his laptop computer and his purchasing orders and then said something so softly I had to ask him to repeat it: "The Red Cross made me brave."

IV—WHO NEEDS THE RED CROSS?

At the I.C.R.C. headquarters in Geneva, I shared my puzzlement about the organization—my respect for the courage of its delegates, my sense of futility about what they were trying to do—with Gilbert Holleufer, a communications adviser, who is preparing the organization's message for the next century.

I was reared amid the antiwar politics of the sixties, and to me the organization's message seemed paradoxical, even suspect. Holleufer, a sombre, thoughtful Swiss-German man with large, mournful eyes, understood the contradictions. "In modern ethics, war is inhuman, and therefore undefendable," he said. "The driving ideologies of this world are ecology, human rights, and humanitarian ethics. War is increasingly banned from modern culture." Human rights, of course, is a recent concept. The laws of war predate it by many millennia: the idea that warriors should show compassion to their victims may be a lot older than the one that all human beings have rights and should be treated as equals. Dunant's original genius lay in his acceptance of war as an essential ritual of human society, which can be tamed but will never be eradicated. And this ritual, Holleufer argues, is at odds with the essentially pacifist assumptions of our age—our culture of human rights. There are many delegates in the I.C.R.C. itself, Holleufer added, who find the organization's acceptance of war difficult to stomach. "Many Red Cross people think we have to fight for peace," he said. They believe that the I.C.R.C. should be on the side of "justice, security, and freedom." But perhaps our core attachment, he said, was not to these values but to a darker thought: the idea that, even amid death and fear and carnage, dignity could still prevail among warriors.

"The only thing holding us together is Nick at Nite."

Holleufer flipped a video on. It was one that he was hoping to distribute to television stations in the former Yugoslavia. It consisted of a succession of gray line drawings of combatants patrolling ruined streets and a simple voice-over: "A warrior does not kill prisoners. A warrior does not kill children. A warrior does not rape women." The voice-over was striking for what it did not say. It did not appeal to any notion of compassion or decency. It did not appeal to anyone as a human being. It appealed solely to the combatants as warriors.

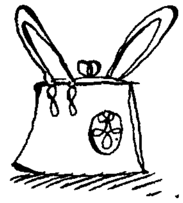
How many of us are prepared to put our moral trust in soldiers? After all, Lieutenant Calley was an officer in an army with a weighty tradition of honor, but that tradition did not stop the massacre at My Lai. My time with the I.C.R.C., however, had taught me to rethink my antiwar culture. The Red Cross acknowledges that a warrior's honor is a slender hope, but it may be all there is to separate war from savagery. And a corollary hope is that men can be trained to fight with honor. Armies train people to kill, but they also teach restraint and discipline; they channel aggression into ritual. War is redeemed only by moral rules, and, as Holleufer says, "the Red Cross is the guardian of the rules."

The problem, he concedes, is that more and more warriors no longer play by the rules. Modern technology has steadily increased the distance, both moral and geographic, between the warrior and his prey. What sense of honor can possibly link the technician who targets the Cruise or Tomahawk missile and the civilians of Baghdad a thousand miles away? At the other end of the scale, the global market in small arms is breaking up the modern state's monopoly on the means of violence. The history of war has been about the state's confiscating violence from society and vesting it in a specialized warrior caste. But if the state loses control of war, as it has in so many of the world's red zones of insurgency and rebellion—if war becomes the preserve of private armies, gangsters, and paramilitaries—then the distinction between battle and barbarism may disappear.

The Battle of Solferino lasted from sunrise to sunset on one day. The Angolan civil war lasted thirty years. The Afghan war has gone on since 1979. The butcheries in Rwanda and Burundi began with independence in the sixties and have been recurring ever since. In times past, war observed its own ecological limits. Conflicts burned themselves out as they used up soldiers and supplies and food. Now war is able to outrun the carrying capacity of the local ecology.

The I.C.R.C.'s devoted delegates struggle to enable the population to survive the unendurable, but lurking in the back of every delegate's mind is the possibility that in patching up the wounded, housing the homeless, and comforting the widows and orphans they are simply prolonging the conflict, giving a society the capacity to keep on destroying itself. The emergence of ragged, or endemic, war at the end of the twentieth century has helped the I.C.R.C. to rapidly expand its budget and staff. In places like Afghanistan, it has reached new warriors and found a shared language with them—and has done so far more effectively than any other organization. But a shared language isn't enough to stop the violence. The state's monopoly has been broken: its armories have been ransacked, and the weapons, so cheap and easy to use that a child can learn to kill in a quarter of an hour, have been diffused like a virus through the whole social tissue of poor societies.

More than development, more than aid or emergency relief, more than peacekeepers, these societies need states, with professional armies under the command of trained leaders. The police and armies of the nation-state remain the only available institutions we have ever developed with the capacity to control and channel large-scale human violence. Militias must be disarmed; weapons must be confiscated. Where the international community sees a clear prospect of winning, it will have to help one side or the other, one militia or tribe or the other, to win outright, to consolidate power, to restore order, to create armies with the authority, discipline, and self-control to regain the monopoly of violence. Otherwise, the young men with the Halloween masks and the AK-47s will spread danger ever closer to zones of safety, and it is not the I.C.R.C.'s job to stop them. In Holleufer's words, "We are the sentinels between the human and the inhuman." Never have sentinels been more necessary. Never has their work of warning been more dangerous.



A week before Christmas, six Red Cross personnel were asleep in their beds in an I.C.R.C. hospital at Novye Atagi, near Grozny, in Chechnya. The hospital, which provided medical care for all factions in the conflict, had been officially accepted by both Russian and Chechen authorities. The hospital compound was guarded by unarmed Chechen staff. At around 4 A.M., an unknown number of armed and masked men scaled the wall of the compound. They all had pistols fitted with silencers. They knocked one guard unconscious, pumped several shots into the hospital computers, and then made their way to the dormitory block where the Red Cross staff were sleeping. The killers were questioned by a Chechen nurse, and she was told to get out of the way. The six sleepers—from Canada, Norway, New Zealand, the Netherlands, and Spain—were shot at such close range that powder burns were found on them. A male delegate who rose to meet his attacker took a bullet in the shoulder and escaped execution by feigning death. The members of the paramilitary squad took flight when one of the Chechen guards—who, against orders, was armed—fired a warning shot in the air: they scaled the wall and disappeared. None of the Chechen or Russian groups or factions have claimed responsibility for the crime. The incident was the worst massacre of Red Cross personnel in history. At a hurried meeting of heads of delegations to consider security, the I.C.R.C. acknowledged that the new, semicriminalized forms of war exposed the delegates to dangers they had never seen before. But they did not accept the necessity of posting armed guards at hospitals, or of providing armed escorts for their convoys. They reaffirmed their faith in the legitimacy of the Red Cross emblem.

As the coffins bearing the bodies of the six staffers—Nancy Malloy, Sheryl Thayer, Hans Elkerbout, Ingeborg Foss, Gunnhild Myklebust, and Fernanda Calado—were brought out onto the tarmac at the Geneva airport, Tobias Bredland, a Norwegian Red Cross doctor who had survived the attack, stood at attention, wearing his Red Cross badge on the lapel of his winter coat. At the organization's headquarters, a flag in the courtyard stood at half-mast, and, in the room where a Christmas party was to have been held, staff and delegates gathered to listen to Cornelio Sommaruga. He had received a message from a field delegate, and he read it out:

> All our endeavor is based on the belief that, even in the middle of the worst depravities of war, man retains a fundamental minimum of humanity. Events like this can make it very difficult to maintain this belief. But without it we would have to admit that nothing distinguishes man from beast, *and that we will not admit.*

Sommaruga pronounced the last phrase with particular emphasis. The room was hushed for several minutes. Then the men and women of the Red Cross walked silently out into the cold winter night. ♦

FICTION

TWO STORIES

In a small town during the war, words were what changed first.

BY IDA FINK

AN AFTERNOON ON THE GRASS

We were sitting on the grass, Natalia, Masha, and I, beneath a cherry tree heavy with dark, sweet fruit, in a dense, sheltered orchard. In the middle of the orchard stood a small, modest cottage, where, by the time we came to visit, Natalia's parents had been renting a room for two months.

Their former house was on the town's main street; it was dark and full of heavy furniture. There everyone used to speak very loudly, because Natalia's father was deaf. But here, in the cottage, both Natalia and her mother spoke in whispers—though her father's hearing was, of course, no better. I was astonished to hear the low murmur of the usually loud voices and to see the deaf old man smiling stiffly, embarrassed by the silence that streamed from moving lips wherever he turned. He was playing with the chain of his pocket watch, passing it through his fingers like a rosary, and gently nodding his head. His face was still kind, just as I remembered it from the days when his family would shout themselves hoarse to allow him into a world closed off by his deafness. The murmur was uncanny, this whispering around a man already immersed in deafness, ignored—and blissfully ignorant.

"Is it quiet in town?" Natalia's mother asked in her muted voice. "What's going on? Are things quiet?" Her father pointed to the orchard and exclaimed, "Look at the garden we have here—how green everything is!"

Natalia's mother seemed gloomy and worried. Gently but firmly, she pushed her husband across the threshold into the cottage and shut the door behind him. Then she asked again, "Is it quiet? Really quiet?"

Natalia sat silently, her head bowed. Her neck had broken out in a rash, just as it had after her graduation exams. With her bangs cut straight across her forehead and her freckled nose, she still looked like a well-behaved schoolgirl. She had been the quietest girl in class, and it wasn't until the final exam that she had surprised everyone with her written essay, "Landscapes in Polish Literature." The school principal, a teacher of Polish literature, pronounced the essay excellent. Peering at Natalia as if he were seeing her for the first time, he said, "You absolutely must go on to the university and study Polish literature."

Natalia's neck reacted to the principal's praise by breaking out in red splotches, but her best friend, Masha, who was standing next to her, snorted with laughter. "*Panie dyrektorze*, you've got to be joking! A Jewish girl studying Polish literature at the university!" Masha was bold and outspoken, totally different from quiet Natalia, who after that fleeting triumph did move to the nearby town, with its famous university—to take courses in dressmaking. She cut and sewed for exactly a year; then the war broke out. I also left for the nearby town and returned a year later. Only Masha, the bold, the mocking, didn't go anywhere, because her family had no money. She worked as a private tutor.

Now the three of us were sitting in the dense orchard beside the poor peasant cottage to which Natalia's parents had moved, hoping that this move would save them from disaster. All the exams, all the departures, all the return trips home were far behind us, in a world that had ceased to exist. Which is why neither Natalia nor I understood, at first, what Masha meant when she said, "I envy you that year. I never envied anyone before. But now I envy you."

Natalia's mother appeared on the doorstep with a plate of pancakes made with dark flour. "They're for you. Go on and eat," she said, and once again asked, "Is it really quiet in town?"

Natalia looked at her imploringly. "Mama, please, Mama." Touching her raw, burning neck, she explained in a whisper, "Mama's always asking whether things are quiet in town. As if that meant anything. She never used to be like that. She was always even-tempered and reasonable."

"None of us are like we used to be," Masha cackled loudly. We didn't recognize that cackle. The pancakes were chewy and tasteless; we could hardly eat them.

"What was it you said a minute ago?" Natalia asked. "Why do you envy us?"

"I was saying that I envy you that year, the last year before the war, when you were away. That year that you spent by yourselves. New places, new faces."

"I don't know what you mean. I've already told you how many times I just wanted to give up and go back home. Sewing classes—how boring. Obviously you have the wrong idea."

"I know exactly what I mean," Masha interrupted, annoyed, "and she"—here she pointed at me—"knows what I mean, too."

I thought that probably I did, but I didn't say anything, I didn't even look at Masha; I just stared out across the flat plain over which the sun was setting. The sky was turning red, the windowpanes had taken on the color of the sweet cherries. And looming in the window was Natalia's father's kind face. He was gesturing to us with his hands.

The door of the cottage suddenly flew open, and Natalia's mother rushed out. This time she didn't ask us anything; she didn't say a word—she just ran to the gate, propped her elbows on the wooden fence, and stood there for a long time facing town.

"I thought I heard some shouts," she

said, coming back. "But there's nothing. Everything's quiet."

The glow of a kerosene lamp lit the inside of the cottage. Natalia's father opened the window and called out, "Aren't the mosquitoes bothering you, girls?"

"Mosquitoes, mosquitoes." His wife sounded exasperated. "He's worried about mosquitoes."

Masha leaned toward me with her flat dinner plate of a face. Her eyes searched out mine.

"They say you had a boyfriend there. Is that true?"

"It's true."

"Tell us about it. Is it really as . . . beautiful as people say?"

"Masha! How can you!" Natalia exclaimed.

"We'd better be heading back," I said, and Masha stood up obediently.

Natalia accompanied us to the road. The evening was cool. Fog was drifting in over the fields. We walked quickly. A small boy ran by us shouting in Ukrainian, "*Zydiw byut!*"—"Hurry, they're beating Jews!"—and smiled, pleased at his joke.

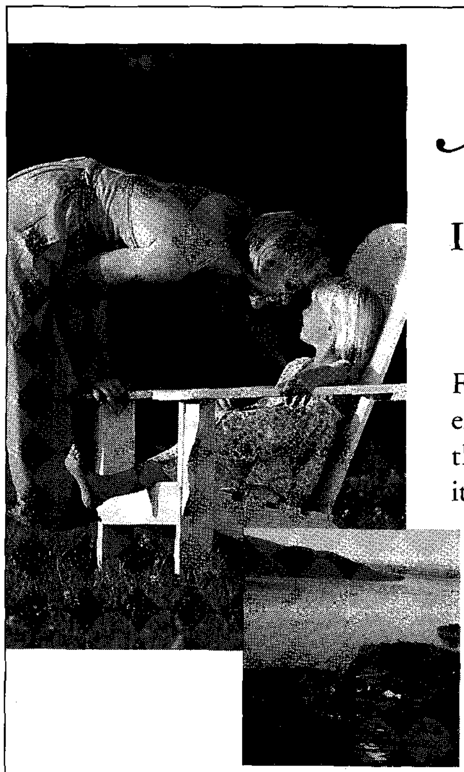
The town was silent. Just past the bridge, before we went our separate ways, Masha stopped. In the darkness her face shone, white as a mask.

She said, "Don't be angry. Please understand, I'm just so sad that . . . I'll never know . . . that I might die without ever . . ."

I turned on to our street and ran. I could see the pine trees in front of our house, far away, darker than the dark, and while I was running I thought, Poor, poor Masha, and when I reached the door I pressed the bell with my finger and rang in a frenzy, so that I could open the drawer as quickly as possible and take out the letters I knew by heart and read them and read and read. . . .

A SECOND SCRAP OF TIME

A VAST distance separated the old time from the new, the space between the first S. S. operation—which we still called a roundup—and the second, which for the first time we called by its proper name, *Aktion*. This new time did not displace the old time all at once; we had grown accustomed to the old time, we felt at home in it—so that



Around here,
time doesn't stand still.
It laughs, smiles,
and plays in the sun.

For over a century, families have enjoyed the natural lakeside beauty that is Basin Harbor. Whether it's golf or tennis, watersports or quality time together, a vacation at Basin Harbor is a time to reconnect with your family and with yourself.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB
On Lake Champlain, Vermont
Owned and operated by the Beach family since 1886.

1-800-622-4000 Box MNY13, Vergennes, Vermont 05491
E-mail: res@BasinHarbor.com Website: www.BasinHarbor.com

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
It weighs only **22 pounds**. You can buy more than a canoe.
606-986-2336

Publish Your Book
75-year tradition of quality. Subsidy book publisher offers publishing services for books of all types. For *Author's Guide* write or call Dorrance—YORK, 643 Smithfield, Pittsburgh, PA 15222 or 1-800-695-9599.

Kiawah
Island's 10 Mile Beach
Free 28-Page Resort Guide
1-800-845-3911 Ad #318
Near Historic Charleston, SC
Ravenel Associates, Kiawah Island, SC 29455

**Vacation Rentals
France, Italy, Spain
& Portugal**
We have a wonderful selection of personally inspected Country Homes, Villas and Apartments. Rentals available from a week to a year.
Call Vacances Provençales Vacations, 1-800-263-7152, FAX (416)322-0706. www.inforamp.net/~vpv

OXFORD UNIVERSITY
Cambridge University
Gregorian University - Rome
University of Leiden
University of Bologna
UNIVERSITY OF PARIS-SORBONNE
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
Charles University-Prague

Gracious living, dining, and learning - the delights of an advanced and subtle civilization. One and two-week literature, history, and art programs at the world's great universities. Learn as if you were to live forever...

FREE BROCHURE CALL
1-800-792-0100

University Vacations
Est.'d 1981
http://www.university-vacations.com

"I had a headache, too, but he went away."

the process occurred slowly, almost imperceptibly. But the change was nevertheless inevitable, and by the end of the second *Aktion* (which was the first to be called that) the new time was firmly established. This second *Aktion* had certain qualities that defined it more precisely.

The space separating the two operations was a borderland. Pushed to the limits of the old time, we slowly inched our way into the new zone, our progress constantly thwarted by false hopes and inaccurate calculations, until finally we found ourselves fully under the new time's power. We had no idea how it happened: everything was planned so cunningly that at first none of us realized we were under siege.

In assessing the situation we unwittingly resorted to oversimplification; we viewed our slow crawl into the new zone as a series of separate "troubles." What we failed to realize was that by dividing this movement into doses and degrees we were growing accustomed to it. By using everyday language to describe it, we were creating whole new categories of thought and learning new responses that in the old time would surely have been considered insane.

In our daily lives we clung to familiar habits and routines—undressing for bed and eating meals together at the table—and just added new ones. The simplest example: instead of greeting one another with the usual small talk—"How are you?" "What's new?" "It's warm out today"—we used new phrases. "There was an *Aktion* in T——." "Are things quiet in town?" "I heard they killed two boys at Reckmann's camp." After that we'd serve our guests tea (brewed from the petals of a garden rose) or cigarettes (rolled from shag tobacco), or else barley meal, which we lived on at that time.

Our vocabulary sprouted new expressions and strange acronyms for long names, but the word *Aktion* towered above them all. It dominated that time which some people—in their misguided naïveté—continued to call wartime.

The space between the first *Aktion* and the second was vast. The leaves fell from the trees, snow covered the ground, and the ice broke up on the river that flowed lazily through the city, with a branch running beside the public baths. The night of the second *Aktion* was the first time—but not the last—that this bathhouse was converted to a warehouse, where the human harvest was stored for transport.

That was the night the ice broke up, with its loud hissing and cracking. The powerful voice of the river rumbling through the garden muffled the footsteps of the man who suddenly appeared at the door, panting and trembling. Before he could say a word, we knew that it had begun; we were clever students of the new time. The panting, trembling man sank back into the darkness, to reappear—like a messenger crying "Fire!"—at another house, another threshold under the Star of David.

We still didn't know that this *Aktion* was special, different, set apart from the one that came before and those that came after. All of us, young and old alike, uttered a few brief, helpless cries as we ran out of the house and toward the river's roaring, into the thick darkness, entrusting our lives to a few bare bushes in the garden.

One by one we ran down the puddle-soaked path, toward the hiss of steaming water and the shattering of ice, until someone shouted—and stopped us in our tracks. Someone was calling us to come back. Who? What words did he use, how did he tell us that we weren't in danger, because we were young and healthy—both in body and in mind? I don't know.

Everything is dark—nothing, a void—until the moment I find myself sitting on the bench beside the kitchen window, clutching a piece of coarse bread. A sputtering candle, a woman's cry, fingers digging into an arm.

The *Aktion* of the old, the sick, and the crippled.

The relief must have been great; that is, relief as defined by the standards of the new time: a death sentence had suddenly been commuted. I don't remember the relief, but my sitting in the kitchen seems like irrefutable testimony that it existed—my clutching the bread, the way I tore at it without eating it, the thin candle with its sputtering flame dispersing the darkness.

Then there was a different kind of

light, a weak flash lasting no more than one or two seconds—just long enough for me to see fingers digging into an arm wrapped in rough homespun, and a woman's face. The flash was preceded by a strange, birdlike whistle, equally weak, and shrill, which seemed to be coming down the street, and the closer it came the more birdlike and less human it sounded. I moved closer to the window and pressed my face against the windowpane, hoping to see an owl or some other night bird. I was sweating.

With the whistle came steps, running, first far away, then closer and closer. The running was uneven, intermittent, as if the runner, having built up speed, was forced to stop suddenly, and then forced to race on. And all the time the odd noise, which, now that my ears had grown used to it, no longer seemed birdlike at all. Now I could tell that it was a human cry, wretched and despairing.

It would have passed by nameless in the night if it hadn't been for a thin sword of light that cut white through the darkness. The search beam vanished as suddenly as it had appeared—but still I managed to see.

In a fraction of a second I saw an arm wrapped in rough homespun. I saw fingers, fierce and clawing, pressed into the arm. And in the same split second I saw the old, worn face of Perla the fisherwoman, known throughout town as the crazy woman who used whatever money she scrounged from begging to buy fish, which she then tossed into the pond. No one had ever heard her voice; she herself was as quiet as a fish. But now she was crying out. She was screaming that she didn't want to be dragged off to be executed. She pronounced the word "executed" carefully, one syllable at a time, with perfect diction. At the last moment, her mind had come back to her, along with her speech.

When the cries ceased and everything grew quiet once again, I sat back down on the bench and began to nibble on the coarse bread. Soon I had eaten our family's entire ration for the next several days.

Outside the window the spruces and the jagged line of the picket fence began to take shape. I walked onto the porch, opened the door, and stood on the threshold. The air was fresh and humid. The noise of the river had grown softer; the water level must have fallen during the night. A pale dawn gleamed over the town. The crowing of the roosters broke the silence, and soon afterward three figures appeared at the far end of the street. Two young women were leading a third, who was gray-haired and trembling. "It's over, Mama," I heard one of the young ones saying. "Don't be afraid. You're alive, Mama." The second one turned to me and said, "We hid Mama in the potato cellar."

The first reports leaked out the next morning. They came from Polish railwaymen, who talked about a train made of freight cars bleached with slaked lime and bound for a place called Belzec. We had never heard of it. The name called to mind the popular song that began "Belz, my little town, Belz," but it turned out to be a different place entirely. ♦

(*Translated, from the Polish, by Philip Boehm and Francine Prose.*)

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

R.S.V.P.

AN INVITATION TO RESPOND DIRECTLY TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS BY PHONE.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

ON-LINE CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST SPONSORED BY PLASTICS RESOURCE

Match wits with famous *New Yorker* cartoonist Jack Ziegler by creating your own caption for his original cartoon. (Jack's caption will be revealed at the end of the contest.) Win a trip to New York to receive the original cartoon—signed, sealed and delivered by Jack Ziegler himself—at a party in your honor. Yes, show us the funny and enter on the web at **http://www.enews.com/magazines/new_yorker** or **http://www.plasticsresource.com**

BIOGRAPHY® Magazine. Every life has a story. And now, you can find the most fascinating lives in a brand new magazine, BIOGRAPHY® from A&E. The first 1500 people to call **1-800-423-1800** will receive a complimentary issue.

AUTOMOTIVE

AUDI A8. Elegance without arrogance. Excellence without excess. Class without mass. For more information about the new Audi A8 visit us at **http://www.audi.com**

Hertz. Discover the real Europe with Hertz Affordable Europe! For a copy of our '97 brochure with information on our flexible rental programs and quality service at over 2,500 locations across Europe, please call **1-800-654-3001**.

ADVERTISEMENT

FINANCIAL SERVICES

The Calvert Group offers a family of mutual funds that invest in socially and environmentally responsible companies. Call Calvert Group at **1-800-987-4860**.

ON-LINE SERVICES

E-NEWS. Look for *The New Yorker* at The Electronic Newsstand on the World Wide Web. **http://www.enews.com/magazines/new_yorker**

TRAVEL

Alpine Tourist Commission. The Alps are a majestically mountainous year-round playground. Climb, ski, walk, or just look! The Alps truly are the Greatest Outdoors. For a free brochure call **1-800-262-ALPS**.

Alpine Trails, Ltd. Hike the Swiss and Italian Alps with popular author/mountaineer Fred Jacobson. Small groups of active outdoor enthusiasts who also appreciate high level creature comforts. 25th Year! Free brochure. Call **1-800-291-8126**.

Caribbean Coalition for Tourism. The ultimate CARIBBEAN VACATION PLANNER...with over 300 sun-soaked pages to help plan your dream vacation in paradise. Call **1-800-356-9999, ext. 438**.

Cunard. No matter what you want your world to be, Cunard's worldwide luxury fleet can take you there. For a portfolio of European, African, Mediterranean, Caribbean, South American and transatlantic cruises, call **1-800-7-CUNARD**, mention **Cunard code 0099**.

Isreal Ministry of Tourism. This extraordinary destination has it all. History, culture, great food, shopping, beaches, and more. No one belongs here more than you. Toll-free **1-888-77-ISREAL**.

Ivaran Lines, Inc. Sail the M/V Americana to the east coast of South America. Just 88 discerning passengers travel on the world's most luxurious working container ship. Call Ivaran Lines at **1-201-798-5656**.

Jamaica Tourist Board. Come to Jamaica and Feel All Right. For your Free Jamaica Vacation Kit call **1-800-JAMAICA**.

Kiawah, Seabrook, Isle of Palms, Wild Dunes and Sullivan's Island. Free resort guide includes nautical chart, maps, golf packages, bike trails, fishing, boating, and tours of Charleston. Call **1-800-247-5050, ad code 328.** Ravenel Associates

LOT Polish Airlines. Fly LOT Polish Airlines to the cobbled streets and vistas of Old Town, Warsaw. Call **1-800-223-0593**.

Norvista. Specializing in travel to Russia, Scandinavia and the Baltics. For a free brochure please call **1-800-526-4927**.

Rail Europe. Choose Eurostar, the Channel Tunnel Train, linking London to Paris or Brussels, or our popular 5-country railpass Europass. Add a car for maximum flexibility. Call **1-800-4EURAIL**.

Scottsdale Princess. The soul of Arizona. The heart of your vacation. Award-winning cuisine, spacious accommodations, and more. Call **1-800-223-1818**.

Southampton Princess. The soul of Bermuda. The heart of your vacation. The island's premier luxury resort with magnificent views. Call **1-800-223-1818**.

Swissair. Learn more about Swissair and Switzerland's exciting and affordable vacation possibilities in our *Switzerland Vacation Planner*. For a free copy, please call **1-800-GO-SWISS, ext. 25**.

Wales. Discover legendary Wales, land of timeless beauty. Just two hours from London! For your free Wales Vacation Planner call **1-800-874-7349**.

Windsor-Vero Beach. Seaside village with award-winning architecture, golf, tennis, polo. Houses from $575,000 to over $3 million, homesites from $150,000 to $1.5 million. Call **1-800-233-7656**.

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS, WITH ISSUE DATE NOTED, TO THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036. ©1997 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. 970324

BOOKS

THE MYSTERY OF DR. B.

Bruno Bettelheim and the politics of reputation.

BY DAPHNE MERKIN

WHAT becomes a legend most? Was Bruno Bettelheim a mountebank swathed in a thick Austrian accent and false credentials, with a volatile temperament, given to exaggerating the cure rate among the autistic children in his charge? Or was he a compassionate teacher and therapist who had penetrating insight into the unconscious processes of emotionally traumatized children, and whose time in Dachau and Buchenwald shaped an iconoclastic but humane vision?

Bettelheim's legend is eerily bifurcated—as though a snapshot of the man, round-faced and benign-looking behind thick glasses, had been torn down the middle. In the nineteen-sixties and seventies, Bettelheim was an intellectual celebrity, with multitudes of believers reading his books and flocking to his lectures; in 1983, at what was perhaps the height of his incarnation as a wise paterfamilias, he appeared as a psychoanalyst in Woody Allen's "Zelig." But in the seven years that have passed since his suicide a figure who was once revered for his commitment to healing psychological wounds in the young has come to be reviled for his single-minded dedication to the nurturing of his own myth and for his apparent brutalization of a number of the children under his care. As two recent biographies of Bettelheim demonstrate—"The Creation of Dr. B," by Richard Pollak (Simon & Schuster; $28), and "Bettelheim: A Life and a Legacy," by Nina Sutton (Basic; $35)—his life sets before us a fascinating study of the politics of reputation, and the curious mixture of pathology and renown which contributes to it. Although Sutton's book takes a more sympathetic view than Pollak's zealously debunking account, there is some agreement on the basic facts, as well as on the notion of a troubling fault line in Bettelheim's character.

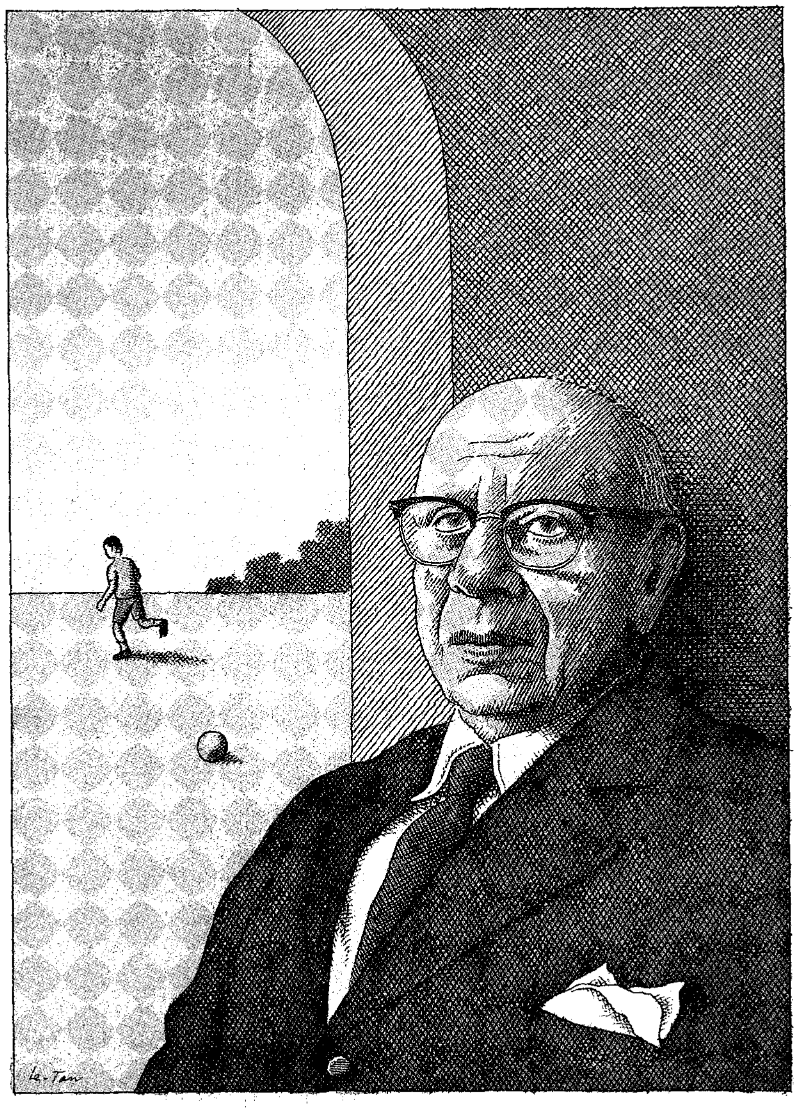
BETTELHEIM sailed into New York on May 11, 1939, on the S.S. Gerolstein—along with more than a hundred other refugees from the Third Reich—with three dollars in his pocket, a doctoral dissertation on the aesthetics of nature, and some experience running his family's lumber company. In Vienna, Bettelheim had attended the opera, collected the lithographs of Käthe Kollwitz and Egon Schiele, frequented the coffeehouses, and even undergone analysis for a brief period. This cultivated upper-middle-class life came to an abrupt end when he was arrested by the Austrians on orders from Berlin in 1938. He was incarcerated in the camps for nearly a year before he managed to bribe his way out and escape to America.

Bettelheim had hoped to be reunited with Gina, his wife of nine years, who had fled Vienna for America right after the Anschluss, but these hopes were dashed at their first meeting, in New York. Although he had ardently courted her, the marriage had never been a happy one. (Even on their honeymoon, the bridegroom, who was twenty-six, preferred to sit in a beach chair and read a biography of Frederick II, while his bride rode up into the Sicilian hills on a donkey.) After his wife's blunt rejection, Bettelheim turned to an old flame—Trude Weinfeld, a nature-loving, Montessori-trained teacher whom he had known in Vienna and who had since left for Australia. He had sent her a cable informing her that he was free, and she joined him some months later. (The two were married in May of 1941, and eventually had three children.)

Helped by some official letters from a relief committee, Bettelheim set out to find work, but none materialized. Then, in the fall of 1939, on a tip from a fellow-émigré, Bettelheim arrived in Hyde Park—a gemütlich academic community on Chicago's South Side—to take an unpaid position on an ambitious secondary-school-reform project under the leadership of Ralph Tyler, the chairman of the University of Chicago's Department of Education. In spite of his tentative English and bouts of depression punctuated by nightmares about the camps, Bettelheim proved to be a quick study, and Tyler offered him a salaried post before the year was out. He also recommended Bettelheim for a job at Rockford, a small college for women near Chicago, where he taught a panoply of courses (including art history, philosophy, psychology, and German) and became something of a campus celebrity—"an intellectual Pied Piper"—known for a brilliant but scorching teaching style and for mercurial behavior with his young students: half "kindly Viennese uncle" and half "Erich von Stroheim."

Ironically, it was during this period of genuine accomplishment that Bettelheim, perhaps in response to the anxiety of exile, "reinvented his past," as Sutton says—or, as Pollak puts it, began to "dress up his vita" to impress his colleagues. Among other dazzling Old World achievements, Bettelheim claimed summa cum laude in three disciplines, music studies with Arnold Schoenberg, extensive psychological training, firsthand experience with autistics, and an encounter with none other than Freud himself. He also began to circulate stories exaggerating his bravery in the concentration camps, and went as far as to suggest that Eleanor Roosevelt and Governor Herbert Lehman had played a part in his release.

For all these elaborations, however, when Bettelheim wrote a paper about the camps, "Individual and Mass Behavior in Extreme Situations," his description of the experience was not only unadorned but, to some, disconcertingly clinical. This article, which was first published in a scholarly journal, was excerpted by Dwight Macdonald in an early issue of *Politics*, in 1944, and won the attention of an admiring intellectual coterie. It attempted to investigate the adaptation of Bettelheim's fellow-prisoners in psychoanalytic terms, and proposed that the extreme nature of concentration-camp life (this was before the existence of extermination camps per se) led to regressive, childlike behavior in a majority of them. The authoritative tone and the provocative, unsentimental stance of the article were characteristic of Bettelheim's evolving public persona; the tension between this keen and disabused observer and the insecure refugee who felt compelled to glamorize his autobiography would mark him throughout his life. (Pollak, in a rare, grudging concession that his subject was given to an occasional honest impulse, notes that Bettelheim wrote Macdonald a letter correcting a mistake in his author's bio: "I am *not* a psychiatrist, I am only a psychologist. I just feel that one should not make claim to a professional standing which one does not have.")



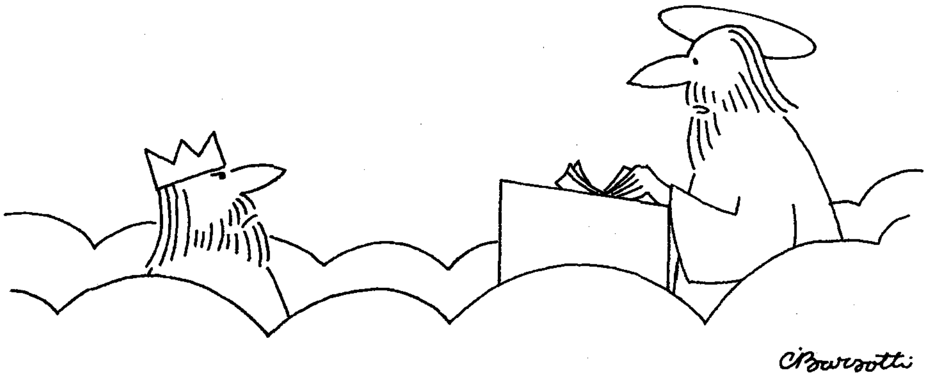
In the seven years since his suicide, why has the portrait of Bettelheim as evil guru obscured that of Bettelheim as empathetic visionary?

BETTELHEIM'S great claim to fame—and, more recently, to infamy—rests on the fact that in 1944 he became the director of the Orthogenic School, an institution for disturbed children under the auspices of the University of Chicago's Department of Education. The children's diagnoses included epilepsy and mental retardation as well as emotional problems; the school was financially strapped; and its former director, a specialist in the electrical activity of the brain, was rumored to be a sadist. Bettelheim's own impression of the place, according to Pollak, was that it was "dirty and stank of urine," and his advice to Tyler, as he later told the story, was to burn it down.

Over the next thirty years, Bettelheim was to transform the Orthogenic School from a neglectful holding pen into a much admired residential center practicing "milieu therapy," a form of treatment advocated by the Viennese psychoanalyst August Aichhorn, who specialized in the treatment of delinquent adolescents. In place of a stark, prison-like setting where the children were treated as small captives in need of bed-wetting supervision and neurological study, Bettelheim created a flexible dormitory environment. Counsellors interacted with the children around the clock: shampooing their hair, reading them bedtime stories, and interpreting their every thought and deed. Bettelheim's reforms were as revolutionary as they were ambitious, coming at a time when, as a former counsellor at the school put it, "mad children were seen as bad children." Milieu therapy aimed at curing rather than simply containing; the hope was that by creating a vigilantly responsive atmosphere, in which feelings from the past were observed as they emerged in the daily life of the school, children thought to be irredeemable would learn to stand on their own two feet.

And, indeed, some of the school's students must have felt that they had died and gone to heaven. The new director insisted on enhancing what Pollak refers to as a "sense of refuge" with aesthetically pleasing even luxurious—surroundings. Thanks to his skills as a fund-raiser, the school featured ample food, fine china, and red crystal drinking glasses, as well as bedrooms whose decoration was chosen by the children themselves. Candy was freely dispensed from a supply kept next to Bettelheim's office. Pollak reports, "Any child could raid this trove whenever she wished and was free to carry off as many Hershey bars, Chuckles, Baby Ruths, cookies, and assorted other confections as she liked, no questions asked." The director's own office door was mostly open, and he kept a pink pig-shaped cookie jar on his desk. Bettelheim also had an aversion to what he saw as a middle-class obsession with hygiene and bathroom habits, and instructed his staff accordingly: even regular bed wetters were not to be woken up during the night, and he put an immediate stop to record-keeping of the children's bowel movements.

But there was another side to Bettelheim—one that conflicted with his progressive anti-institutional instincts. He was often openly hostile to the parents of the children in his care, and strongly discouraged too much contact. This was at odds with Bettelheim's public views on the maternal role, which were sufficiently middle-of-the-road and reassuring to make him a popular child-rearing instructor for young mothers. (His 1962 book "Dialogues with Mothers" was based



"Yes, but you were the defender of the wrong faith."

on these discussions, and for ten years beginning in the mid-sixties he also wrote an advice column in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.) Yet Pollak reports that as early as 1948 a confidential memo stated that Bettelheim was "incapable of appropriate parent orientation, or not interested in it," and it is clear that he treated many of these desperate people dismissively. It was as though he needed to inflate his already considerable power by diminishing the influence of other adults.

Then there was the question of discipline. Many of the children were difficult to control, and some were violent. Although the staff was not supposed to resort to corporal punishment, Bettelheim exempted himself from this prohibition, slapping the children when he saw fit. He was unwilling to comment in print on this aspect of the school—he feared, he said, being misunderstood by the average mother. But this reticence also served to insure that the public's fantasy of the school, which he had carefully shaped in books such as "Love Is Not Enough" and "Truants from Life," remained untarnished by its more demanding realities. The situation was further complicated by the fact that Bettelheim saw everything through a psychoanalytic prism. He would become especially incensed over seemingly routine accidents—a dish being broken or a stray rubber ball hitting someone on the head—which he regarded as being filled with unconscious aggressive intent. (He also treated adolescence, with all its swagger and rebellion, as a failure of moral development.) And who was to question his interpretations? Within "Bruno's castle," as a colleague mockingly referred to the school, his authority was troublingly absolute.

As the years passed, along with effecting a magical transformation in the Orthogenic School, Bettelheim made an outsized name for himself as a maverick psychoanalyst and cultural critic. He was regularly tapped to pronounce upon controversial issues—racism, collective child rearing (in 1964 he visited Israel to do research on the kibbutz system), the Vietnam War—and he delighted in embroiling himself in intellectual debate. In his books, which were distinguished by catchy titles and a cogent, accessible style, he aired his views on subjects ranging from infantile autism to the true meaning of Freud. "The Uses of Enchantment," his best-known work—an excerpt appeared in *The New Yorker*—explored the meaning of fairy tales. (Both Sutton and Pollak take up the charges of plagiarism recently brought against this book, which borrowed from an obscure psychiatric study published more than a decade earlier.)

In 1973, Bettelheim retired from the Orthogenic School and moved, with his wife, to Portola Valley, in Northern California. There he taught seminars at nearby Stanford and continued to pit himself in lectures and in writing against the reigning pieties of the day. Beginning with the death of his wife, in 1984, however, Bettelheim suffered a series of blows—including a variety of debilitating ailments and a rift with his older daughter, Ruth—which led to a deepening of his chronic depression. In February, 1990, he reluctantly moved into a retirement residence in Silver Spring, Maryland. Then, on March 13th—the same day on which, half a century earlier, the Wehrmacht tanks had rolled into Vienna—the eighty-six-year-old Bettelheim committed suicide by downing some pills with liquor and then putting a plastic bag over his head, securing it at the throat with elastic bands. The news shocked and even angered many; the idea that this combative humanist had decided to take his own life seemed to undercut his feisty assertions about the need to overcome early damage and persevere in the face of the destructiveness loose in the universe.

The creation of an "anti-myth"—of a narrative designed to subvert the ordained text, in which Bettelheim featured as an impish icon, a godlike healer bringing joy and chocolates to youngsters who had formerly known only misery—began within what seemed only minutes of his death. The man whose oft-stated conviction was that "our job is to help the patient to feel anger" seems to have done all too good a job: several of his former patients stepped forward with charges that Bettelheim had not only psychologically tyrannized but physically abused them. A former patient at the school published an article in *Commentary* which suggested that Bettelheim had recklessly misdiagnosed some of the children under his care and had systematically destroyed their self-confidence. (The author of the article, a graduate student in international affairs at George Washington University, had been labelled autistic when he was placed in the school at the age of seven.) Suddenly, there were rumors on top of stories on top of reports, all conspiring to make a mockery of the regard and affection in which Bettelheim had once been held. The picture that emerged was of a ruthless, power-mad careerist and impostor.

Richard Pollak, a journalist and former literary editor of *The Nation*, is situated firmly in the enemy camp. Pollak's brother fatally fractured his skull in a barn accident at the age of eleven while he was on vacation from the Orthogenic School, and he makes no secret of the fact that he is fuelled by personal animus: he explains in a prologue that he went to see Bettelheim in 1969, twenty-odd years after his brother's death, in an effort to better understand the circumstances surrounding it, and was horrified by the person he met. Bettelheim dismissed Pollak's parents—the father as a "schlemiel" and the mother as a villain—and went on to assert that the death of Pollak's brother had been a suicide. Pollak came away from the encounter thinking of Bettelheim in cartoonishly sinister terms, as "the evil Doctor Sivana, arch-nemesis of Captain Marvel."

This ominous image does not appear to be entirely a projection of the author's, but there is no way a reader can avoid the impression that Pollak is committed to putting the worst possible face on Bettelheim at every juncture. He recounts every deception, minor as well as major, in an exhaustive welter of details. (How much does it matter, for example, that Bettelheim embellished his stories of life in the camps with fanciful tributes to his own stoicism? If he wasn't quite the dashing hero he made himself out to be, he assuredly wasn't vacationing in Bermuda.) The result is a carping and distorted account in which Pollak strikes an accusatory tone even when it is not called for, and races past poignant moments or warm recollections for fear of being deflected from his mission.

Nina Sutton's more judiciously balanced—and more convincing—account zooms in on the small, embattled figure of Bruno Bettelheim from the opposite angle. She began as an ardent admirer, uncovered many of the same discomfiting facts as Pollak, and ends with a tempered respect for a person beset by demons yet capable of rising above them to help others overcome traumatic experiences. Among those demons, according to Sutton, seems to have been an almost Nixonian sense of shame and self-hatred; this endured throughout Bettelheim's life, in spite of his being "feted, respected and thanked," and gradually engulfed him after Trude, with her "reassuring and constructive gaze," died. (He wrote to a friend in Israel, "We had been loving each other for the last fifty years. . . . I owe to her all I am.") Sutton points out that the man who committed himself to, as he put it, "working with children whose lives have been destroyed because their mothers hated them" had a difficult childhood himself. He never got over witnessing his father's slow, tortured decline from syphilis and carried with him an unshakable conviction of his own homeliness. One of Bettelheim's favorite anecdotes involved his mother's alarmed reaction when she was first shown her newborn son: "Thank God it's a boy!" He was also profoundly conflicted about his Jewishness, which resulted in some misguided views on the subject of anti-Semitism; he saw in his religion a mirror for both the repellent—"I'm nothing but an ugly old Jew," he told his former editor as his depression deepened in the last months—and the admirable aspects of himself. This attitude, together with feelings of guilt about his own successful escape from the camps, led him to condemn what he called compliant "ghetto thinking" and to take a censorious attitude toward the victims of Nazism which obscured his more nuanced insights into individual responses to aggression.

A central clue to who the legendary Dr. B. really was rests, as Sutton implies, with the drastic paradigmatic use Bettelheim made of his survival in Dachau and Buchenwald. He spoke of that period in boldly contrarian terms, as having been in some way cathartic; he wrote that "the impact of the concentration camp . . . within a few weeks, did for me what years of a useful and quite successful analysis had not done." Although the statement is, on the face of it, startling, if not outright distasteful, it does make sense in the light of Bettelheim's remark to a French journalist that his year in the camps was the only time in his life when he did not have thoughts of suicide. The harsh conditions there—and, horrifying as they were, Dachau and Buchenwald were set up as concentration camps rather than death camps—allowed him to extrude his inner demons, to come

"Is this a good time to bring up a car problem?"

down unambivalently on the side of life.

His later application of the mechanism of survivorhood to the more subtle inflections of childhood damage set up a bizarre analogy. Just as the brutal intervention of the Nazis had shaken Bettelheim into psychological health, so he, in the form of the Big Bad Wolf (which is how he sometimes referred to himself), could direct the children's aggression away from themselves and onto a more suitable object: namely, him. This method, albeit neither fully conscious nor fully integrated, amounted to an energetic Realpolitik approach to the tenuous mental processes described by Freud. "Here," Bettelheim told the counsellors at the Orthogenic School, "the children are the id, you are the ego, and I'm the superego."

THE emotional heat that circles around Bettelheim's memory suggests a continuing enthrallment, a primordial ambivalence of the kind a young child feels toward its parents. We are always looking for consistency in other people, especially in our psychological mentors, so it is hardly surprising that the earlier impulse to idealize Bettelheim has been displaced by an almost parricidal compulsion to break him down into his various—and often conflicting—parts. But if it is relatively easy to see how the man once thought of as "some sort of a secular saint," as Sutton puts it, could now be referred to in the pages of Pollak's biography as "a fucking fraud" by one of his many detractors, it is more difficult to ascertain his genuine accomplishments in the blizzard of charges and incriminations which has covered him.

This is especially true in the area of his leadership of the Orthogenic School, where the portrait of Bettelheim as evil guru has obscured the less sensational but more accurate one of Bettelheim as empathetic visionary. Through his work there, he succeeded in demystifying the shameful subject of mental illness for a naïve and resistant public, both at home and abroad. His beguiling writings about the students, which were filled with pithy descriptions of esoteric psychological processes, helped to establish an attitude of interest in and respect for children who were once seen as not only different but defective. He humanized these "hopeless cases" he had inherited so that they came to be understood through their suffering rather than scorned for their symptoms.

It is important, too, to remember when considering Bettelheim's approach to antisocial behavior that in the fifties and sixties corporal punishment was the order of the day, even for normal children. However questionable some of his tactics may appear to us now, they were less extreme than the standard institutional practices then in use: psychotropic medication, isolation rooms, and straitjackets. The real tragedy is not that Bettelheim resorted to force on occasion but that he felt compelled to perpetuate an idyllic version of the school, much as he had prettied up his personal trajectory. If these deceptions served to protect him from potential censure in the short run, they made him all the more vulnerable to attack later on.

As for autism, there is no doubt that he was mistaken, insisting on a psychological pathogenesis for the disease and also on a heady cure rate (eighty-five per cent) for the autistic children who were admitted to his school before the age of seven or eight. Even here, though, we would do well to recall that autism is still poorly understood and that the treatment for the condition in those days was more often than not to throw up one's hands and leave the afflicted to stare at their shoelaces. While his conviction that autistic children could be successfully psychoanalyzed undoubtedly caused a lot of needless pain to their parents (who were led to believe that they had "caused" the disease), it also demonstrated Bettelheim's passionate investment in the possibility of coaxing such children out of their frozen state. His dream was to "bridge the gap" between the crazy and the sane through comprehending the workings of the unconscious, no matter how dark and roiling they might be. It was a dream of inclusion, in which no child was to be abandoned.

Bettelheim's notorious antipathy to parents was, paradoxically, integrally connected to his advocacy for children. Despite his Dr. Spock-like interaction with mothers, he scoffed at the notion of a maternal instinct: "Of course there is none, otherwise there would not have been the many children who needed my professional services." His belief that parents could, wittingly or not, do enormous damage led him to view the parent-child relationship as suspect until proved otherwise. "I cannot accept that psychoanalytic writings have created parental guilt," he wrote. "Sure, they have added to it and given it substance. But guilt comes from way back when, way back deep down." Viewed in this light, Bettelheim's hostility has something strangely admirable about it: it is an undiplomatic manifesto meant to indicate whose side he was on, and he stuck to it well after the fifties, when parent-blaming was newly chic.

Fashions in therapy come and go, and the age of Prozac is unlikely to be receptive to a man whose emphasis was on psychosocial forces rather than on biological ones. The fluctuations of the Zeitgeist, then, are partly to blame for the turn against Bettelheim and his colorful, time-consuming—not to mention costly—form of Freudianism. (The prescient Bettelheim saw the writing on the wall, noting in 1980 that "all is drug-related research and treatment and nothing longer than the ninety days the insurance pays for.") But there are also the weaknesses of the man himself, beginning with his own crippling sense of fraudulence. In the end, no single explanation can account for a figure as deeply divided within himself as Bruno Bettel-

TARGET PRACTICE

This season, the writer and director Gerard Alessandrini celebrates fifteen years of deflating a business that is often full of hot air. In "Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back," the fourth installment of his ongoing Off Broadway lampoon, four nimble actors career through twenty-odd numbers in less than two hours, drawing a bead on every Broadway notable from Savion Glover to Julie Andrews, from Elaine Stritch to the stars of "Rent." The ruthless revue opens with a number, sung to the tune of "Comedy Tonight," that warns, "Don't cross that meany, Al-ess-an-drini," but the insults are so gleeful and the impersonations so hilarious that most of the artillery seems no heavier than a Cupid's arrow. From top left: Bryan Batt (as Andrew Lloyd Webber), Donna English (as Julie Andrews), Christine Pedi (as Liza Minnelli), and Tom Plotkin (as Cameron Mackintosh).

Photograph by Neil Selkirk.

"I told him to call Book Call!"

Who needs the Internet
when you can call 1-800-255-2665
or fax 203-966-4329
In CT or outside USA: 203-966-5470

Talk to a real bookseller • Order any book in print
Open 7 days a week • Credit cards and checks accepted • Books shipped worldwide
• Join our frequent buyers program

BOOK CALL

59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840
No dots. No com. Just warm personal service.

BOOKS ON TAPE® #1
World's Largest Selection™
PATRICIA CORNWELL Hornet's Nest
• Best Sellers on Cassette
• Full-length Readings
• Call for Free Brochure
http://booksontape.com
(800) 626-3333
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

WOMEN OVER 40
Biking, Hiking, Kayaking, Sailing, Walking amidst some of the most beautiful vistas in the Northeast.
Call or write for brochure:
40n!
RR1 Box 910
Craftsbury Common, VT 05827
email: fortyon@sover.net • 1-800-488-5629
40n!

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 1-800-845-6966

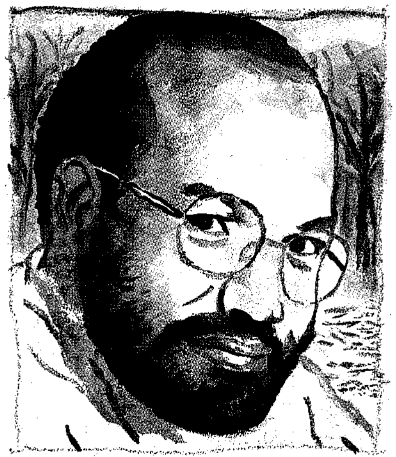
heim was. Immensely commanding, yet personally wounded to such an extent that he never believed his own press, fabricated or earned, he would always be split between the therapist who could intuitively respond to an angry child and the self-promoter who tried to pull the wool over everyone's eyes.

Bettelheim's imperfections—in particular, the fact of his suicide—seem to have inspired a state of collective negative transference among those who once looked upon him as Father Knows Best. Finally, though, there is no minimizing his presence on the American scene. Many recriminations and counterstatements later (a third biography is in the works), it seems to me that he will be remembered, down the long curve of history, for his pioneering uses—rather than abuses—of power. As the world moves on to other agendas—to the cloning of sheep and the fine-tuning of neurotransmitters—the sort of dynamic and sustained treatment that Bettelheim advocated seems less and less likely to serve as a clinical model. And more's the pity: he paid a supremely lucid form of attention to children who were once considered unreadable, and fought ferociously to bring them out of emotional exile and back into the world. ♦

MONTPARNASSE IN MARTINIQUE

A French Creole novel makes its English début.

BY JOHN UPDIKE



Patrick Chamoiseau

TALK about Jungian synchronicity: the English translation, by Rose-Myriam Réjouis and Val Vinokurov, of the novel "Texaco," by the Martinican writer Patrick Chamoiseau (Pantheon; $27), has appeared, five years after its publication in Paris by Gallimard in its original French and Creole, at a time when Texaco has been accused of racial discrimination in its employee relations. The novel is about affirmative action, in a way: "Texaco" takes its name from a shantytown that arises, without utilities or official approval, amid reservoir tanks, pipes, and mangrove swamps on the edge of Fort-de-France, Martinique's largest city. In the early nineteen-eighties, an anonymous urban planner investigating this spontaneous growth ("He worked in the urban services bureau created by the modernist city council that wanted him to rationalize space, and conquer the pockets of insalubrity which were a crown of thorns around it") is struck by a stone and, while still groggy, is regaled with the saga of Texaco by its founder and leading spirit, Marie-Sophie Laborieux.

She bends the interloper's ear for nearly four hundred pages, beginning with her enslaved grandfather—"one of those men from Guinea, all somber, all mute, with big sad eyes"—who poisoned the plantation's animals and was thrown into a dungeon for life. Before his incarceration, however, he got with child "a red blackwoman" who had "escaped the sugarcane horrors by working in the Manor" as a laundress. "Soon she felt her hips widen, her face fill with light and her breasts with milk," though the prospective father shouted *"No children born in chains!"* and tried to abort the birth "with magic gestures and a very ancient song." The boy who is born, Esternome Laborieux, becomes a house slave and saves the life of the Béké, the white master, when he is assaulted in the woods by a "maroon," an escaped outlaw slave. The episode shows the Creolized prose at its best:

> Erupting from behind a thorny tree, the demented slave caught the Béké by the throat. As sure as I am speaking to you, he shoved an unhealthy bayonet into him and pounded him with a hundred-year-old rage like he would beat conch meat to be grilled tender. My papa (he couldn't tell why but

> I have the feeling it was without regret) seized the musket and fired Boom! . . . The maroon looked at him with the most painful surprise. Then he collapsed so dead that one might have suspected him of being in a hurry to leave this life.

For this good deed Esternome is given his freedom before the general liberation of 1848. He eventually settles with many other ex-slaves in the hills, and loses his love, Ninon, when Mt. Pelée erupts and destroys the city of Saint-Pierre, in 1902. Esternome's life seems oddly stretched; if he was a young man in 1848, he would be elderly by 1902, and yet he moves to Fort-de-France, attaches himself to the witchlike Adrienne Carmélite Lapidaille, impregnates her virtually blind twin sister, Idoménée, and does not die until his daughter, our narrator, is a young woman. He must be around a hundred years old. Chamoiseau provides, among other apparatus, a chronology, but leaves the birth years of his characters blank, as if admitting that a certain bewitchment has descended upon his temporal scheme. His narrative, though lively and vivid in individual episodes, flows sluggishly, like molasses flecked with bits of sugarcane. There is little dialogue, just the musical drone of Marie-Sophie's increasingly literary voice as she strives to give her wandering, wounded, childless life an epic point in the founding of Texaco.

Chamoiseau's epic ambitions for his material tend to smother the sparks of life—the spoken exchanges and the turns of individual psychology—that quicken a novel into self-forgetful movement. The author is present in the narrative under two pseudonyms—Oiseau de Cham and the Word Scratcher (le Marqueur de Paroles). Marie-Sophie's Texaco becomes a branch of Montparnasse when it welcomes Ti-Cirique, a bespectacled Haitian who "spoke a perfect, finicky French stuffed with words which adhered to his thoughts but which made him even more obscure to us." He takes an interest in Marie-Sophie's notebooks, and talks to her of Montaigne and Faulkner, Proust and Claudel, Céline and Aimé Césaire, the Martinican poet, Communist, and exponent of Negritude who became mayor of Fort-de-France and is the ultimate protector of Texaco's improvised community. Ti-Cirique tells Marie-Sophie, "The Caribbean calls for a Cervantes who has read Joyce." The region, with its stark light, sea-girt islands, and swashbuckling history, awakens Homeric analogies in its bards, as we find in the hexameters of Derek Walcott. Among the immigrants to Texaco is the fertile, white-haired Péloponèse, whose lover, Qualidor, is described as "backing up like Ulysses before the chimera woman with a child in each arm. . . . Péloponèse was leaning toward him like a falling statue." Chamoiseau, not trusting the growth and survival of the shantytown to acquire its own majestic meaning, interrupts the already overstuffed narrative with excerpts from a variety of notebooks, including those of the Word Scratcher and the urban planner, who delivers such heady asides as:

> The Lady taught me to see the city as an ecosystem, made up of equilibriums and interactions. With cemeteries and cribs, with tongues and languages, mummification and throbbing flesh. And nothing which progresses or which recedes, no linear progress or Darwinian evolution. Nothing but the haphazard whirls of the living. Beyond melancholy, anxious nostalgia, or voluntary vanguards, informulable laws must be named.

"Texaco" won the 1992 Prix Goncourt, France's most celebrated literary award. Its mixture of Creole and literary French has a charm, presumably, that even "an English bursting at a few seams," as the translators themselves put it, can but awkwardly approximate. Idiom of some sort must lie behind "a rustle hiss-hissed," "suddenly-vlam," "a rubberband girl danced Saint Vitus' dance for money," and "The lady-in-love emptied the house while he slept, and took off after scrawling on the door with coal a *Pa moli* (Hold yourself together) which only the glowing cloud later to broil up City was to erase in a-one-and-a-two." The prize confirms the marvellous intellectual solidarity that France was able to forge with its colonized peoples. The educated élites of the Francophone Third World man permanent outposts of Paris, with the Gallic adroitness in reducing reality to thought, and thought to language. "Texaco" seems in the end to be less about a century and a half of black suffering and striving than about its own language, its embedding of Creole in a matrix of standard French. If not a Cervantes who has read Joyce, Chamoiseau is a Céline who has read Lévi-Strauss and Derrida. He does not trust his story, but he does trust words. One of his spokespersons, Marie-Sophie, is advised by another, the old Blackman of the Doum, "*Look for The Word, my girl, look for The Word.*" If you find the Word, the City will take care of itself. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

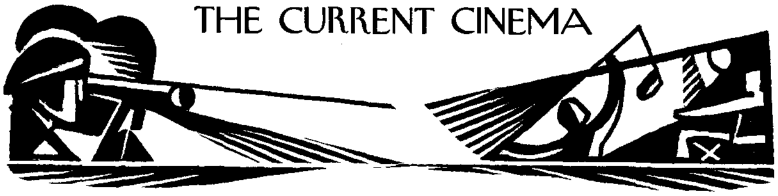
DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN, by Thomas Mallon (Pantheon; $24). Although Dewey and Truman both make appearances here, this is not a historical novel but a novel about history—or, rather, about the past. Owosso, Michigan, was Dewey's birthplace, and in the summer and fall of 1948 the townspeople are basking in the national attention that brushes the town. Anne Macmurray, a bookstore clerk and aspiring novelist, is being courted by two men, one a U.A.W. organizer, the other a smug Republican lawyer running for state senator. That romantic rivalry is shaped not only by the political passions of 1948 but also by the skeletons buried (and in one case unburied) in the pasts of other Owossoans. This work is so tightly constructed that it sometimes feels contrived, but Mallon's gift for the telling detail, whether of place or of character, quickly banishes such reservations.

BAYARD RUSTIN: TROUBLES I'VE SEEN, by Jervis Anderson (HarperCollins; $30). This noted African-American reformer, who died in 1987, was a courageous man of multiple gifts and charismatic personality. He organized the famous March on Washington and tutored civil-rights protesters in the techniques of Gandhian non-violence, but he was denied the prominence his achievements merited because he was openly homosexual. Rustin was astute, charming, and dedicated, and Anderson—a longtime *New Yorker* contributor—captures him in all his variety, bringing to the task his own familiarity with the African-American, pacifist, and labor movements, in which Rustin played a part. The rise of black nationalism diminished his following at home, but he retained his influence abroad.

THE MANSION ON THE HILL, by Fred Goodman (Times; $25). In the nineteen-sixties, the rock-and-roll industry was characterized by absurd encounters between hopeless squares and hopelessly stoned hipsters; by the late eighties, folk heroes like Bruce Springsteen had traded in their autonomy for a stake in what has become a twenty-billion-dollar empire. This enthralling history of what Goodman, a former editor at *Rolling Stone*, calls the "head-on collision of rock and commerce" reads like a modern-day "Faust," underscoring the compromises of a generation that set out to sell its soul for rock and roll and settled for pawning rock and roll's soul instead.

A SLENDER THREAD: REDISCOVERING HOPE AT THE HEART OF CRISIS, by Diane Ackerman (Random House; $24). If you prefer your prose neat, you may have steered away from Ackerman, and certainly this book contains many of her enthusiasms, amplified to full volume and celebrated with delirious metaphors. Here, though, the exuberance is set against the darker emotional landscape Ackerman encounters each time she picks up the phone at her local Suicide Prevention and Crisis Service. Counselling the desperate, she concentrates all her senses through that tenuous telephone wire, and when she recounts the stories she hears in an elegant plain style, less has never been more.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

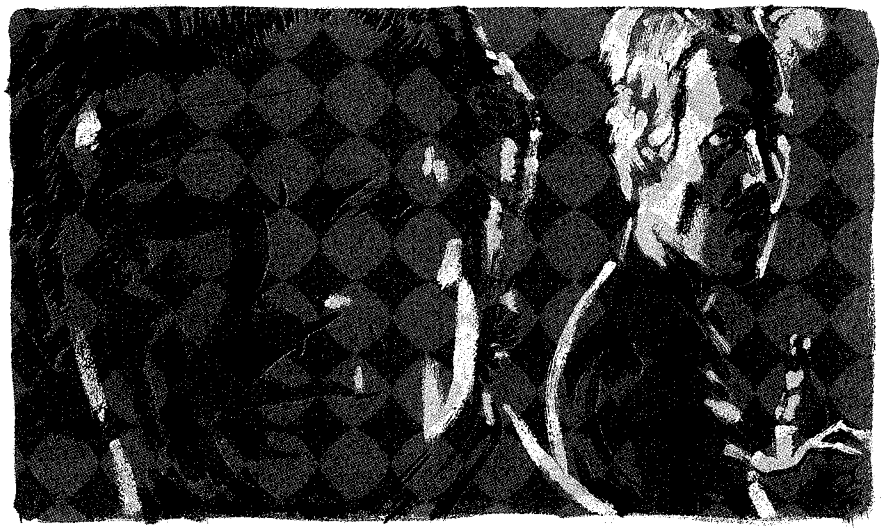


MANHUNTS

A lone wolf in L.A., and a suburban family in Manhattan.

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

THE clean, unpretentious craftsmanship of John Irvin's crime melodrama "City of Industry" may come as a shock to audiences that have grown accustomed, in the past few years, to the postmodern pulp of Quentin Tarantino and his many imitators. The movie is probably best approached with low expectations, since a large part of its appeal is its modesty—its refusal to pump itself up, either with special effects and sentimentality, in the Hollywood manner, or with ironic, knowing "attitude," in the currently fashionable independent-film manner. The screenplay, by Ken Solarz, adheres strictly to one of the simplest (and most satisfying) crime-story formulas: a heist; a double cross; a hunt for the traitor; a violent revenge. And although "City of Industry" reminds you, at times, of pictures like "Criss Cross" and "The Asphalt Jungle" and "Point Blank," it's miraculously free of self-consciousness; the filmmakers don't waste their energy, as members of the Tarantino school do, on displays of erudition designed to flatter the intellectual vanity of movie-savvy viewers. What's refreshing, and even sort of charming, about this thriller is that it's so obviously the work of diehards—of talented traditionalists who are dedicated to taking care of business and don't much mind if we recognize their business as that of an old, established firm. Their confident, unapologetic professionalism marks them as true throwbacks, not just hip recyclers, and, in a strange way, it one-ups the film-school cleverness that passes for style in nineties crime movies. "City of Industry" is precise, dignified, and economical, and, therefore, deeply cool.



The old pro and the punk: Harvey Keitel and Stephen Dorff in "City of Industry."

The allure of this kind of crime picture, after all, is the romance of competence: we take pleasure in the meticulousness with which a big caper is planned, in the speed and decisiveness with which it's executed, and in the resourcefulness of the characters' improvisations when their apparently foolproof scheme goes wrong. In the first half hour of "City of Industry" we watch Lee Egan (Timothy Hutton), an amiable and not very prosperous-looking Los Angeles thief, assemble a gang to knock over a jewelry store in Palm Springs. Two of his partners in crime are local hoods: Jorge (Wade Dominguez), a family man, who is nervously awaiting the final legal outcome of a weapons conviction; and Skip (Stephen Dorff), a volatile, smart-alecky punk, who looks like a party animal but acts like a predator. The fourth member of the gang, who arrives on a bus from Minneapolis, is Lee's older brother, Roy (Harvey Keitel); he seems quieter and warier than the others—so bland and laconic that he's practically opaque. Unlike his associates, he is scrupulously even-tempered: his emotions are tightly controlled, and he appears immune to both anxiety and optimism. The plotting-and-waiting stage of the movie is brisk and densely detailed, and the robbery, which the gang accomplishes with brutal efficiency, is a beautiful piece of action filmmaking, edited to an insistent rhythm that captures both the violence and the elegance of the crime. That steady beat carries us effortlessly to the inevitable next step in the story's serenely classical development. The division of the loot—the finishing touch on a caper, which so often turns a perfect job into a chaotic nightmare—ends in a bloodbath; as always, there's one criminal who doesn't see the value of sharing.

And then there's always one who survives the betrayal and sets out to avenge it. In "City of Industry," the survivor is the old pro, Roy, and he's the right man to settle the score: he has the tenacity and the lone-wolf temperament that the task requires. As Roy tracks his adversary back to L.A. and then through the city's crummy, spookily deserted streets, the calm authority that Keitel supplied, unobtrusively, in the early scenes builds to a kind of measured intensity, and the movie begins to organize itself around its star's charismatic presence. This is one of the best roles Keitel has ever had, because it enables him to make full use of his distinctive ability to generate dramatic tension—a threat of violence—with the tiniest shift of expression on his broad face or the subtlest movement of his bulldog body. No actor conveys held-in emotion more forcefully, and although he has deployed this gift to spectacular effect in bad-guy roles, his disturbing power is actually enhanced when he plays a (relatively) good guy, as he did in "Mean Streets" and as he does here. He gives "City of Industry" what every hardboiled thriller needs: a hero who's as fascinating as a villain.

Keitel, like Irvin and Solarz, seems entirely comfortable with the responsibility of embodying a long genre tradition; he manages to suggest, at various moments, both Lee Marvin in "Point Blank" and Toshiro Mifune in "Yojimbo" (a samurai epic based on Hammett's hardboiled classic "Red Harvest") without ever appearing to allude to either of them. He's neither ironic nor consciously iconic; he just does the job—deftly, expertly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. And it is, or should be. The bracing clarity of his performance, and of the movie itself, isn't easy to achieve, but it's hardly an unattainable standard. The fact is, though, that the kind of solid, low-key entertainment represented by "City of Industry" has become increasingly rare in the movies. John Irvin—whose diverse credits include the soldier-of-fortune thriller "The Dogs of War" (1980), the austere and unsettling Vietnam War movie "Hamburger Hill" (1987), and the sly comic mystery "Widow's Peak" (1994)—is a superb visual storyteller and a fine director of actors, yet he's never had much recognition. His problem, perhaps, is that the excitement of his work—like that of the best B-movie directors of the forties and fifties, such as Robert Siodmak and Phil Karlson—lies in quick, evocative effects and an over-all respect for the patient, cumulative process of narrative. "City of Industry" is a characteristic Irvin picture: naturalistic, tough-minded, and objective almost to the point of impersonality—all ideal qualities for an underworld revenge drama. And, since the flashy Tarantino style is now the dominant thriller convention, Irvin's approach might even be seen as something new and subversive. Because the postmodernists have made pulp intellectually respectable, the low-down expertise of "City of Industry" suddenly looks like the guiltiest pleasure imaginable.

"THE DAYTRIPPERS," a low-budget début feature by a writer and director named Greg Mottola, slipped into town almost clandestinely a couple of weeks ago, and although the picture is no big deal, it's worth searching out. Like "City of Industry," the film refreshes a simple, conventional dramatic structure with sharp acting, inventive writing, and alert direction; Mottola, in his unassuming way, also manages to subvert some fashionable indie-movie attitudes. Since most of the characters come from Long Island, you brace yourself, in the picture's opening scenes, for an onslaught of cheap, condescending satire, but before long you realize, with gratitude, that you can relax. The filmmaker genuinely likes these people, and treats their weaknesses and occasional inanities gently: he squeezes as much comic juice out of the characters as he can without crushing them. The young heroine, Eliza (Hope Davis), suspects her husband, Louis (Stanley Tucci), of infidelity, and confesses her fears to her parents (played by Anne Meara and Pat McNamara), her sister (Parker Posey), and her sister's boyfriend (Liev Schreiber). The whole group then piles into the car and heads for the city, in pursuit of the elusive, enigmatic Louis; he's not at work, so they start wandering around Manhattan, following a few tenuous leads and hoping to pick up his scent. Naturally, they run into a handful of big-city eccentrics (and one debonair young novelist, played by Campbell Scott), but most of the laughs are generated by the odd dynamics of the suburban-family posse. It's a terrific ensemble: Meara and Schreiber riff hilariously, and establish a surprising rapport; Posey and McNamara feed them like veteran straight men; and Davis, delicately but firmly, holds the whole rambling, picaresque structure together with her sweetness and gravity. Although the tone of "The Daytrippers" darkens in the final reel, and several of the characters receive nasty shocks, the movie never completely loses its buoyancy. Because Mottola's instincts are humane rather than predatory, this hunt ends with a ruefully comic capture, not a satiric kill. He tracks his characters relentlessly but brings every one of these unique, endangered specimens back alive. ♦

Join us for storytelling and drawings with

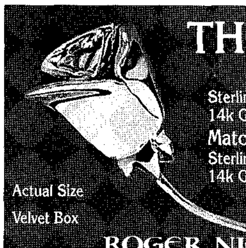
Ed Koren

Bring your children to GapKids for a Create-a-Story afternoon with *New Yorker* illustrator Ed Koren. The kids will help create the stories, and Ed will bring them instantly to life through the magic of his illustrations. It promises to be a day of imagination, creativity and fun. And we'll provide the snacks.

With any purchase of $35 or more during the event, you'll receive a free, autographed copy of Ed Koren's book of drawings *Quality Time: Parenting, Progeny and Pets*, while supplies last.

GapKids/Lincoln Square
Broadway at 67th Street
New York City
Saturday, March 22
2 to 4 p.m.

GAP



THE ROSE
Pin
Sterling Silver $45.00
14k Gold $220.00
Matching Earrings
Sterling Silver $75.00
14k Gold $440.00
Actual Size
Velvet Box
1-800-235-0471
Visa, MC, AMEX—S/H $5.75
ROGER NICHOLS
fine studios jewelry
17 NW Irving Avenue • Bend, OR 97701

BORROW OUR BOOKS

Private Manhattan Library seeks new members to share 150,000+ volumes ranging from latest bestsellers to old treasures. Collection updated constantly. Strong in fiction, biography, mysteries, history, politics, 19th and 20th century literature, travel. Reader requests and reserves welcome. Modest annual fee. Tranquil atmosphere. Minimal automation.

GENERAL SOCIETY LIBRARY 20 W. 44th Street 212 921-1767

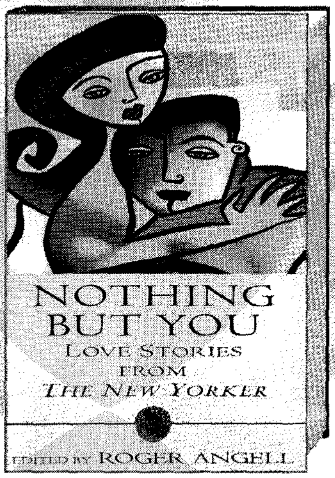
PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$149 EACH Size: 5½"x 8½", 96 pgs, 1000 copies, 2-color cvr. Negs, Proofs, Perf Bd.
From $529. Write for Price List.
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

THE NOA NOA CATALOGUE
Our original batik and handpainted clothing in motifs inspired by the South Seas. Cottons, linens & silks.
Call **800-771-5610**
or fax **808-329-2337**
http://www.noanoa.com

A LANDMARK ANTHOLOGY OF *NEW YORKER* LOVE STORIES

CHOSEN BY SENIOR EDITOR
ROGER ANGELL

Raymond Carver
Jamaica Kincaid
John Updike
Alice Adams
Woody Allen
Vladimir Nabokov
Alice Munro
John O'Hara
Mavis Gallant
Gabriel Gárcia Márquez



The first anthology of the magazine's fiction in more than thirty years! Nearly forty of the biggest names in American fiction offer their most memorable stories on the subject of love— from poignant tales of rose-red romance to the oddest and most surprising trysts.

For credit card orders,
call toll-free 1-800-426-9922.
Or send your name and address with
check or money order for $19.95*
(20% off the cover price of $25.95) plus
$3.50 each for shipping and handling, to:
The Condé Nast Collection
P.O. Box 10214, Dept. 475145-147
Des Moines, IA 50336

*Please add applicable sales tax in
CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH.
Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

RANDOM HOUSE
http://www.randomhouse.com/

Illustration: Liselotte Watkins

THE THEATRE

DEATH-DEFYING ACTS

An argument against assisted suicide, and a poetic début.

BY JOHN LAHR

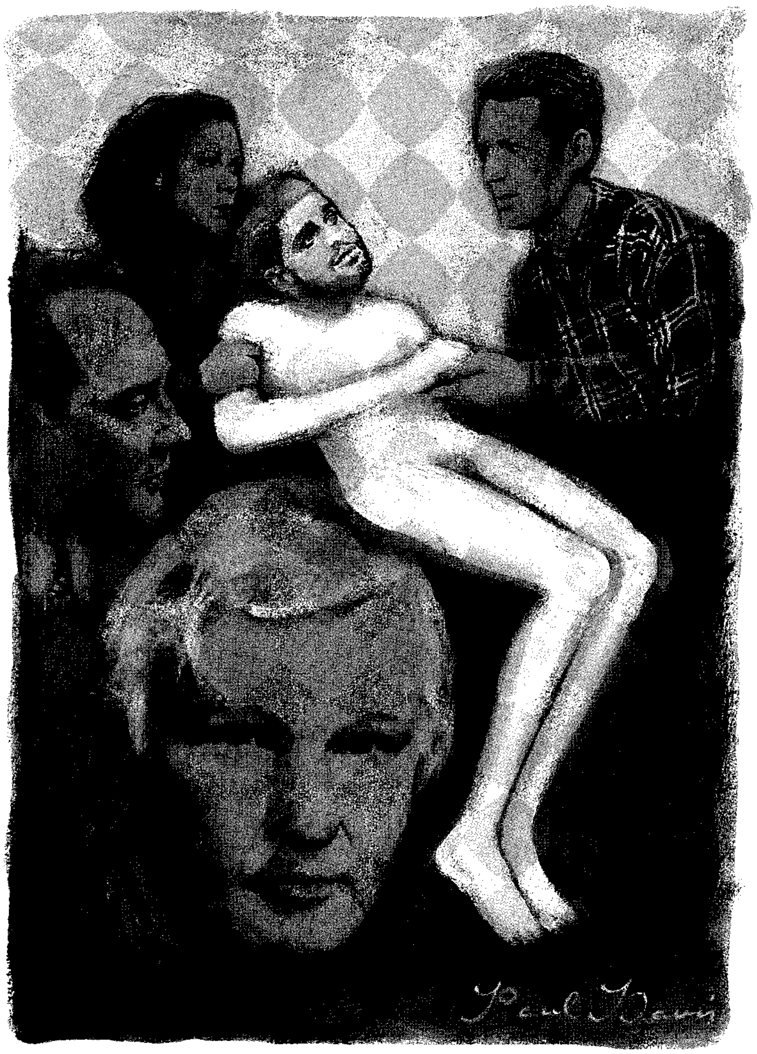
THEATRE-GOING used to be a way of getting more out of life; nowadays it's a way of getting more out of death. "Are you free on February 10th?" a young man asks in David Rabe's "A Question of Mercy," at the New York Theatre Workshop. An older man takes out his pocket diary. "The tenth," the older man says. "Yes. I'm free. I have one thing, but I'm sure I can switch it." The negotiation is familiar; the context is not. The young man, who is named Anthony, and who has AIDS, is making a date to die. When death was what Henry James called "the distinguished thing," the absence of sophisticated diagnostic treatment brought to the hard business of leaving life a certain formality, mystery, and resignation. Now, like the proliferating strident nation-states, individuals are demanding sovereignty over their bodies and fighting to secede from the state of nature. Death, which was once just a process, has become a demand. In Michigan, Dr. Jack Kevorkian, the Johnny Appleseed of suicide, has contributed to more than forty premature deaths—a practice he calls "medicide" and defines as "the termination of life performed by . . . professional medical personnel." In autopsies of at least two Kevorkian cases, the patients killed for humanitarian reasons showed no evidence of the illnesses for which they received Kevorkian's assistance. On the other hand, in Florida this year a wheelchair-bound, partly blind, and terminally ill AIDS patient, Charles Hall, won a decision giving him the right to commit suicide with the help of a physician in order not to suffer what the court called "a certain and agonizing death." (The Florida Supreme Court stayed an appeal of the ruling, and Mr. Hall is not expected to survive the appeal.) But what constitutes the threshold of terminal pain sufficient to justify premature death? What is the doctor's responsibility to the patient and to himself in abetting a death wish? What is killing and what is mercy? Out of these tangled issues Rabe has manufactured a fascinating meditation posing as a melodrama, which is adapted from an essay by Richard Selzer and is well directed by Douglas Hughes.

Standing on an almost bare stage behind Neil Patel's autumnal, Rothko-like orange-red-and-ochre abstraction, Dr. Robert Chapman (the persuasive Zach Grenier) introduces himself to us. He's a reasonable, orderly soul; he lives alone, takes cooking classes, and has retired from his work as a surgeon because the human connection was gone. "I was just this man with a knife," he explains. Then, one day, a nervy, self-deprecating voice at the other end of the phone identifies himself as Thomas Ames and, reminding Dr. Chapman of the party at which they met, lures him out of his solitude and into a restaurant for an urgent chat. Thomas, the superb and spindly Stephen Spinella, is Anthony's lover; he is against Anthony's decision to end his life but is clumsily trying to carry out his beloved's wish. As soon as the euphemism "intervene on his behalf" is out of Thomas's mouth, Dr. Chapman is out of the restaurant. But he is subsequently double-teamed over the phone by Thomas and his dying mate, played by the powerful and charming Juan Carlos Hernandez, who insist that he come to their apartment and at least let them consult him. "He's asking for help to lessen his pain," Thomas says. "Isn't that your task, your oath as a doctor?" Chapman sets him straight. The doctor's commitment is to life, not death. "My training, my thinking, my philosophy have all been directed toward the preservation of life," he tells them. But somehow Dr. Chapman, who has kept up his medical license so he can prescribe drugs for himself "to relieve pain or to end my own life should the need arise," gets seduced by their problem. He reasons, "My life is good. I'm healthy. More or less happy. If I would do it for myself, why not for him?"

The mystery around which Rabe's intelligent script circles is whether Anthony genuinely wants to die. The stage directions emphasize that he's "surprisingly unwasted." Still, Anthony is certainly in bad shape, often jackknifed in pain and exhausted from "savage" diarrhea. "I wear a diaper. It is humiliating," he says. He adds, "I am nothing. You must see. Sores and shit. And blood." He says he wants death; Chapman, who never takes a medical history or suggests that suicidal depression is a treatable condition, quickly becomes part of the plan and takes charge. He tells Anthony to arrange a codicil to his will requesting no autopsy; he insists on secrecy among the three of them; he shows Anthony how to take the pills (slow but not too slow); and, finally, he sets the date.

Chapman has guilt-ridden persecution nightmares (which are a bit crudely conceived) about his illegal act. In one of them, Anthony goes through a dry run of pill taking and does exactly the opposite of what he's been shown. "It's what you taught me. It's what you did," he claims. But the suicide pact seems to have a momentum of its own. Subsequently, Chapman presses Anthony about why he doesn't just get a gun, or rent a car and drive off a cliff. "Look at how you keep worrying about Thomas," he says. "You're still so attached to him. Is that the behavior of someone who wants to die?"

Of course it isn't. Rabe, who paints himself into a bit of a dramatic corner, can give Anthony only the weakest of comebacks, but Dr. Chapman accepts it—I guess because second acts require conclusions. It's agreed that Anthony will have a last supper with Thomas and their friend Susanah (Veanne Cox), who will then absent themselves, so that Anthony can take his pills. Chapman will let himself into the apartment and administer a coup de grâce if it's needed. In the end, Anthony botches the suicide and is rushed to the hospital with pneumonia, and Rabe wrings a final moral change out of his tale.



"A Question of Mercy": David Rabe (foreground), with Zach Grenier, Veanne Cox, Juan Carlos Hernandez, and Stephen Spinella.

PAUL DAVIS

"Do you want to live?" Chapman asks Anthony at his bedside, seeing a legal way to end Anthony's life by asking the doctors to withhold medical treatment. Anthony nods yes. He later dies of natural causes. It's a tidy conclusion, which serves as special pleading against assisted suicide but also begs the question of incapacitated terminal patients who truly need it. The dire plight of these tortured souls may not be the stuff of a hit play, but, for them and their families, assisted suicide may be just as much a cause for celebration.

NAOMI WALLACE makes an opaque but artful and haunting New York début with her "One Flea Spare," at the Public Theatre. In this play, set in the plague year of 1665 in a quarantined patrician London town house, where the owners find themselves suddenly cohabiting with two vagrant intruders who are seeking refuge, there is no squeamishness about the taking of life. The precocious and fearless foundling Morse (Mischa Barton), who is the tale's twelve-year-old narrator, plays guide to the sexually starved lady of the house, Mrs. Snelgrave (the expert Dianne Wiest), and later acts as an angel of mercy, dispatching the infected Mrs. Snelgrave with a knife to the heart to save her from the agonies of the lime pit. The stately pace of Ron Daniel's production combines with the aura of pestilence to give the play a tactile, hothouse feeling. The immanence of death feeds an appetite for life and for change; it turns solitary confinement into a kind of role-playing ground where the lower orders literally find themselves in their masters' shoes. Each character tests the sexual waters. Morse lets the lubricious house guard, Kabe (Paul Kandel), suck her toes in exchange for oranges and candy. Mr. Snelgrave (Jon De Vries) makes homosexual overtures to the other visitor, Bunce, an interloping seaman on the run from a press gang. At one point, Mr. Snelgrave brazenly puts his walking stick in Bunce's mouth; Bunce, in turn, taunts Snelgrave by pushing an orange onto his upper-class finger, revolving it, then draining the juice into his mouth. The moment is electrifying. In another memorable image, Mrs. Snelgrave leans her body away from Bunce and probes the wound below his belt with her finger. "My finger. I've put my finger. Inside. It's warm," she says. "It feels like I'm inside you." At once proper and rapacious, the gesture feels like a thrilling transgression of class attitudes which also serves to liberate them. "One Flea Spare" is built to provoke, not to distract, and it doesn't surrender its meanings easily. But the play's powerful sexual subtext and its beautiful poetic surface reveal an original theatrical imagination. Whether Wallace will find a big audience remains to be seen. She has a big talent, though. Wherever her plays are mounted, they're worth finding. ♦

SHOUTS & MURMURS

INSIDE THE HOLLYWOOD HELLHOLE

BY BRUCE McCALL

We treated ourselves to twin Ferrari 355 Berlinettas on the way home from the studio that afternoon. Why not? It had been a love-in, not a story meeting. Everybody in that Jacuzzi believed "Hansel and Gretel" as an urban "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" was the grist for a great, great picture, and our script—forget the studio's patronizing grammar and spelling corrections—the best work we'd done since the Jesus Western. In another year, two years outside, the missus and I could be back at Bread Loaf, working on our beloved books.

The answering-machine light was blinking when we got back to the villa. Marty. Call him back, *pronto*.

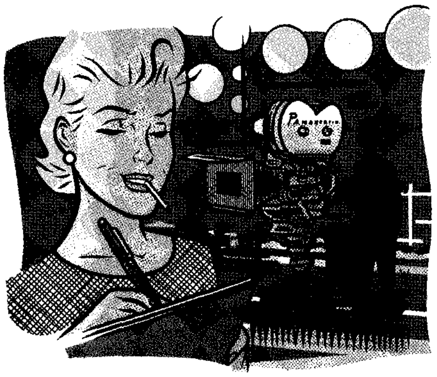
"You aren't going to believe this," he fumed. "I just read the note Mark jotted on my sleeve as the meeting broke up. He's asked Nigel to punch up the story line. A comfort thing. Mark worries you two are a touch too—"

"Too literary?"

"Oh, no. He likes that you hand out those Great Books lists at meetings. Wants to know where he can order those beach robes with the leather elbow patches. No, he thinks you got Sancho Panza confused with Pancho Villa on page 8. On page 10, 'Unhand her, varlet!'—'Not quite cutting-edge dialogue,' unquote. And page 22, you have Gretel saying 'not since Gatsby wrote that autobiography.' Just his gut, but says check that. Use the studio's library card."

The sucker move here was anger. I remembered our twenty-first "Crime and Punishment" rewrite—Raskolnikov as a fading N.F.L. quarterback with the alimony blues. Instead of dumbing down the dialogue as ordered, we'd smarted up the premise. Ballooned the whole arc of the story. The studio didn't buy it, but they did buy out our contracts, and that bought us time—time for the muse, for our beloved literature. In six months, we'd hunted down a whole shelfful of first editions for the Malibu place.

But now the fax beeped. I stared, horrified, as a complete revision of our script—our baby for the past three years—uncoiled. Never trust an eighteen-year-old Brit film director! No wonder Nigel had spent the entire story meeting submerged. Gone, our Saigon setting; gone, Gretel as a lap dancer and Hansel as a drug lord; and gone, the children's hospital blown up under the opening credits. Nigel's rewrite smugly depended on the audience sitting through two hours of tense narrative, tarted up with witty dialogue, clever plot surprises, and lush settings. Were we even in the same business?



"Great, great script, Nigel," I started. It was the following weekend and everybody was up at Mark's ranch near Solvang for the big ox shoot. "We have one or two new scenes. Think Jane Austen as Gretel's girlfriend and George Sand as Hansel's best pal. Now—"

"Wayte, mayte. Wan't Joge Sond a wimman?"

That accent! He hadn't understood a word I'd said. Forget it. We chartered a jet back to Santa Barbara and spent Sunday shopping for tweeds. We'd agreed to help heckle a Jackie Collins book signing, and they'd expect authenticity.

Marty's Monday-morning call was short, if not sweet. "Lynda's taking over from Mark. Loves your script. Lunch?"

We'd never met Lynda, but her rep—ex-paratrooper, inclined to punctuate her critiques with defenestrations—was impressive. She was just getting out of her sedan chair as we pulled up to Bar Marmont. "Great seeing you, kids. I sense wavelength. Let's talk a redo tonight in Vegas. I'm free between rounds three and four of the fight."

The new script would sing. It was going to buy our first-class tickets to Yaddo. That night, we talked ideas, books, literature, the whole long way from our suite to ringside.

Lynda's personal assistant was all apologies: "She completely forgot she can't stand you. But here's a memo on the script. Beginning and ending are set—if you could just futz around with the middle? And watch out for typos."

The postfight party was a blur. Two smart East Coast writers—what were we doing with our careers, casting pearls before swine and then rolling in the mud with them? "I've got it!" I was shouting as the limo drew up to the house, not with rage, for once, but with the kind of excitement I hadn't felt since those late-night college bull sessions: creativity, authorship, the life of the mind. "That's it! A book! A book about this topsy-turvy game of writing for the pictures! The Killer Wallabys, the 8 A.M. meetings, the brie that walks, not runs!"

Marty's voice was staticky. That's how cell phones work on catamarans off Maui. "Mark's got an option on the new book, but they want to bring in somebody else to do the screenplay. Fresh perspective, and like that. Sorry."

I mumbled something and punched the off button. Seconds later the phone beeped. Marty again. "Hey, almost forgot—Steven and Jeffrey have been calling all over looking for you guys. 'Three Blind Mice' as a chase picture. Complete creative freedom. Cast O.K. Points, too. What do I tell them?" ♦

HOW FAST ARE YOU GOING?

Are you keeping up?

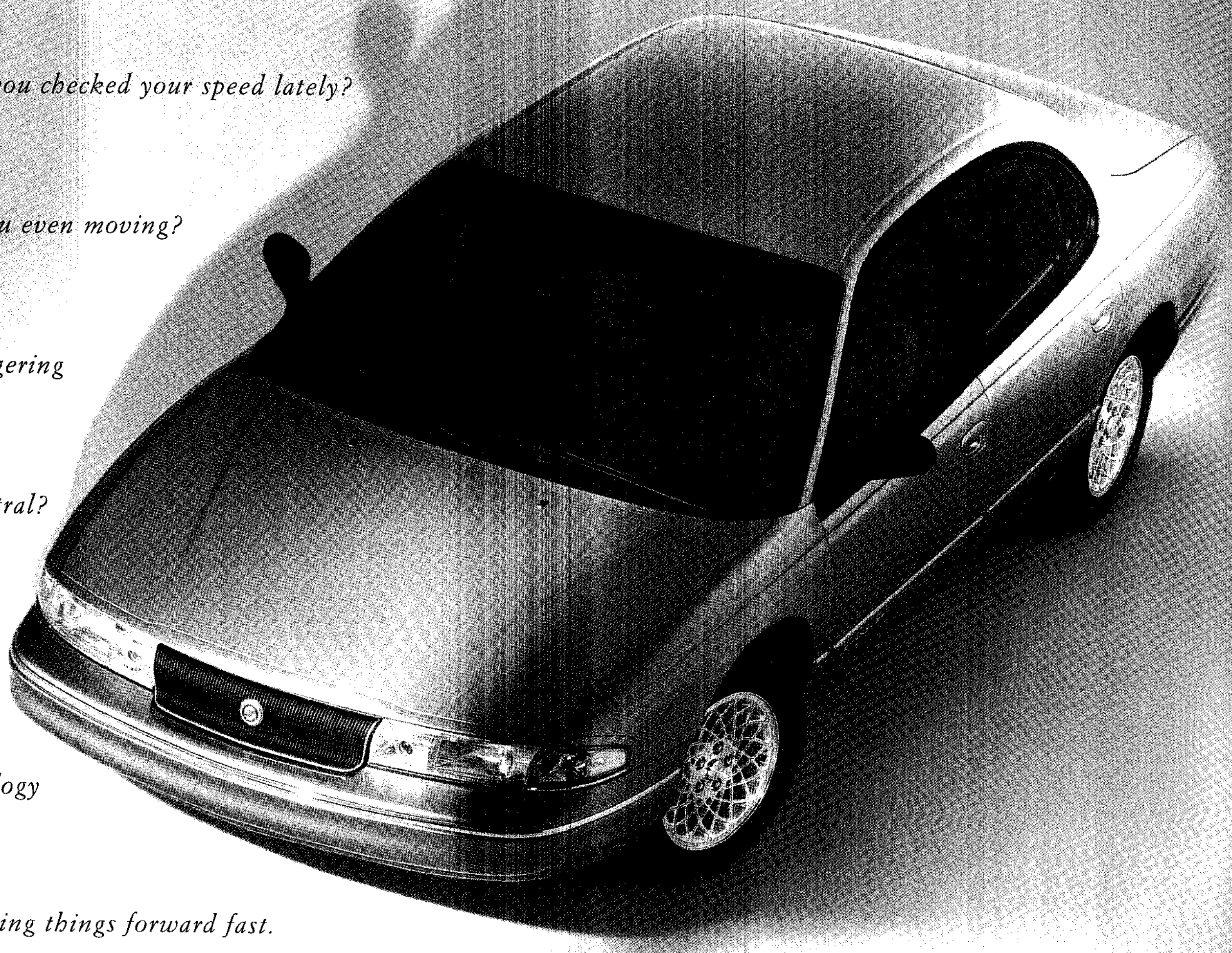
Or falling behind?

Have you checked your speed lately?

Are you even moving?

Or lingering

in neutral?



Today,

technology

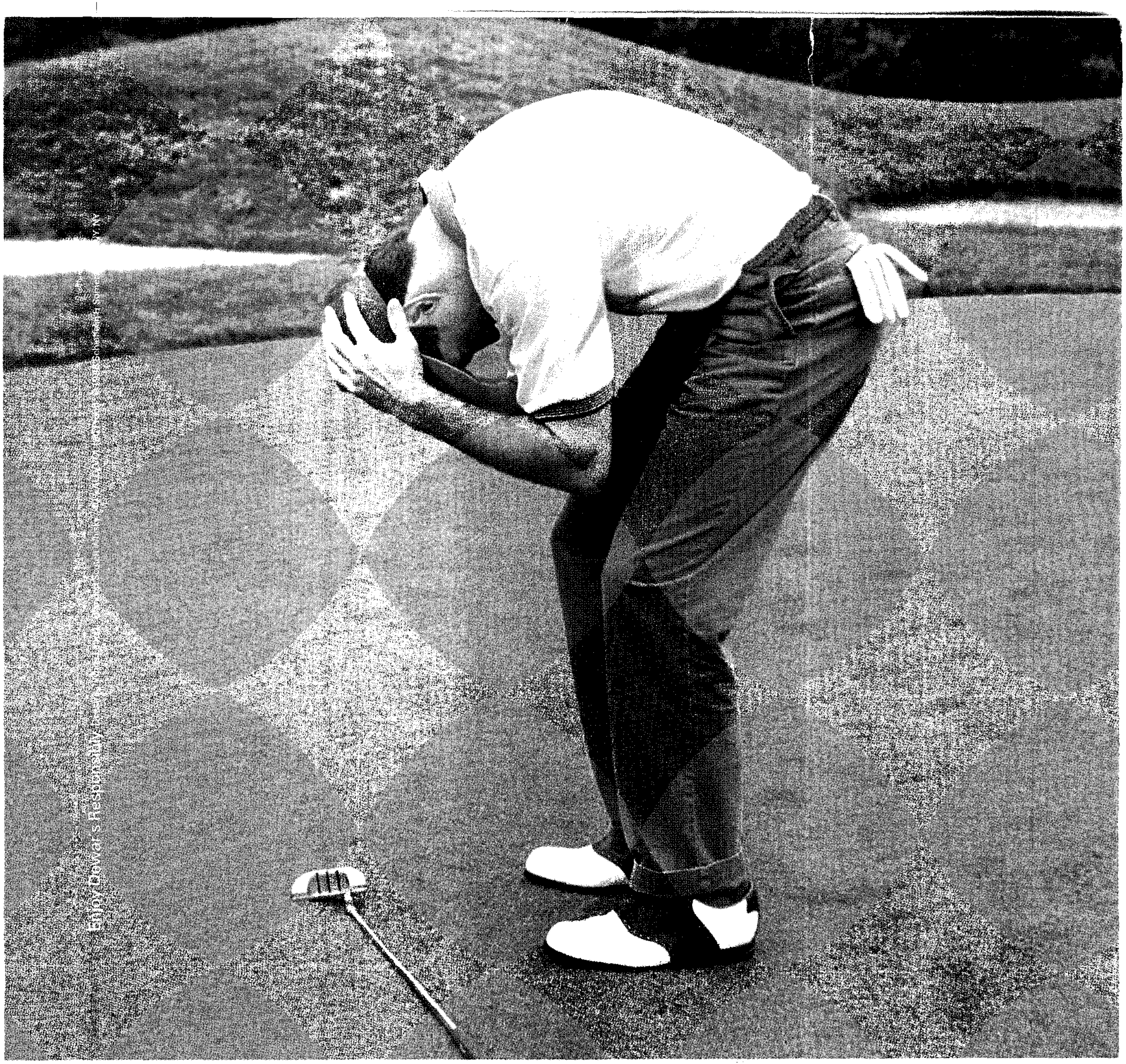
is moving things forward fast.

Maybe it's time to punch it.

What's new in your world?

The 1997 Chrysler LHS

CAB-FORWARD DESIGN, DRIVER-ADAPTIVE TRANSMISSION, 24-VALVE 214 HP ENGINE, SPEED-SENSITIVE STEERING, SELF-ACTIVATED HEADLAMPS, PERSONAL SECURITY SYSTEM, 11-SPEAKER CHRYSLER INFINITY SPATIAL IMAGING™ SOUND SYSTEM. INQUIRIES, 1-800-4-A-CHRYSLER. WEB SITE, www.chryslercars.com


Enjoy Dewar's Responsibly

Believe it or not,
you learn to love it.

Dewar's®